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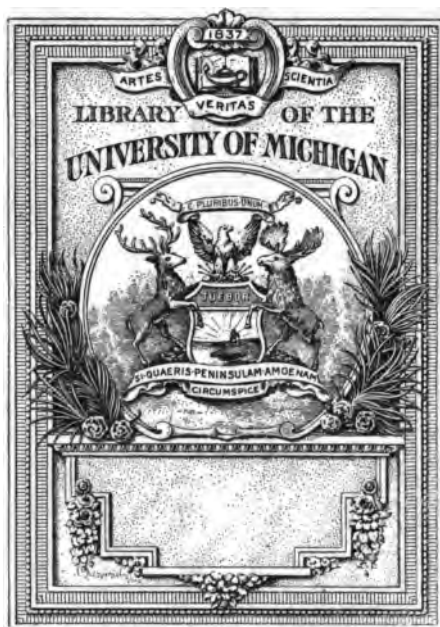
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EIGHTEENTH CENTURY POETRY

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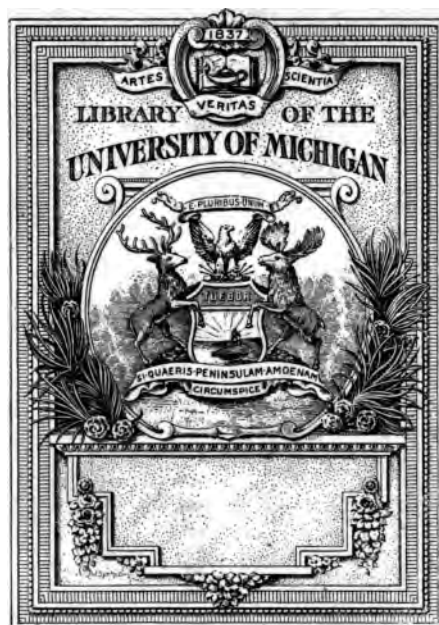
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TORONTO

A COLLECTION
OF
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
VERSE

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY

MARGARET LYNN, A.M.

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC, UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS

New York
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1907

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JOHN DRYDEN

MAC-FLECKNOE

OR, A SATIRE ON THE TRUE BLUE PROTESTANT POET T. S.

ALL human things are subject to decay,
And, when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was called to empire, and had governed long;
In prose and verse was owned, without dispute, 5
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state; 10
And, pondering which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried, — “ ’Tis resolved! for Nature pleads, that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears, 15
Mature in dulness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he,
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,

- 20 But Shadwell never deviates into sense;
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall, •
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
- 25 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
 And seems designed for thoughtless majesty;
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
- 30 Thou last great prophet of tautology!
 Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way:
 And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
 To teach the nations in thy greater name.
- 35 My warbling lute, — the lute I whilom strung,
 When to King John of Portugal I sung, —
 Was but a prelude to that glorious day,
 When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
 With well-timed oars, before the royal barge,
- 40 Swelled with the pride of thy celestial charge;
 And big with hymn, commander of a host, —
 The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.
 Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
 The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
- 45 At thy well-sharpened thumb, from shore to shore,
 The trebles squeak for fear, the basses roar;

* * * * *

About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along. 50
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand;
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not even the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme,
Though they in number as in sense excel; 55
So just, so like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vowed he ne'er would act Villierus more."

Here stopt the good old sire, and wept for joy, 60
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
(The fair Augusta much to fears inclined,) 65
An ancient fabric raised to inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight;
A watch-tower once, but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains; 69

* * * * *

Near these a Nursery erects its head,
Where queens are formed, and future heroes bred; 75
Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry;

* * * * *

And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,

- 80 Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
 But gentle Simkin just reception finds
 Amidst this monument of vanished minds;
 Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
 And Panton waging harmless war with words.
- 85 Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
 Ambitiously designed his Shadwell's throne.
 For ancient Decker prophesied long since,
 That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
 Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense;
- 90 To whom true dulness should some Psyches owe,
 But worlds of Misers from his pen should flow;
 Humourists, and Hypocrites, it should produce,
 Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.

- Now empress Fame had published the renown
- 95 Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
 Roused by report of fame, the nations meet,
 From near Bunhill, and distant Watling Street.
 No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
- 99 But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay;

* * * * *

- Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,
 But loads of Shadwell almost choked the way;
 Bilked stationers for yeomen stood prepared,
- 105 And Herringman was captain of the guard.
 The hoary prince in majesty appeared,
 High on a throne of his own labours reared.
 At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,

Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state;
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace, 110
And lambent dulness played around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Sworn by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome,
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulness would maintain; 115
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball, 120
He placed a mighty mug of potent ale;
"Love's Kingdom" to his right he did convey,
At once his scepter, and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practised young,
And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung. 125
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seemed to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly; —
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook, 130
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
The admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed 135
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,

Repelling from his breast the raging god ;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood : —

“Heavens bless my son ! from Ireland let him reign,

140 To far Barbadoes on the western main ;

Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father’s be his throne ;
Beyond love’s kingdom let him stretch his pen !”
He paused, and all the people cried, “Amen.”

145 Then thus continued he : “My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.

Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuosos in five years be writ,

150 Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage ;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly show the writer’s wit ;

155 Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author’s want of sense.

Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid ;
That they to future ages may be known,

160 Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own :
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name ;
But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.

And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst cull, 165
Trust nature; do not labour to be dull,
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine :
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill. 170
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name;
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part : 175
What share have we in nature, or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain? 180
* * * * *

When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Etherege dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfused, as oil and waters flow, 185
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play :
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which one way to dulness 'tis inclined; 190
Which makes thy writings lean to one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence

- Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
195 A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
200 Thy inoffensive satires never bite;
In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius call thee not to purchase fame
In keen iambics, but mild anagram.
205 Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command,
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou may'st wings display, and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways;
Or, if thou wouldst thy different talents suit,
210 Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."
He said: — but his last words were scarcely heard;
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepared,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
215 Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

FROM ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL,
PART I

ACHITOPHEL

OF these the false Achitophel was first; 150
A name to all succeeding ages curst :
For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place;
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace; 155
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high, 160
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else, why should he, with wealth and honour blest, 165
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son; 170
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;

- And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolved to ruin, or to rule the state.
- 175 To compass this the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
- 180 So easy still it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will?
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
- 185 Since in another's guilt they find their own?
Yet fate deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
- 190 Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress;
Swift of despatch, and easy of access,
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,
With virtue only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
- 195 From cockle, that oppressed the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.

11

100

543

SOME of their chiefs were princes of the land: 543
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,

Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
550 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, riming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
555 Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes;
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
560 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
565 For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel;
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

BARZILLAI

In this short file Barzillai first appears;
Barzillai, crowned with honour and with years.
Long since, the rising rebels he withstood
820 In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood:

Unfortunately brave to buoy the state;
But sinking underneath his master's fate:
In exile with his godlike prince he mourned;
For him he suffered, and with him returned.
The court he practised, not the courtier's art: 835
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart,
Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,
The fighting warrior, and recording muse.
His bed could once a fruitful issue boast;
Now more than half a father's name is lost. 830
His eldest hope, with every grace adorned,
By me, so heaven will have it, always mourned,
And always honoured, snatched in manhood's prime
By unequal fates, and providence's crime:
Yet not before the goal of honour won, 835
All parts fulfilled of subject and of son:
Swift was the race, but short the time to run.
Oh narrow circle, but of power divine,
Scanted in space, and perfect in thy line!
By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known, 840
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force infused the fainting Tyrians propped,
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopped.
Oh ancient honour! Oh unconquered hand,
Whom foes unpunished never could withstand! 845
But Israel was unworthy of thy name:
Short is the date of all immoderate fame.
It looks as heaven our ruin had designed,

And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.
 850 Now, free from earth, thy disencumbered soul
 Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry pole:
 From thence thy kindred legions may'st thou bring,
 To aid the guardian angel of thy king.

Here stop, my muse; here cease thy painful flight;
 855 No pinions can pursue immortal height:
 Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
 And tell thy soul she should have fled before:
 Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
 To hang on her departed patron's hearse?
 860 Now take thy steepy flight from heaven, and see
 If thou canst find on earth another he:
 Another he would be too hard to find;
 See then whom thou canst see not far behind.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY

1687

I

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began:
 When nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 5 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 "Arise, ye more than dead."
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day

15

In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey. 10
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man. 15

II

What passion cannot music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound: 20
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.
What passion cannot music raise and quell?

III

The trumpet's loud clangour 25
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum, 30
Cries, hark! the foes come:
Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat.

IV

The soft, complaining flute,
In dying notes, discovers
35 The woes of hopeless lovers;
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

V

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
40 Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

VI

But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
45 Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees unrooted left their place,
50 Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;

When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS

As from the power of sacred lays 55
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour, 60
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

I

'Twas at a royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft, in awful state,
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne. 5
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crowned.)

The lovely Thais, by his side,
10 Sate like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
15 None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS

*Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.*

II

20 Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
25 The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
30 When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And while he sought her snowy breast ;

Then, round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the
world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity! they shout around; 35
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.

With ravished ears,
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod, 40
And seems to shake the spheres

CHORUS

With ravished ears
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod, 45
And seems to shake the spheres.

III

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums; 50
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now, give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 55 Drinking joys did first ordain;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 60 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 65 *Sweet is pleasure after pain.*

IV

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain:
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the
 slain. —
 The master saw the madness rise,
 70 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse,
 75 He sung Darius great and good

By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood :
Deserted, at his utmost need, 80
By those his former bounty fed ;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving, in his altered soul, 85
The various turns of chance below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS

*Revolving, in his altered soul,
The various turns of chance below ; 90
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.*

V

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree ;
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move, 95
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures :
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 100 Honour, but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying ;
 105 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee —
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 110 Gazed on the fair,
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 115 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair,
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 120 *Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;*
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder, 125
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around. 130
Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise;
See the snakes, that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes! 135
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And, unburied, remain
Inglorious on the plain: 140
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods. — 145
The princes applaud, with a furious joy,
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to de-
stroy;

Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 150 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS

*And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.*

VII

Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 160 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame:
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 165 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies,
 170 She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS

*At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame:
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds, 175
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down. 180*

SONG

From *The Maiden Queen*

I FEED a flame within, which so torments me,
 That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me:
 'Tis such a pleasing smart, and I so love it,
 That I had rather die, than once remove it.

Yet he, for whom I grieve, shall never know it; 5
 My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes show it.
 Not a sigh, nor a tear, my pain discloses,
 But they fall silently, like dew on roses.

Thus, to prevent my love from being cruel,
 My heart's the sacrifice, as 'tis the fuel: 10

And while I suffer this to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.

On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight me;
While I conceal my love no frown can fright me:
15 To be more happy, I dare not aspire;
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

SONG

From The Indian Emperor

AN fading joy! how quickly art thou past!
Yet we thy ruin haste.
As if the cares of human life were few,
We seek out new:
5 And follow fate, that does too fast pursue.

See, how on every bough the birds express,
In their sweet notes, their happiness.
They all enjoy, and nothing spare;
But on their mother nature lay their care:
10 Why then should man, the lord of all below,
Such troubles choose to know,
As none of all his subjects undergo?

Hark, hark, the waters fall, fall, fall,
And with a murmuring sound

Dash, dash, upon the ground, 15
To gentle slumbers call.

SONG OF THAMESIS

In Albion and Albanus

OLD father Ocean calls my tide;
Come away, come away;
The barks upon the billows ride,
The master will not stay;
The merry boatswain from his side 5
His whistle takes, to check and chide
The lingering lads' delay,
And all the crew aloud has cried,
Come away, come away.

See, the god of seas attends thee, 10
Nymphs divine, a beauteous train;
All the calmer gales befriend thee,
In thy passage o'er the main;
Every maid her locks is binding,
Every Triton's horn is winding; 15
Welcome to the wat'ry plain!

ANNE,
COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA

THE CHANGE

- POOR *River*, now thou'rt almost dry,
What Nymph, or Swain, will near thee lie?
Since brought, alas! to sad decay,
What Flocks, or Herds, will near thee stay?
5 The *Swans*, that sought thee in thy Pride,
Now on new Streams forgetful ride:
And *Fish*, that in thy Bosom lay,
Chuse in more prosp'rous Floods to play.
All leave thee, now thy Ebb appears,
10 To waste thy sad Remains in Tears;
Nor will thy mournful Murmurs heed.
Fly, wretched Stream, with all thy speed,
Amongst those solid Rocks thy Griefs bestow;
For Friends, like those alas! thou ne'er did'st know.
- 15 And thou, poor *Sun!* that sat'st on high;
But late, the Splendour of the Sky;
What Flow'r tho' by thy Influence born,
Now Clouds prevail, will tow'rds thee turn?
Now Darkness sits upon thy Brow,
20 What *Persian* Votary will bow?

What River will her Smiles reflect,
Now that no Beams thou can'st direct?
By wat'ry Vapours overcast,
Who thinks upon thy Glories past?
If present Light, nor Heat we get, 25
Unheeded thou may'st rise, and set.
Not all the past can one Adorer keep,
Fall, wretched Sun, to the more faithful Deep.

Nor do thou, lofty *Structure!* boast,
Since undermined by Time and Frost: 30
Since thou canst no Reception give,
In untrod Meadows thou may'st live.
None from his ready Road will turn,
With thee thy wretched Change to mourn.
Not the soft Nights, or cheerful Days 35
Thou hast bestowed, can give thee Praise.
No lusty Tree that near thee grows,
(Tho' it beneath thy Shelter rose)
Will to thy Age a Staff become.
Fall, wretched *Building!* to the Tomb. 40
Thou, and thy painted Roofs, in Ruin mixt,
Fall to the Earth, for That alone is fixt.

The same, poor *Man*, the same must be
Thy Fate, now *Fortune* frowns on thee.
Her Favour ev'ry one pursues, 45
And losing Her, thou all must lose.

No Love, sown in thy prosp'rous Days,
 Can Fruit in this cold Season raise :
 No Benefit, by thee conferred,
 50 Can in this time of Storms be heard.
 All from thy troubled Waters run ;
 Thy stooping Fabric all Men shun.
 All do thy clouded Looks decline,
 As if thou ne'er did'st on them shine.
 55 O wretched Man ! to other Worlds repair ;
 For *Faith* and *Gratitude* are only there.

TO MR. POPE

THE muse, of ev'ry heav'nly gift allowed
 To be the chief, is public, though not proud.
 Widely extensive is the poet's aim,
 And in each verse he draws a bill on fame.
 5 For none have writ (whatever they pretend)
 Singly to raise a patron, or a friend ;
 But whatsoe'er the theme or object be,
 Some commendations to themselves foresee.
 Then let us find in your foregoing page,
 10 The celebrating poems of the age ;
 Nor by injurious scruples think it fit
 To hide their judgments who applaud your wit.
 But let their pens to yours the heralds prove,
 Who strive for you as Greece for Homer strove ;
 15 Whilst he who best your poetry asserts,

Asserts his own, by sympathy of parts.
Me panegyric verse does not inspire,
Who never well can praise what I admire;
Nor in those lofty trials dare appear,
But gently drop this counsel in your ear. 20
Go on, to gain applauses by desert,
Inform the head, whilst you dissolve the heart;
Inflame the soldier with harmonious rage,
Elate the young, and gravely warn the sage;
Allure with tender verse the female race, 25
And give their darling passion courtly grace;
Describe the Forest still in rural strains,
With vernal sweets fresh breathing from the plains.
Your tales be easy, natural, and gay,
Nor all the poet in that part display; 30
Nor let the critic there his skill unfold,
For Boccace thus, and Chaucer tales have told.
Soothe, as you only can, each diff'ring taste,
And for the future charm as in the past.
Then should the verse of ev'ry artful hand 35
Before your numbers eminently stand;
In you no vanity could thence be shown,
Unless, since short in beauty of your own,
Some envious scribbler might in spite declare,
That for comparison you placed them there. 40
But envy could not against you succeed,
'Tis not from friends that write, or foes that read;
Censure or praise must from ourselves proceed.

THE TREE

FAIR *Tree*! for thy delightful Shade
'Tis just that some Return be made;
Sure, some Return is due from me
To thy cool Shadows, and to thee.
5 When thou to *Birds* dost Shelter give,
Thou Music dost from them receive;
If *Travellers* beneath thee stay,
Till Storms have worn themselves away,
That Time in praising thee they spend,
10 And thy protecting Pow'r commend:
The *Shepherd* here, from Scorching freed,
Tunes to thy dancing Leaves his Reed;
Whilst his loved Nymph, in Thanks, bestows
Her flow'ry Chaplets on thy Boughs.
15 Shall I then only Silent be,
And no Return be made by me?
No; let this Wish upon thee wait,
And still to flourish be thy Fate,
To future Ages may'st thou stand
20 Untouch'd by the rash Workman's hand;
Till that large Stock of Sap is spent,
Which gives thy Summer's ornament;
Till the fierce Winds, that vainly strive
To shock thy Greatness whilst alive,
25 Shall on thy lifeless Hour attend,

Prevent the Axe, and grace thy End;
Their scattered Strength together call,
And to the Clouds proclaim thy Fall;
Who then their Ev'ning-Dews may spare,
When thou no longer art their Care; 30
But shalt, like ancient Heroes, burn,
And some bright Hearth be made thy Urn.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

EXERT thy Voice, sweet Harbinger of Spring!
This Moment is thy Time to sing,
This Moment I attend to Praise,
And set my Numbers to thy Lays.
Free as thine shall be my Song; 5
As thy Music, short, or long.
Poets, wild as thee, were born,
Pleasing best when unconfined,
When to Please is least designed,
Soothing but their Cares to rest; 10
Cares do still their Thoughts molest,
And still th' unhappy Poet's Breast,
Like thine, when best he sings, is plac'd against a
Thorn.
She begins, Let all be still!
Muse, thy Promise now fulfil! 15
Sweet, oh! sweet, still sweeter yet

- Can thy Words such Accents fit,
 Canst thou Syllables refine,
 Melt a Sense that shall retain
 20 Still some Spirit of the Brain,
 Till with Sounds like these it join.
 'Twill not be! then change thy Note;
 Let division shake thy Throat.
 Hark! Division now she tries;
 25 Yet as far the Muse outflies.
 Cease then, prithee, cease thy Tune;
 Trifler, wilt thou sing till *June*?
 Till thy Bus'ness all lies waste,
 And the Time of Building's past!
 30 Thus we Poets that have Speech,
 Unlike what thy Forests teach,
 If a fluent Vein be shown
 That's transcendent to our own,
 Criticize, reform, or preach,
 35 Or censure what we cannot reach.

A NOCTURNAL REVERIE

- IN such a *Night*, when every louder Wind
 Is to its distant Cavern safe confined;
 And only gentle *Zephyr* fans his Wings,
 And lonely *Philomel*, still waking, sings;
 5 Or from some Tree, famed for the *Owl's* delight,

She, hollowing clear, directs the Wand'rer right :
 In such a *Night*, when passing Clouds give place,
 Or thinly veil the Heav'ns' mysterious Face ;
 When in some River, overhung with green,
 The waving Moon and trembling Leaves are seen ; 10
 When freshened Grass now bears itself upright,
 And makes cool Banks to pleasing Rest invite,
 Whence springs the *Woodbind*, and the *Bramble-Rose*,
 And where the sleepy *Cowslip* sheltered grows ;
 Whilst now a paler Hue the *Foxglove* takes, 15
 Yet checkers still with red the dusky brakes
 When scattered *Glow-worms*, but in Twilight fine
 Shew trivial Beauties watch their Hour to shine ;
 Whilst *Salisbury* stands the Test of ev'ry Light,
 In perfect Charms, and perfect Virtue bright : 20
 When Odours, which declined repelling Day,
 Thro' temp'rate Air uninterrupted stray ;
 When darkened Groves their softest Shadows wear,
 And falling Waters we distinctly hear ;
 When thro' the Gloom more venerable shows 25
 Some ancient Fabric, awful in Repose,
 While Sunburnt Hills their swarthy Looks conceal,
 And swelling Haycocks thicken up the Vale :
 When the loosed *Horse* now, as his Pasture leads,
 Comes slowly grazing thro' the adjoining Meads, 30
 Whose stealing Pace, and lengthened Shade we fear,
 Till torn up Forage in his Teeth we hear :
 When nibbling *Sheep* at large pursue their Food,

And unmolested Kine rechew the Cud;
35 When *Curlews* cry beneath the Village-walls,
And to her straggling Brood the *Partridge* calls;
Their short-lived Jubilee the Creatures keep,
Which but endures, whilst Tyrant-*Man* do's sleep;
When a sedate Content the Spirit feels,
40 And no fierce Light disturb, whilst it reveals;
But silent Musings urge the Mind to seek
Something, too high for Syllables to speak;
Till the free Soul to a composedness charmed,
Finding the Elements of Rage disarmed,
45 O'er all below a solemn Quiet grown,
Joys in th' inferior World, and thinks it like her Own:
In such a *Night* let Me abroad remain,
Till Morning breaks, and All's confused again;
Our Cares, our Toils, our Clamours are renewed,
50 Or Pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued.

DANIEL DEFOE

FROM THE TRUE BORN ENGLISHMAN

WHEREVER GOD erects a House of Prayer,
The Devil always builds a Chapel there;
And 'twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.
For ever since he first debauched the mind, 5
He made a perfect conquest of mankind.
With Uniformity of *Service*, he
Reigns with a general aristocracy.
No Nonconforming Sects disturb his reign;
For of his yoke, there's very few complain! 10
He knows the Genius and the inclination,
And matches proper sins for every nation.
He needs no Standing Army Government,
He always rules us by our own consent!
His laws are easy, and his gentle sway 15
Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey.
The list of his Vicegerents and Commanders
Outdoes your CÆSARS or your ALEXANDERS:
They never fail of his infernal aid,
And he's as certain ne'er to be betrayed. 20
Through all the world, they spread his vast command,

And Death's eternal empire is maintained.
They rule so politicly and so well,
As if there were Lords Justices of Hell!
25 Duly divided, to debauch mankind,
And plant infernal dictates in their mind.

PRIDE, the first Peer, and President of Hell;
To his share, Spain, the largest province, fell.
The subtle Prince thought fittest to bestow
30 On these, the golden mines of Mexico,
With all the silver mountains of Peru;
Wealth which, in wise hands, would the World undo!
Because he knew their Genius to be such,
Too lazy and too haughty to be rich.
35 So proud a people, so above their fate,
That if reduced to beg, they'll beg in State!
Lavish of money, to be counted brave;
And proudly starve, because they scorn to save.
Never was nation in the World before,
40 So very rich, and yet so very poor.

[Defoe goes on (ll. 41-74) to ascribe different dominating vices to various countries: Lust to Italy, Drunkenness to Germany, Passion to France; the Pagan World is personally ruled by Satan himself.]

75 The rest, by Deputies, he rules as well,
And plants the distant colonies of hell:

By them, his secret power, he well maintains,
And binds the World in his infernal chains.

By zeal, the Irish; and the Rush by folly:
Fury, the Dane; the Swede, by melancholy. 80
By stupid ignorance, the Muscovite:
The Chinese, by a child of hell called Wit.
Wealth makes the Persian too effeminate;
And Poverty, the Tartars desperate.
The Turks and Moors, by MAHOMET he subdues; 85
And GOD has given him leave to rule the Jews.
Rage rules the Portuguese; and fraud, the Scotch;
Revenge, the Pole; and avarice, the Dutch.

Satyr, be kind! and draw a silent veil!
Thy native England's vices to conceal. 90
Or if that task's impossible to do,
At least be just, and shew her virtues too!
Too great, the first! alas, the last too few!

England unknown as yet, unpeopled lay.
Happy had she remained so to this day, 95
And not to every nation been a prey!
Her open harbours and her fertile plains
(The merchants' glory these, and those, the swains'),
To every barbarous nation had betrayed her!
Who conquer her as oft as they invade her. 100
So Beauty, guarded but by Innocence!
That ruins her, which should be her defence.

INGRATITUDE, a devil of black renown,
Possessed her very early for his own :
105 An ugly, surly, sullen, selfish spirit,
Who SATAN'S worst perfections does inherit.
Second to him in malice and in force,
All Devil without, and all within him worse.

He made her first-born race to be so rude,
110 And suffered her to be so oft subdued.
By several crowds of wandering thieves o'errun,
Often unpeopled, and as oft undone :
While every nation, that her powers reduced,
Their language and manners soon infused.
115 From whose mixed relics our compounded Breed
By spurious generation does succeed :
Making a Race uncertain and uneven,
Derived from all the nations under heaven !

The Romans first, with JULIUS CÆSAR came,
120 Including all the nations of that name,
Gauls, Greeks, and Lombards, and by computation,
Auxiliaries or slaves, of every nation.
With HENGIST, Saxons ; Danes with SUENO came ;
In search of plunder, not in search of fame.
125 Scots, Picts, and Irish from the Hibernian shore ;
And conquering WILLIAM brought the Normans o'er.

All these, their barbarous offspring left behind ;
The dregs of armies, they, of all mankind :

Blended with Britains who before were here,
Of whom the Welsh have blest the character. 130

From this amphibious ill-born mob began
That vain ill-natured thing, an *Englishman*.
The customs, surnames, languages, and manners
Of all these nations are their own explainers :
Whose relics are so lasting and so strong, 135
They have left a Shibboleth upon our tongue,
By which, with easy search, you may distinguish
Your Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman English.

The great invading Norman let us know
What conquerors in after Times might do ! 140
To every musketeer, he brought to Town,
He gave the lands which never were his own.
When first, the English crown he did obtain ;
He did not send his Dutchmen home again !
No re-assumption in his reign was known ; 145
DAVENANT might there have let his book alone !
No Parliament, his army could disband ;
He raised no money, for he paid in land !
He gave his Legions their eternal Station,
And made them all freeholders of the nation ! 150
He cantoned out the country to his men,
And every soldier was a denizen !
The rascals thus enriched, he called them, Lords !
To please their upstart pride with new made words :
And *Domesday Book*, his tyranny records. 155

And here begins our ancient pedigree
That so exalts our poor Nobility !
'Tis that from some French trooper they derive,
Who with the Norman Bastard did arrive.
160 The trophies of the families appear :
Some shew the sword, the bow, and some the spear,
Which their Great Ancestor, forsooth ! did wear.
These in the Heralds' *Register* remain,
Their noble *mean* extraction to explain.
165 Yet who the hero was, no man can tell !
Whether a drummer, or a Colonel ?
The silent record blushes to reveal
Their undescended dark Original !

But grant the best ! How came the change to pass,
170 A *True Born Englishman*, of *Norman* race ?
A Turkish horse can shew more history
To prove his well-descended family !
Conquest, as by the Moderns 'tis exprest,
May give a title to the lands possess :
175 But that the longest sword should be so civil,
To make a Frenchman, *English* ; that's the Devil !

These are the heroes who despise the Dutch,
And rail at new-come foreigners so much !
Forgetting that themselves are all derived
180 From the most scoundrel race that ever lived !
A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones,
Who ransacked kingdoms, and dispeopled towns !

The Pict and painted Britain, treacherous Scot;
By hunger, theft, and rapine hither brought !
Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Dane, 185
Whose red-haired offspring everywhere remain ;
Who, joined with Norman French, compound the breed
From whence your *True Born Englishmen* proceed !

* * * * *

ALEXANDER POPE

SUMMER

A SHEPHERD'S boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters played,
And verdant alders formed a quiv'ring shade;
5 Soft as he mourned, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O GARTH! the muse's early lays,
10 That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractised hearts endure,
From love, the solè disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
15 To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing,
"The woods shall answer, and their echo ring."
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
20 They parched with heat, and I inflamed by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,

While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?

In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides, 25
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?

As in the crystal stream I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before. 30

Once I was skilled in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care, 35
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:

But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspired when living, and bequeathed in death: 40

He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despised by thee.

Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r 45
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,

- 50 Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring!
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestowed again.
- 55 For you the swains their fairest flow'rs design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are comprised in one.
See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
- 60 Descending gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis strayed;
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from shearing seek their nightly bow'rs;
- 65 When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crowned with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
- 70 But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
O deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;
- 75 Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
O! how I long with you to pass my days,

Invoke the muses, and resound your praise !
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above. 80
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall.
But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat, 85
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove ;
Ye gods ! and is there no relief for love ?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends : 90
On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

FROM AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill ;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this, 5
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss ;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none

- 10 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
- 15 Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
- 20 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light,
The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right;
But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgraced,
- 25 So by false learning is good sense defaced:
Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
In search of wit, these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
- 30 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
- 35 There are who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for wits, then poets passed,
Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last.

Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learned wittlings, num'rous in our isle, 40
 As half-formed insects on the banks of Nile;
 Unfinished things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal:

To tell 'em would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a critic's noble name,
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste and learning go;

Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, / 50 ✓
 And mark that point where sense and dulness meet, /

Nature to all things fixed the limits fit,
 And wisely curbed proud man's pretending wit.
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains; 55

Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.

One science only will one genius fit; 60
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confined to single parts.

Like kings we lose the conquests gained before,
 By vain ambitions still to make them more; 65

6-7-4-6 only then

5/10/5 *abhythm*

50

Eighteenth Century Verse

Each might his sev'ral province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

✓ First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:

70 Unerring nature, still divinely bright,

One clear, unchanged, and universal light,

Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,

At once the source, and end, and test of art, NATURE

Art from that fund each just supply provides;

75 Works without show, and without pomp presides:

In some fair body thus th' informing soul

With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,

Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;

Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.

80 Some, to whom heav'n in wit has been profuse,

Want as much more, to turn it to its use;

For wit and judgment often are at strife,

Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed;

85 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;

5-5-5
abhythm
[The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course. ✓

Those rules of old discovered, not devised,

Are nature still, but nature methodised;

90 Nature, like liberty, is but restrained

By the same laws which first herself ordained.

* * * * *

*metre: iambic pentameter
rhyme: end rhyme
the language: formal*

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

CANTO I

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing — This verse to Caryll, Muse! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord? 10
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms, dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake, 15
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the ground,
And the pressed watch returned a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow pressed,
Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest: 20
'Twas he had summoned to her silent bed
The morning dream that hovered o'er her head,
A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night beau,

- (That ev'n in slumber caused her cheek to glow)
25 Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say.
"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought,
30 Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel-pow'rs
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
35 Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride concealed,
To maids alone and children are revealed.
What though no credit doubting wits may give?
40 The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumbered spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
45 Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
50 From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,

That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive, 55
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements, their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name. 60
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair, 65
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
 "Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, 75
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the name with men below.
 "Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,

- 80 For life predestined to the gnomes' embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdained, and love denied :
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
85 And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds 'Your Grace ' salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
90 And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
"Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
95 What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's ~~treat~~, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
100 They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.
105 "Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.

Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend. 110
But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warned by the sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!"

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long, 115
Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his tongue;
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanished from thy head. 120

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glass appears, 125
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride. 130

Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear; 135
From these she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

- 135 The tortoise here and elephant unite,
 Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
 140 The fair each moment rises in her charms,
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 145 The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,
 Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;
 And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

CANTO II

- Not with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
 5 Fair nymphs, and well-dressed youths around her
 shone,
 But ev'ry eye was fixed on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 10 Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those;

Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride, 15
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind 20
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck,
With shining ringlets, the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray, 25
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired. 30
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attained his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored 35
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r adored,
But chiefly Love — to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.

There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
40 And all the trophies of his former loves ;
With tender billets-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize :
45 The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :
While melting music steals upon the sky, *... affect*
50 And softened sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph — with careful thoughts oppressed,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
55 He summons straight his denizens of air ;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
60 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
65 Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes ;

While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed; 70
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun.

“Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned 75
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.

Some in the fields of purest ether play, *contending, &c.*
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.

Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky. 80

Some less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.

Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne. 90

“Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprisoned essences exhale;

95 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
 To steal from rainbows ere they drop in show'rs
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 100 To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

 "This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
 That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapped in night.
 105 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
 Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
 110 Or whether heav'n has doomed that Shock must fall.
 Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
 The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
 115 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock;
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

* * * * *

 "Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 125 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
 Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
 Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,

Or wedged, whole ages, in a bodkin's eye :
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain; 130
Or alum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a rivelled flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow, 135
And tremble at the sea that froths below !''

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend :
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear; 140
With beating hearts the dire events they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom 5
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home ;
Here thou, great ANNA ! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court; 10

In various talk th' instructive hours they passed,
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
 One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen;
 15 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
 At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
 20 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
 And the long labours of the toilet cease.

25 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
 Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
 At ombre singly to decide their doom;
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.

* * * * *

The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
 100 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
 Sudden these honours shall be snatched away,
 And cursed for ever this victorious day,
 105 For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
 On shining altars of japan they raise

The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze :
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide : 110
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band ;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed, 115
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain. 120
Ah cease, rash youth ! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate !
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair !
But when to mischief mortals bend their will, 125
How soon they find fit instruments of ill !
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case :
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends ;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair, 135

A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought

140 The close recesses of the virgin's thought :

As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.

145 Amazed, confused, he found his pow'r expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T' inclose the lock ; now joins it, to divide.

Ev'n then, before the fatal engine closed,

150 A wretched sylph too fondly interposed ;

Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again,)

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever !

155 Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.

Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,

When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last ;

Or when rich china vessels fall'n from high,

160 In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie !

"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"

(The victor cried,) "the glorious prize is mine !

While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,

Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!" 170
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 175
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs could feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

CANTO IV

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppressed,
And secret passions laboured in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss, 5
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravished hair. 10

- For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
15 Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repaired to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reached the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
20 The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, sheltered close from air,
And screened in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.
25 Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed;
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
30 Her hand is filled; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
35 On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapped in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise; 40
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumbered throngs, on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout: 50
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turned bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band, 55
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addressed the pow'r — "Hail, wayward
queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit, 60
On various tempers act in various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray;
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains, 65

- And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
 But oh ! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
 Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
 70 Or change complexions at a losing game ;
 * * * * * * *
- Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
 Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
 75 Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease :
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
 That single act gives half the world the spleen."
 The goddess with a discontented air
 80 Seems to reject him, though she grants his pray'r.
 A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds ;
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
 85 A phial next she fills with fainting fears,
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
 Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
 90 Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the furies issued at the vent.
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.

"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands, and
cried, 95
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid!" replied)
"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with tort'ring irons wreathed around? 100
For this with fillets strained your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine 105
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost! 110
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heightened by the diamond's circling rays, 115
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-Park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!" 120
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,

And bids her beau demand the precious hairs :

(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,

And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)

125 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,

He first the snuff-box opened, then the case,

And thus broke out — “My Lord, why, what the devil !

Zounds ! damn the lock ! ’fore Gad, you must be civil.

Plague on’t ! ’tis past a jest — nay prithee, pox !

130 Give her the hair” — he spoke, and rapped his box.

“It grieves me much,” replied the peer again,

“Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain,

But by this lock, this sacred lock I swear,

(Which never more shall join its parted hair ;

135 Which never more its honours shall renew,

Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew)

That while my nostrils draw the vital air,

This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.”

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread

140 The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome ! forbears not so ;

He breaks the phial whence the sorrows flow.

Then see ! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,

Her eyes half languishing, half drowned in tears ;

145 On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,

Which, with a sigh, she raised ; and thus she said.

“For ever cursed be this detested day,

Which snatched my best, my fav’rite curl away !

Happy ! ah ten times happy had I been,

If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen ! 150
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to num'rous ills betrayed.
Oh had I rather unadmired remained
In some lone isle, or distant northern land ;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way, 155
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea !
There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam ?
O had I stayed, and said my pray'rs at home ! 160
'Twas this the morning omens seemed to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell ;
The tott'ring china shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind !
A sylph too warned me of the threats of fate, 165
In mystic visions, now believed too late !
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs !
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares :
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck ; 170
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ;
Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel ! been content to seize 175
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these !"

CANTO V

- She said : the pitying audience melt in tears,
But Fate and Jove have stopped the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
5 Not half so fixed the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begged and Dido raged in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began.
"Say, why are beauties praised and honoured most,
10 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why decked with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels called, and angel-like adored?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux,
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
15 How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
20 Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age away;
Who would not scorn what house-wife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
25 But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,

Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose? 30
And trust me, dear! good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued; 35
Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack; 40
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And base and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage, 45
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound: 50
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height

Clapped his glad wings, and sate to view the fight.
55 Propped on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perished in the throng,
60 One died in metaphor, and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing" — was his last.

65 Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepped in, and killed him with a frown;
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
70 But, at her smile, the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

75 See fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor feared the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord with manly strength endued,
80 She with one finger and a thumb subdued;
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,

A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

"Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck, 90
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bell she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs, 95
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)
"Boast not my fall," he cried, "insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low:
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames — but burn alive."

"Restore the Lock!" she cries; and all around
"Restore the Lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,

110 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain :
With such a prize no mortal must be blessed,
So heav'n decrees ! with heav'n who can contest ?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.

115 There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And beaus' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
120 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the muse — she saw it upward rise,
Though marked by none but quick, poetic eyes :
125 (So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confessed in view)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,

130 The heav'ns bespangling with dishevelled light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray ;
135 This the bless'd lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake ;
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,

Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady 77

When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140

When cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravished
hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
But after all the murders of your eye, 145
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This lock the muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFOR-
TUNATE LADY

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she! — but why that bleeding bosom gored?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell, 5
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,

- 10 For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
 Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
 Ambition first sprung from your bless'd abodes;
 The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
- 15 Thence to their images on earth it flows,
 And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
 Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
 Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
- 20 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
 Like Eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
 And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.
 From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
 Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.
- 25 As into air the purer spirits flow,
 And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
 But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
- 30 Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
 Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
- 35 Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,

Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady 79

And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'erals blacken all the way) 40
"Lo! these were they, whose souls the furies steeled,
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield."
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learned to glow 45
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone, oh ever-injured shade!
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier. 50
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear, 55
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face? 60
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65

There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 70 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
 How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

75 Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
 Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 80 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

FROM AN ESSAY ON MAN

EPISTLE I

* * * * *

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescribed, their present state;
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
 80 Or who could suffer being here below?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,

Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly giv'n, 85
That each may fill the circle marked by heav'n :
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher death, and God adore.
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast; 95
Man never is, but always to be blessed.
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; 100
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depths of woods embraced, 105
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire;

110 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence;

115 Call imperfection what thou fanci'st such,
 Say, Here he gives too little, there too much!
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust;
 If man alone ingross not heav'n's high care,

120 Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
 In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
 All quit their sphere and rush into the skies!

125 Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
 Aspiring to be gods if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels men rebel:
 And who but wishes to invert the laws

130 Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

* * * * *

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
 Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
 210 From the green myriads in the peopled grass;
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:

Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green :
Of hearing, from the life that fills the blood, 215
To that which warbles through the vernal wood !
The spider's touch how exquisitely fine !
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew ? 220
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compared, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine !
'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier !
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near !
Remembrance and reflection how allied ; 225
What thin partitions sense from thought divide ;
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line !
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ? 230
The pow'rs of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one ?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this
earth,

All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go ! 235
Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !
Vast chain of being ! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,

- 240 No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing. On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
245 From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
250 That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world;
255 Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God!
All this dread order break — for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! — O madness! pride! impiety!

- IX. What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
260 Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
265 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,

Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame, 270
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275
As full, as perfect in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

X. Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit: in this, or any other sphere, 285
Secure to be as blessed as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance, direction which thou canst not see; 290
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

CHARACTER OF ATOSSA

FROM EPISTLE II. OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN

- 115 BUT what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all womenkind!
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines, in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
120 Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
125 From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified, except her rage,
So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure missed her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
130 But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with violence pursued,
No more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
135 Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
But an inferior not dependent? worse.

Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live;
But die, and she'll adore you — then the bust
And temple rise — then fall again to dust. 140
Last night her lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robbed of power, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers! without one distress, 145
Sick of herself through very selfishness!
Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor. 150

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT

P. Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued I said:
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10

No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me just at dinner-time.

- 15 Is there a parson, much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
20 With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?

All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damned works the cause:

- 25 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song),
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?

- 30 Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:

- 35 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;

And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel — "Keep your piece nine years." 40

"Nine years!" cries he, who, high in Drury Lane,
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
Obliged by hunger and request of friends:

"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it; 45
I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,
I want a patron; ask him for a place." 50

Pitholeon libelled me — "but here's a letter
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine;
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me! a packet. "'Tis a stranger sues, 55
A virgin tragedy, an orphan Muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends. 60

Fired that the house reject him, "'Sdeath I'll print it,
And shame the fools — Your interest, sir, with Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue, will think your price too much:

"Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks: 65

At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door :
 "Sir, let me see your works and you no more."

* * * * *

- One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 110 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes :
 One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"
- 115 There are who to my person pay their court :
 I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
 Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high, —
 Such Ovid's nose, — and, "Sir, you have an eye."
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
- 120 All that disgraced my betters met in me.
 Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 "Just so immortal Maro held his head;"
 And, when I die, be sure you let me know
 Great Homer died three thousand years ago.
- 125 Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
 Dipped me in ink? my parents', or my own?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
 I left no calling for this idle trade,
- 130 No duty broke, no father disobeyed :
 The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
 To help me through this long disease, my life;
 To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,

And teach the being you preserved to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite, 135

And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;

Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,

And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays;

The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,

Even mitred Rochester would nod the head, 140

And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)

With open arms received one poet more.

Happy my studies, when by these approved!

Happier their author, when by these beloved!

From these the world will judge of men and books, 145

Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cookes.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence

While pure description held the place of sense?

Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,

A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150

Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;

I wished the man a dinner, and sate still.

Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;

I never answered — I was not in debt.

If want provoked, or madness made them print, 155

I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad —

If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kissed the rod.

Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,

And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160

Commas and points they set exactly right,

And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite;
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds:
165 Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Even such small critics, some regard may claim,
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
170 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they get there.
Were others angry — I excused them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
175 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify, for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfered Pastorals renown,
180 Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a-year;
He, who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
185 And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest satire bade translate,

And owned that nine such poets made a Tate. 190
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent, and each art to please, 195
And born to write, converse, and live at ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise; 200
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend, 205
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause; 210
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise —
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

What though my name stood rubric on the walls, 215
Or plastered posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,

On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?
 I sought no homage from the race that write ;
 220 I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight :
 Poems I heeded (now berhymed so long)
 No more than thou, great George ! a birthday song.
 I ne'er with wits or witlings passed my days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;
 225 Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town,
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;
 Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouthed, and cried,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side ;
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 230 To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

* * * * *

May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill !
 250 May every Bavius have his Bufo still !
 So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
 Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands !
 255 Blessed be the great ! for those they take away,
 And those they left me — for they left me GAY ;
 Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :
 Of all thy blameless life thy sole return
 260 My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn.
 Oh let me live my own, and die so too !
 (To live and die is all I have to do :)

Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please:
Above a patron, though I condescend 265
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs:
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead. 270

Why am I asked what next shall see the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with Swift — Indeed? no doubt 275
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will:
"No, such a genius never can lie still;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes. 280
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style?

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out; 290

That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame;
 Who can your merit selfishly approve,
 And show the sense of it without the love;
 295 Who has the vanity to call you friend,
 Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend;
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And if he lie not, must at least betray;
 Who to the *Dean* and *silver bell* can swear,
 300 And sees at Canons what was never there;
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie;
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

* * * * *

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
 335 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
 Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,
 That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways:
 That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
 340 That not in Fancy's maze he wandered long,
 But stooped to Truth, and moralized his song:
 That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 345 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
 Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,

The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown, 350
The imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blackened when the writings 'scape,
The libelled person, and the pictured shape;
Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead; 355
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sovereign's ear —
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome 'e'en the last!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great? 360

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state;
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire; 365
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess 370
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knocked at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhymed for Moore.
Full ten years slandered, did he once reply?

375 Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie;
 To please a mistress one aspersed his life;
 He lashed him not, but let her be his wife:
 Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on his quill,
 And write whate'er he please, except his will;
 380 Let the two Curlls of town and court, abuse
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
 Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:

* * * * *

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
 While yet in Britain honour had applause)
 Each parent sprang — A. What fortune, pray? —
 390 P. Their own,
 And better got, than Bestia's from the throne.
 Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
 Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 395 The good man walked innoxious through his age.
 No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
 Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
 No language, but the language of the heart.
 400 By nature honest, by experience wise,
 Healthy by temperance, and by exercise,
 His life, though long, to sickness passed unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan.
 O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!

Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I. 405

O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!

Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:

Me, let the tender office long engage,

To rock the cradle of reposing age,

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath, 410

Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death.

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,

And keep awhile one parent from the sky!

On cares like these if length of days attend,

May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend, 415

Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,

And just as rich as when he served a queen.

A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,

Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

THOMAS PARNELL

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
5 Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky,
10 Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide!
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
15 Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
20 Whose wall the silent water laves.

That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread 25
Above the venerable dead,
'Time was, like thee they life possest,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.'

Those graves, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground 30
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay 35
Their frequent steps may wear away,)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie, 40
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones.
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who, while on earth in fame they live, 45
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Hah ! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades !
All slow, and wan, and wrapped with shrouds,
50 They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
'Think, mortal, what it is to die.'

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
55 Methinks I hear a voice begin ;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din ;
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground !)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
60 Thus speaking from among the bones.

'When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I !
They view me like the last of things :
They make, and then they dread, my stings.
65 Fools ! if you less provoked your fears,
No more my spectre form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God ;
A port of calms, a state of ease
70 From the rough rage of swelling seas.

'Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,

Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, covered steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread, 75
Nod o'er the scutcheons of the dead?

'Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe.
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell, 80
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body placed, 85
A few, and evil years they waste;
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.' 90

A HYMN FOR EVENING

THE beam-repelling mists arise,
And evening spreads obscurer skies:
The twilight will the night forerun,
And night itself be soon begun.
Upon thy knees devoutly bow, 5
And pray the Lord of glory now

To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
May cause a blinder night within.
And whether pleasing vapours rise,
10 Which gently dim the closing eyes,
Which makes the weary members blest
With sweet refreshment in their rest,
Or whether spirits in the brain
Dispel their soft embrace again,
15 And on my watchful bed I stay,
Forsook by sleep, and waiting day;
Be God forever in my view,
And never he forsake me too;
But still as day concludes in night,
20 To break again with new-born light,
His wondrous bounty let me find
With still a more enlightened mind.
When grace and love in one agree,
Grace from God, and love from me,
25 Grace that will from Heaven inspire,
Love that seals it in desire,
Grace and love that mingle beams,
And fill me with increasing flames.
Thou that hast thy palace far
30 Above the moon and every star,
Thou that sittest on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice, and make me blest
By kindly granting its request.

If thoughts on thee my soul employ, 35
My darkness will afford me joy,
Till thou shalt call and I shall soar,
And part with darkness evermore.

A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind !
Sweet delight of human-kind !
Heavenly-born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below, 5
Than victors in a triumph know !
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head ;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease ! 10

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Increasing Avarice would find
The presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way 15
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love ; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales, 20

Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks, as I have vainly done,
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
25 No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
30 All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
35 Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And lost in thought, no more perceived
40 The branches whisper as they waved:
It seemed, as all the quiet place
Confessed the presence of the Grace.
When thus she spoke — "Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
45 Know God — and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:

Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat, 50
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy !
Raised as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
Pleasing all men, hurting none, 55
Pleased and blessed with God alone :
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight ;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song ; 60
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day ;
The moon that shines with borrowed light ; 65
The stars that gild the gloomy night ;
The seas that roll unnumbered waves ;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain ; 70
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me :

They speak their maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

- 75 Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

JOHN GAY

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK

MONDAY, OR THE SQUABBLE

Lobbin Clout, Cuddy, Cloddipole

Lobbin Clout. Thy younglings, Cuddy, are but just
awake;

No throstles shrill the bramble bush forsake;

No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes;

No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;

O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear, 5

Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear?

Cuddy. Ah, Lobbin Clout! I ween, my plight is
guessed,

For he that loves, a stranger is to rest;

If swains belie not, thou hast proved the smart,

And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart. 10

This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,

Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.

And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,

Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

Lobbin Clout. Ah, Blouzelind! I love thee more by
half, 15

Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf:
 Woe worth the tongue! may blisters sore it gall,
 That names Buxoma, Blouzelind withal.

Cuddy. * * * * *

31 Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
 And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse.
 I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
 That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

35 *Lobbin Clout.* See this tobacco pouch that's lined with
 hair,

Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer.

This pouch, that's tied with tape of reddest hue,
 I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

Cuddy. Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting slouch,

40 Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.

Lobbin Clout. My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,

Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.

Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,

Fair is the daisy that beside her grows,

45 Fair is the gillyflower, of gardens sweet,

Fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet.

But Blouzelind's than gillyflower more fair,

Than daisy, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

Cuddy. My brown Buxoma is the featest maid,

50 That e'er at wake delightsome gambol played.

Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,

And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.

The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,

The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound, 55
And my cur Tray play deftest feats around;
But neither lamb nor kid, nor calf nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

Lobbin Clout. Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is
near;

Of her bereft 'tis winter all the year. 60
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, Blouzelinda, ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow and my winter's fire!

Cuddy. As with Buxoma once I worked at hay, 65
Ev'n noon-tide labour seemed an holiday;
And holidays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky-days I wished would soon be done.
Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday. 70

Lobbin Clout. As Blouzelinda in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I slyly ran and snatched a hasty kiss,
She wiped her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say, 75
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

Cuddy. As my Buxoma in a morning fair,
With gentle finger stroked her milky care,
I quaintly stole a kiss; at first, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two. 80

Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

Lobbin Clout. Leek to the Welsh, to Dutchmen
butter's dear,

Of Irish swains potato is the cheer;

- 85 Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potato, prize.

Cuddy. In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,

- 90 The capon fat delights his dainty wife,
Pudding our Parson eats, the Squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

- 95 *Lobbin Clout.* As once I play'd at Blindman's-buff, it
hapt

About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.

I missed the swains, and seized on Blouzelind.

True speaks that ancient proverb, Love is blind.

Cuddy. As at Hot-cockles once I laid me down,

- 100 And felt the weighty hand of many a clown;
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

* * * * *

Lobbin Clout. This riddle, Cuddy, if thou can'st, ex-
plain,

This wily riddle puzzles ev'ry swain.

What flower is that which bears the Virgin's name,
The richest metal joined with the same?

Cuddy. Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right, 105
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.

What flower is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the virgin, and 'tis strown on graves?

Cloddipole. Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your
strains,

An oaken staff each merits for his pains. 110

But see the sunbeams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodge's barn.

Your herds for want of water stand adry,
They're weary of your songs — and so am I.

TRIVIA

BOOK II

THUS far the Muse has traced in useful lays,
The proper implements for wintry ways;
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the skies.
Now venture, Muse, from home to range the town, 5
And for the public safety risk thy own.

For ease and for despatch the morning's best;
No tides of passengers the street molest.
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,

- 10 From Billingsgate her fishy traffic bear;
On doors the sallow milk-maid chalks her gains;
Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;
- 15 These grave physicians with their milky cheer,
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair;
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
- 20 The proper prelude to a state of peace?
Now industry awakes her busy sons,
Full charged with news the breathless hawker runs:
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.
- 25 If clothed in black, you tread the busy town,
Or if distinguished by the rev'rend gown,
Three trades avoid; oft in the mingling press,
The barber's apron soils the sable dress;
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
- 30 Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh:
Ye walkers too that youthful colours wear,
Three sullyng trades avoid with equal care;
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng;
- 35 When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threatened coat:

The dust-man's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
 When through the street a cloud of ashes flies;
 But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
 The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne, 40
 With tallow spots thy coat; resign the way,
 To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,
 Butcher's, whose hands are dyed with blood's foul
 stain,
 And always foremost in the hangman's train.

Let due civilities be strictly paid. 45
 The wall surrender to the hooded maid;
 Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
 Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age:
 And when the porter bends beneath his load,
 And pants for breath; clear thou the crowded road. 50
 But, above all, the groping blind direct,
 And from the pressing throng the lame protect.
 You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
 Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head,
 At ev'ry step he dreads the wall to lose, 55
 And risks, to save a coach, his red-heeled shoes,
 Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
 Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.
 But when the bully, with assuming pace,
 Cocks his broad hat, edged round with tarnished lace, 60
 Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride,
 And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;

He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters coward curses as he goes.

65 If drawn by bus'ness to a street unknown,
Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,
Like faithful land-marks to the walking train.
Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way,
70 Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray;
Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,
He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by 't.

Where famed St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
An inrailed column rears its lofty head,
75 Here to sev'n streets sev'n dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray,
Here oft the peasant, with inquiring face,
Bewildered, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on ev'ry sign with stupid gaze,
80 Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze,
Tries ev'ry winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.

* * * * *

When waggish boys the stunted besom ply
To rid the slabby pavement; pass not by
Ere thou hast held their hands; some heedless flirt
Will over-spread thy calves with spatt'ring dirt.
95 Where porters hogsheads roll from carts aslope,

Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by carmen tossed,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

* * * * *

Where elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasped in the board the perjured head is bowed,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips and half-hatched eggs (a mingled shower)
Among the rabble rain: some random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

225

* * * * *

Experienced men, inured to city ways,
Need not the Calendar to count their days.
When through the town with slow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear;
Behind him moves majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull;
Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.

410

When fishy stalls with double store are laid;
The golden-bellied carp, the broad-finned maid,
Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl,
The jointed lobster, and unscaly sole,
And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts;
Wednesdays and Fridays you'll observe from hence
Days, when our sires were doom'd to abstinence.

415

420

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dext'rous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs;
Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.

425 Successive cries the seasons' change declare,
And mark the monthly progress of the year.
Hark, how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the spring!
Sweet-smelling flowers, and elder's early bud,
430 With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood:
And when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
Ev'n Sundays are profaned by mackerel cries.

Walnuts the fruit'rer's hand, in autumn, stain,
Blue plums and juicy pears augment his gain;
435 Next oranges the longing boys entice,
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd in frequent cries through the town:
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
440 Christmas the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred misletoe.
Now, heav'n-born Charity, thy blessings shed;
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head:
445 Bid shiv'ring limbs be warm; let plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul.

See, see, the heav'n-born maid her blessings shed;
 Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head;
 Clothed are the naked, and the needy glad,
 While selfish Avarice alone is sad. 450

* * * * *

Volumes on sheltered stalls expanded lie,
 And various science lures the learned eye;
 The bending shelves, with pond'rous scholiasts groan,
 And deep divines to modern shops unknown:
 Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing 555
 Collects the various odours of the spring,
 Walkers, at leisure, learning's flowers may spoil,
 Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil,
 May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
 A mildewed Bacon, or Stagira's sage. 560
 Here saunt'ring 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
 O'er Congreve smile, or over D . . . sleep;
 Pleased sempstresses the Lock's famed Rape unfold,
 And Squirts read Garth, 'till apozems grow cold.

* * * * *

BOOK III

* * * * *

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
 Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng.
 Lured by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
 The subtil artist will thy side disarm.

- 55 Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn;
High on the shoulder in a basket borne
Lurks the sly boy; whose hand to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling wonders of thy head.
Here dives the skulking thief, with practised sleight,
60 And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light.
Where's now thy watch, with all its trinkets, flown?
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies;
65 Dext'rous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilst ev'ry honest tongue 'stop thief' resounds.
So speeds the wily fox, alarmed by fear,
Who lately filched the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,
70 And injured tenants join the hunter's cries.
Breathless he stumbling falls: Ill-fated boy!
Why did not honest work thy youth employ?
Seized by rough hands, he's dragged amid the rout,
And stretched beneath the pump's incessant spout:
75 Or plunged in miry ponds, he gasping lies,
Mud chokes his mouth, and plasters o'er his eyes.

- Let not the ballad-singer's shrilling strain
Amid the swarm thy list'ning ear detain:
Guard well thy pocket; for these Sirens stand,
80 To aid the labours of the diving hand;
Confed'rate in the cheat, they draw the throng,

And cambric handkerchiefs reward the song.
 But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
 The rabble part, in shoals they backward run.
 So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide, 85
 And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.

* * * * *

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,
 And wary circumspection guard thy side;
 Then shalt thou walk unharmed the dang'rous night,
 Nor need th' officious link-boy's smoky light.
 Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road, 115
 Where ale-house benches rest the porter's load,
 Grievous to heedless shins; no barrow's wheel,
 That bruises oft the truant school-boy's heel,
 Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
 Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace. 120
 Let not thy vent'rous steps approach too nigh,
 Where gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie;
 Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
 And overturn the scolding huckster's stall,
 The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan, 125
 But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Though you through cleanlier alleys wind by day,
 To shun the hurries of the public way,
 Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;
 Mind only safety and condemn the mire, 130
 Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,

Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.

* * * * *

Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
 Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side:
 155 The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet
 Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.
 Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
 Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pell-mell,
 When in long rank a train of torches flame,
 160 To light the midnight visits of the dame?
 Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
 May where the chairman rests, with safety tread;
 Whene'er I pass, their poles unseen below,
 Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

* * * * *

FABLE XLV.—THE POET AND THE ROSE

I HATE the man who builds his name
 On ruins of another's fame.
 Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
 Imagine that they raise their own.
 5 Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
 Think slander can transplant the bays.
 Beauties and bards have equal pride,
 With both all rivals are decried.
 Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
 10 Must call her sister awkward creature;
 For the kind flattery's sure to charm,

When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day

A Poet sought the sweets of May,

The garden's fragrant breath ascends, 15

And ev'ry stalk with odour bends.

A rose he plucked, he gazed, admired,

Thus singing as the Muse inspired :

Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;

How happy should I prove, 20

Might I supply that envied place

With never-fading love !

There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,

Involved in fragrance, burn and die !

Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find 25

More fragrant roses there;

I see thy with'ring head reclined

With envy and despair !

One common fate we both must prove;

You die with envy, I with love. 30

Spare your comparisons, replied

An angry Rose who grew beside.

Of all mankind, you should not flout us;

What can a Poet do without us?

In ev'ry love-song roses bloom, 35

We lend you colour and perfume.

Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,

To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
40 To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

MR. POPE'S WELCOME FROM GREECE

I

LONG hast thou, friend, been absent from thy soil,
Like patient Ithacus at siege of Troy;
I have been witness of thy six years' toil,
Thy daily labours and thy night's annoy,
5 Lost to thy native land with great turmoil,
On the wide sea, oft threatening to destroy:
Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,
And heard the shores of Hellespont resound.

II

Did I not see thee when thou first sett'st sail
10 To seek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail
And wish thy bark had never left the strand?
Even in mid ocean often didst thou quail
And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand,
15 Praying the virgin dear and saintly choir,
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

III

Cheer up, my friend, thy dangers now are o'er;
Methinks — nay, sure the rising coasts appear;

Hark how the guns salute from either shore

As thy trim vessel cuts the Thames so fair : 20
Shouts answering shouts from Kent and Essex roar,
And bells break loud from ev'ry gust of air :
Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of some mighty king.

IV

Now pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind, 25
And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall ;
Greenwich where dwells the friend of human kind,
More visited than either park or hall.
Withers the good, and (with him ever joined)
Facetious Disney greet thee first of all : 30
I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say :
'Duke ! that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.

V

'Come in, my friends, here shall ye dine and lie,
And here shall breakfast and here dine again,
And sup and breakfast on (if ye comply) 35
For I have still some dozens of champagne :'
His voice still lessens as the ship sails by ;
He waves his hand to bring us back in vain ;
For now I see, I see proud London's spires ;
Greenwich is lost, and Deptford Dock retires : 40

VI

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder quay !
The sky reëchoes with new shouts of joy :

By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord Mayor's Day;
I hear the sound of trumpet and hautboy.
45 No, now I see them near — oh, these are they
Who come in crowds to welcome thee from Troy.
Hail to the bard whom long as lost we mourned,
From siege, from battle, and from storm returned.

VII

Of goodly dames and courteous knights I view
50 The silken petticoat and brodered vest;
Yea, peers and mighty dukes, with ribbands blue
(True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast).
Others I see as noble and more true,
By no court badge distinguish'd from the rest:
55 First see I Methuen of sincerest mind,
As Arthur grave, as soft as womankind.

VIII

What lady's that to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? Ah, those are Wortley's eyes.
How art thou honoured, numbered with her friends;
60 For she distinguishes the good and wise.
The sweet-tongued Murray near her side attends:
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well
With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell.

IX

65 I see two lovely sisters hand in hand,
The fair-haired Martha and Teresa brown;

Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land;
And smiling Mary soft, and fair as down.
Yonder I see the cheerful Duchess stand,
For friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours known :
Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain?
Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

* * * * *

XXI

How loved, how honoured thou ! Yet be not vain !

And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say —
'All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,

On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.

What from contending cities did he gain?

165

And what rewards his grateful country pay?

None, none were paid — why then all this for me?

These honours, Homer, had been just to thee.'

MATTHEW PRIOR

AN ODE

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Chloe is my real flame.

5 My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Chloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
10 But with my numbers mix my sighs:
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blushed: Euphelia frowned:
I sung and gazed: I played and trembled:
15 And Venus to the Loves around
Remarked, how ill we all dissembled.

TO MR. HOWARD

AN ODE

DEAR Howard, from the soft assaults of Love,
Poets and painters never are secure;
Can I untouched the fair ones' passions move?
Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its power?

To great Appelles when young Ammon brought 5
The darling idol of his captive heart;
And the pleased nymph with kind attention sat,
To have her charms recorded by his art:

The am'rous master owned her potent eyes;
Sighed when he looked, and trembled as he drew; 10
Each flowing line confirmed his first surprise,
And as the piece advanced, the passion grew.

While Philip's son, while Venus' son was near,
What different tortures does his bosom feel!
Great was his rival, and the god severe: 15
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durst reveal.

The prince, renowned in bounty as in arms,
With pity saw the ill-concealed distress;
Quitted his title to Campaspe's charms,
And gave the fair one to the friend's embrace. 20

Thus the more beauteous Chloe sat to thee,
 Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art :
 But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
 And flames that pierced thy predecessor's heart.

25 Had thy poor breast received an equal pain ;
 Had I been vested with the monarch's power ;
 Thou must have sighed, unlucky youth, in vain ;
 Nor from my bounty hadst thou found a cure.

Though to convince thee, that the friend did feel
 30 A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,
 I would have soothed the flame I could not heal ;
 Giv'n thee the world, though I withheld the fair.

TO CHLOE JEALOUS

A BETTER ANSWER

DEAR Chloe, how blubbered is that pretty face ;
 Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncured :
 Prythee quit this caprice ; and (as old Falstaff says)
 Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

5 How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
 The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping ?
 Those looks were designed to inspire love and joy :
 More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vexed at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once, and my passion you wrong: 10
You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit:
Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shows
The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verse; but I love thee in prose: 15
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men (you know, child) the sun,
How after his journeys he sets up his rest:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run;
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast. 20

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I saw in my way;
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war; 25
And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

FOR MY OWN MONUMENT

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfilled by his heir.

5 Then take Mat's word for it, the sculptor is paid,
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
10 His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great fears,
In life party-coloured, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
15 In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, lord, how merry was he!

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirled in the round, as the wheel turned about,
20 He found riches had wings, and knew man was but
dust.

This verse little-polished, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway, 25
So Mat may be killed, and his bones never found;
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Mat may yet chance to be hanged, or be drowned.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To fate we must yield, and the thing is the same, 30
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile, or a tear,
He cares not — yet prithee be kind to his fame.

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY

FIVE YEARS OLD, MDCCIV, THE AUTHOR THEN BEING FORTY

LORDS, knights, and squires, the numerous band,
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took, 5
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Not quality, nor reputation,
10 Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silkworms beds
With all the tender things I swear;
15 Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair;

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
20 And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

25 For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained, (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

JOSEPH ADDISON

FROM AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST ENGLISH POETS

OLD Spenser, next, warmed with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amused a barb'rous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led pursued 20
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleased of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow, 25
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleased at distance all the sights
Of arms and palfreys, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay, 30
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press:
He more had pleased us, had he pleased us less. 35
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise,

- As in the milky way a shining white
 O'er-flows the heav'ns with one continued light;
 40 That not a single star can show his rays,
 Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
 Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
 Th' unnumbered beauties of thy verse with blame;
 Thy fault is only wit in its excess,
 45 But wit like thine in any shape will please.
 What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
 And fit the deep-mouthed Pindar to thy lyre:
 Pindar, whom others in a laboured strain,
 And forced expression imitate in vain?
 - 50 Well-pleased in thee he soars with new delight,
 And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler
 flight.

* * * * *

FROM THE CAMPAIGN

- THE fatal day its mighty course began,
 250 That the grieved world had long desired in vain:
 States that their new captivity bemoaned,
 Armies of martyrs that in exile groaned,
 Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
 And prayers in bitterness of soul preferred,
 255 Europe's loud cries, that Providence assailed,
 And ANNA'S ardent vows, at length prevailed;
 The day was come when heaven designed to show

His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way ! 260
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts ;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control ; 265
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul
O'erlook the foe, advantaged by his post,
Lessen his numbers and contract his host :
Though fens and floods possess the middle space,
That unprovoked they would have feared to pass ; 270
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe ranged on their borders stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined !
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound 275
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved, 280
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war ;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage, 285

And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
 So when an angel by divine command
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
 290 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
 And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

* * * * *

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING

KNELLER, with silence and surprise
 We see Britannia's monarch rise,
 A godlike form, by thee displayed
 In all the force of light and shade;
 5 And, awed by thy delusive hand,
 As in the presence-chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth
 His secret soul and hidden worth,
 His probity and mildness shows,
 10 His care of friends and scorn of foes:
 In every stroke, in every line,
 Does some exalted virtue shine,
 And Albion's happiness we trace
 Through all the features of his face.

15 O may I live to hail the day,

When the glad nation shall survey
Their sovereign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land !
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

This image on the medal placed,
With its bright round of titles graced,
And stamp'd on British coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoiced the metal to refine,
And ripened the Peruvian mine.

Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vied
With nature, in a generous strife, 35
And touched the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in their robes of state arrayed,
The kings of half an age displayed. 40

Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Nassau here we find,

And with him bright Maria joined ;
45 There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent.
Ere yet her hero was disgraced :
O may famed Brunswick be the last,
(Though heaven should with my wish agree,
50 And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing !
Wise Phidias, thus his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanced to Jove,
55 And taught the polished rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine ;
Till Greece, amazed, and half afraid,
Th' assembled deities surveyed.
Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
60 And loved the spreading oak, was there ;
Old Saturn too, with up-cast eyes ;
Beheld his abdicated skies ;
And mighty Mars, for war renowned,
In adamantine armour frowned ;
65 By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads ; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung :
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
70 Matched with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,

Her short-lived darling son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills allied 75
In impious leagues their king defied.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produced, his art was at a stand :
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-established praise, 80
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a GEORGE, or carved a Jove!

DIVINE ODE

I

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :
Th' unwearied sun from day to day, 5
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

II

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale, 10

And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
15 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III

What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though, nor real voice nor sound
20 Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

JONATHAN SWIFT

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happened on a winter night, 5
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguised in tattered habits, went
To a small village down in Kent; 10
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begged from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering saints, in woful state, 15
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Called in the neighbourhood Philemon; 20

Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire;
25 While he from out the chimney took
A fitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried;
Then stepped aside to fetch them drink,
30 Filled a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what was wonderful) they found
'Twas still replenished to the top,
As if they ne'er had touched a drop.
35 The good old couple were amazed,
And often on each other gazed;
For both were frightened to the heart,
And just began to cry, "What ar't!"
Then softly turned aside, to view
40 Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errand:
"Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints," the hermits said;
45 "No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drowned;

While you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes." 50

They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climbed slowly after.
The chimney widened, and grew higher, 55
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fastened to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below: 60
In vain; for a superior force
Applied at bottom stops its course:
Doomed ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost 65
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower. 70
The flier, though it had leaden feet,
Turned round so quick you scarce could see't;
But, slackened by some secret power,
Now scarcely moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied, 75
Had never left each other's side;

- The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up against the steeple reared,
80 Became a clock, and still adhered;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cookmaid not to burn
That roast meat, which it cannot turn.
- 85 The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And with small change, a pulpit grew.
- The porringers, that in a row
90 Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance changed,
Were now but leathern buckets ranged.
- The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
95 Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The little Children in the Wood,
Now seemed to look abundance better,
Improved in picture, size, and letter:
And, high in order placed, describe
100 The heraldry of every tribe.
- A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews;

Which still their ancient nature keep 105
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desired their host
To ask for what he fancied most. 110

Philemon, having paused a while,
Returned them thanks in homely style;
Then said, "My house is grown so fine,
Methinks, I still would call it mine.
I'm old, and fain would live at ease; 115
Make me the parson if you please."

He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve; 120

His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assumed a sable hue;
But, being old, continued just
As threadbare, and as full of dust.

His talk was now of tithes and dues: 125
He smoked his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamped in the preface and the text;

At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart; 130
Wished women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrowed last;

Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for "right divine";
135 Found his head filled with many a system;
But classic authors, — he ne'er missed 'em.
Thus having furbished up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they played their farce on.
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
140 Good pinners edged with colberteen;
Her petticoat, transformed apace,
Became black satin, flounced with lace.
"Plain Goody" would no longer down,
'Twas "Madam," in her grogram gown.
145 Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes.
Amazed to see her look so prim
And she admired as much at him.
Thus happy in their change of life,
150 Were several years this man and wife:
When on a day, which proved their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amid their talk,
To the churchyard to take a walk;
155 When Baucis hastily cried out,
"My dear, I see your forehead sprout!" —
"Sprout," quoth the man; "what's this you
tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous!
But yet, methinks, I feel it true,

And really yours is budding too — 160
Nay, — now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root."

Description would but tire my Muse,
In short they both were turned to yews.
Old Goodman Dobson of the Green 165
Remembers he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight;
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there; 170
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believed 175
How much the other tree was grieved,
Grew scrubbed, died a-top, was stunted,
So the next parson stubbed and burnt it.

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER

NOR yet the dust had shunned the unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And wafted with its foe by violent gust, 25
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,

- When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat! where dust, cemented by the rain,
30 Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this *devoted* town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
35 The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroad,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
40 Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
45 And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
50 Instead of paying chairman, ran them through,)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprisoned hero quaked for fear.

* * * * *

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

 This maxim more than all the rest 5
Is thought too base for human breast:
“In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.” 10

 If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals raised above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show 15
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the highest post:
Suppose it but an inch at most. 20
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion killed or trophy won;

- 25 Rather than thus be overtopped,
Would you not wish his laurels cropped?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies racked with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
30 How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother writes as well as he?
But rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?
- 35 Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy, stings and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human kind! fantastic race!
40 Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me a usurpation.
- 45 I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine;
When he can in a couplet fix
50 More sense than I can do in six;
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"

I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend, 55
 Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and showed its use.
St. John, as well as Pultney, knows
That I had some repute for prose; 60
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents Heaven has blessed 'em, 65
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
 To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst. 70
 Thus much may serve by way of proem:
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
 The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends 75
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See, how the Dean begins to break! 80

- Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
85 Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind:
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
90 He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
95 Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
"For poetry he's past his prime:
100 He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decayed,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen; —
But there's no talking to some men!"
105 And then their tenderness appears,
By adding largely to my years;
"He's older than he would be reckoned,
And well remembers Charles the Second.

He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign. 110
His stomach too begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale
But now he's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring!"
They hug themselves, and reason thus, 115
"It is not yet so bad with us!"

In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend. 120
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better, than to tell, 125
That, "God be praised, the Dean is well."
Then he, who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always feared the worst,
And often told you so at first." 130
He'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet should some neighbour feel a pain 135
Just in the parts where I complain;

How many a message would he send !
What hearty prayers that I should mend !
Inquire what regimen I kept ;
140 What gave me ease, and how I slept ?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear ;
For though you may mistake a year,
145 Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive !
“How is the Dean ?” — “He’s just alive.”
Now the departing prayer is read ;
150 “He hardly breathes.” — “The Dean is dead.”
Before the passing bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
“O ! may we all for death prepare !
What has he left ? and who’s his heir ?” —
155 “I know no more than what the news is ;
’Tis all bequeathed to public uses.” —
“To public uses ! there’s a whim !
What had the public done for him ?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride :
160 He gave it all — but first he died.
And had the Dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation ?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood !”

Now, Grub-Street wits are all employed; 165
With elegies the town is cloyed :
Some paragraph in every paper
To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.

The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame : 170

"We must confess, his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been ruled, for aught appears,
He might have lived these twenty years;
For, when we opened him, we found, 175
That all his vital parts were sound."

From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "the Dean is dead."
And Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen. 180
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say; then let him rot :
I'm glad the medals were forgot.
I promised him, I own; but when? 185
I only was the princess then;
But now, as consort of the king,
You know, 'tis quite another thing."

* * * * *

Here shift the scene, to represent 205
How these I love my death lament.
Poor Pope would grieve a month, and Gay

A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
210 To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
“I’m sorry — but we all must die!”

Indifference, clad in Wisdom’s guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:
215 For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt!
When we are lashed, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
220 Are tortured with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approached, to stand between:
The screen removed, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.

225 My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learned to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
“The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
230 (Ladies, I’ll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend.”

235 “No, madam, ’tis a shocking sight:

And he's engaged to-morrow night :
My Lady Club will take it ill,
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He loved the Dean — (I lead a heart,)
But dearest friends, they say, must part. 240
His time was come : he ran his race ;
We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die ?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past ; a different scene ! 245
No further mention of the Dean ;
Who now, alas ! no more is missed,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now this favourite of Apollo !
Departed : — and his works must follow ; 250
Must undergo the common fate ;
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for "Swift in Verse and Prose."
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name ; 255
He died a year ago." — "The same."
He searches all the shop in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane ;
I sent them with a load of books,
Last Monday to the pastry-cook's. 260
To fancy they could live a year !
I find you're but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,

And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
 265 His way of writing now is past;
 The town has got a better taste;
 I keep no antiquated stuff,
 But spick and span I have enough.
 Pray do but give me leave to show 'em;
 270 Here's Colley Cibber's birthday poem.
 This ode you never yet have seen,
 By Stephen Duck, upon the queen.
 Then here's a letter finely penned
 Against the Craftsman and his friend:
 275 It clearly shows that all reflection
 On ministers is disaffection.
 Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
 And Mr. Henley's last oration.
 The hawkers have not got them yet:
 280 Your honour please to buy a set?"
 * * * * * * *
 Suppose me dead; and then suppose
 300 A club assembled at the Rose;
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.
 And while they toss my name about,
 With favour some, and some without,
 305 One, quite indifferent in the cause,
 My character impartial draws:
 "The Dean, if we believe report,
 Was never ill-received at court.

As for his works and verse and prose
I own myself no judge of those; 310
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em:
But this I know, all people bought 'em.
As with a moral view designed
To cure the vices of mankind:
His vein, ironically grave, 315
Exposed the fool, and lashed the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.
 “He never thought an honour done him,
Because a duke was proud to own him: 320
Would rather slip aside and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
Despised the fools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station, 325
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in state affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs: 330
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit on his friends;
And only chose the wise and good;
No flatterers; no allies in blood:
But succoured virtue in distress, 335
And seldom failed of good success;

As numbers in their hearts must own,
 Who, but for him, had been unknown.

* * * * *

- 455 "Perhaps I may allow the Dean
 Had too much satire in his vein;
 And seemed determined not to starve it,
 Because no age could more deserve it.
 Yet malice never was his aim;
 460 He lashed the vice, but spared the name;
 No individual could resent,
 Where thousands equally were meant;
 His satire points at no defect,
 But what all mortals may correct;
 465 For he abhorred that senseless tribe
 Who call it humour when they gibe:
 He spared a hump, or crooked nose,
 Whose owners set not up for beaux.
 True genuine dulness moved his pity,
 470 Unless it offered to be witty.
 Those who their ignorance confessed,
 He ne'er offended with a jest;
 But laughed to hear an idiot quote
 A verse from Horace learned by rote.
 475 "He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
 With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
 Was cheerful to his dying day;
 And friends would let him have his way.
 "He gave the little wealth he had

To build a house for fools and mad;
And showed by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he had left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better."

480

JOHN POMFRET

THE CHOICE

- IF Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might choose my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious Fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend;
5 Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain,
10 But what are useful, necessary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauseous; and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye;
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by:
15 On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes, or sycamores, should grow.
At th' end of which a silent study placed,
Should be with all the noblest authors graced:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
20 Immortal wit, and solid learning, shines;

Sharp Juvenal and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew :
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel ; 25
His thoughts so tender, and expressed so well :
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteemed for learning, and for eloquence.
In some of these, as Fancy would advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise : 30
For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.
I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great :
As much as I could moderately spend ; 35
A little more, sometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of Poverty repine
Too much at Fortune, they should taste of mine ;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be relieved with what my wants could spare ; 40
For that our Maker has too largely given,
Should be returned in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread ;
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread :
Enough to satisfy, and something more, 45
To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.

- But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
50 And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take, and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.
I'd have a little vault, but always stored
With the best wines each vintage could afford.
55 Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:
By making all our spirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.
But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends
60 May be debauched, and serve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
Does many mischievous effects produce.
My house should no such rude disorders know,
As from high drinking consequently flow;
65 Nor would I use what was so kindly given,
To the dishonour of indulgent Heaven.
If any neighbour came, he should be free,
Used with respect, and not uneasy be,
In my retreat, or to himself or me.
70 What freedom, prudence, and right reason give,
All men may, with impunity, receive:
But the least swerving from their rule's too much;
For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.
That life may be more comfortable yet,
75 And all my joys, refined, sincere, and great;
I'd choose two friends, whose company would be

A great advance to my felicity:
Well-born, of humours suited to my own,
Discreet, and men as well as books have known:
Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free 80
From loose behaviour, or formality:
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in discerning, and in judging right:
Secret they should be, faithful to their trust;
In reasoning cool, strong, temperate, and just; 85
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave;
Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave:
Close in dispute, but not tenacious; tried
By solid reason, and let that decide:
Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate; 90
Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state:
Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite;
Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight;
Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar; true
As dying martyrs, to their Maker too. 95
In their society I could not miss
A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.
Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd
choose
(For who would so much satisfaction lose,
As witty nymphs, in conversation, give?) 100
Near some obliging modest fair to live:
For there's that sweetness in a female mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;

That, by a secret, but a powerful art,
105 Winds up the spring of life, and does impart
Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.

I'd have her reason all her passion sway:
Easy in company, in private gay:
Coy to a fop, to the deserving free;
110 Still constant to herself, and just to me.
A soul she should have for great actions fit;
Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit:
Courage to look brave danger in the face;
No fear, but only to be proud, or base;
115 Quick to advise, by an emergence prest,
To give good counsel, or to take the best.
I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,
She might not seem reserved, nor talk too much:
That shows a want of judgment, and of sense;
120 More than enough is but impertinence.
Her conduct regular, her mirth refined;
Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind:
Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride;
In all the methods of deceit untried:
125 So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No censure might upon her actions fall:
Then would ev'n Envy be compelled to say,
She goes the least of womankind astray.
To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire;
130 Her conversation would new joys inspire;
Give life an edge so keen, no surly care

Would venture to assault my soul, or dare
Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare.

But so divine, so noble a repast

I'd seldom, and with moderation, taste: 135

For highest cordials all their virtue lose,

By a too frequent and too bold a use;

And what would cheer the spirits in distress,

Ruins our health, when taken to excess.

I'd be concerned in no litigious jar; 140

Beloved by all, not vainly popular.

Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,

T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,

Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford

My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword. 145

Lawsuits I'd shun, with as much studious care,

As I would dens where hungry lions are;

And rather put up injuries, than be

A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.

I value quiet at a price too great, 150

To give for my revenge so dear a rate:

For what do we by all our bustle gain,

But counterfeit delight for real pain?

If Heaven a date of many years would give,

Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live. 155

And as I near approached the verge of life,

Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)

Should take upon him all my worldly care,

Whilst I did for a better state prepare.

160 Then I'd not be with any trouble vexed,
Nor have the evening of my days perplexed;
But by a silent and a peaceful death,
Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.
And when committed to the dust, I'd have
165 Few tears, but friendly, dropped into my grave,
Then would my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

JOHN PHILIPS

THE SPLENDID SHILLING

" . . . Sing, heavenly Muse !
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,"
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise, 5
To Juniper's, Magpie, or Town-hall repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfixed his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love. 10
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
And Hunger, sure attendant upon Want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff, 15
(Wretched repast !) my meagre corpse sustain :
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff

- Regale chilled fingers; or from tube as black
20 As winter-chimney, or well-polished jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (versed in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
25 Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
30 Or Maridunum, or the Ancient town
Yclept Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renowned Falern.
35 Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends,
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
40 With hideous accents thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amazed,
Confounded to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
45 Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)

My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
 So horrible he seems! His faded brow,
 Entrenched with many a frown, and conic beard,
 And spreading band, admired by modern saints, 50
 Disastrous acts forbode; in his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters and figures dire inscribed,
 Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
 Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks 55
 Another monster, not unlike himself,
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called
 A *catchpole*, whose polluted hands the gods,
 With force incredible, and magic charms,
 First have endued: if he his ample palm 60
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
 Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont)
 To some enchanted castle is conveyed,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains, 65
 In durance strict detain him, till, in form
 Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors! when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
 The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft 70
 Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertant wretch
 With his unhallowed touch. So (poets sing)
 Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn

- 75 An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowelled web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
- 80 Obvious to vagrant flies; she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
- 85 The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils;
- 90 Then with envenomed jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
- 95 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distressed, forlorn,
- 100 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse

Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree. 105
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake, 110
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale:
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarred, 115
Nor taste the fruits that the Sun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrowed coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay:
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain: 120
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds 125
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sailed secure, or through th' Ægean deep, 130

Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks !)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shattered oak,
135 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
The mariners; Death in their eyes appears,
140 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
prayer:
(Vain efforts !) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable, till, deluged by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

THOMAS TICKELL

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK, ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stayed,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires ! 5
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires :
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave? 10
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings !
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire; 15
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid;
And the last words that dust to dust conveyed !
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend. 20

Oh, gone for ever, take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montagu!

To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine;
25 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,

30 My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown),
35 Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumphed; or in arts excelled;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
40 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught, and led, the way to Heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
45 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.
In what new region, to the just assigned,
What new employments please th' unbodied mind?

A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly? 50
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold Seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the Dragon fell;
Or, mixed with milder Cherubim, to glow 55
In hymns of love, not ill essayed below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well-suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend:
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend! 60
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before, 65
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.
That awful form (which, so the Heavens decree,
Must still be loved and still deplored by me),
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes. 70
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove, 75
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;

- 'Twas there of Just and Good he reasoned strong,
Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious song;
There patient showed us the wise course to steer,
80 A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Thou Hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
85 Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the gloom beneath thy aged trees,
90 Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.
95 From other ills, however fortune frowned;
Some refuge in the muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmured o'er his urn,
100 Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.
Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinished song!

To Earl of Warwick, On Death of Mr. Addison 181

These works divine, which, on his death-bed laid, 105
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage conveyed,
Great, but ill-omened monument of fame,
Nor he survived to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon ! thy coffin lies. 110
Blest pair ! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues : each other's boast ! farewell,
Farewell ! whom joined in fame, in friendship tried,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

ALLAN RAMSAY

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD

ACT I. SCENE II

A flow'rie howm, between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash an' spread their claes,
A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel pebbles shining smooth an' round:
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean an' clear;
First please your eye, next gratify your ear:
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
An' Meg wi' better sense, true love defends.

Peggy and Jenny

Jenny. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
The shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water's clear, the lift unclouded blue,
Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

5 *Peggy.* Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's Howe,
Where a' the sweets o' spring an' simmer grow:
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's an' maks a singan din:
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
10 Kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bord'ring grass.
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool;
An' when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,

There wash oursells — 'tis healthfu' now in May,
An' sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jenny. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say 15
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
An' see us sae? that jeering fallow Pate,
Wad taunting say, Haith lasses, ye're no blate.

Peggy. We're far frae ony road, an' out o' sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height. 20
But tell me now, dear Jenny (we're our lane),
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
The neibours a' tent this as weel as I,
That Roger looes ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa, 25
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kaims his hair, indeed, an' gaes right snug,
Wi' ribbon-knots at his blue bannet lug, 30
Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,
An' spreads his gartens diced beneath his knee;
He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
An' few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair:
For a' that he can neither sing nor say, 35
Except, "How d'ye?" — or "There's a bonny day."

Peggy. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld:
What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld? 40

Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
 That for some feckless whim will orp an' greet;
 The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past;
 An' syne the fool thing is obliged to fast,
 45 Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

Fy! Jenny, think, an dinna sit your time.

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peggy. Nor I — but love in whispers lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, an' we for men.
 50 *Jenny.* If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell,
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.

He glowrs an' sighs, an' I can guess the cause;
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums an' haws?
 When'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 55 I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that slav'ry like, an' may be free;
 The chiels may a' knit up themselfs for me.

Peggy. Be doing your wa's; for me I hae a mind
 To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

60 *Jenny.* Heh, lass! how can ye looe that rattle-skull?
 A very deil, that ay maun hae his will.
 We'll soon hear tell, what a poor fechting life
 You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man an' wife.

Peggy. I'll rin the risk, nor hae I ony fear,

* * * * *

Jenny. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
 Mak meikle o' ye, wi' an unco fraise,
 An' daut ye baith afore fouk, an' your lane;

But soon as his newfangleness is gane, 75
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
An' think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then o' lang days o' sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, an' a' the neist he'll flyte:
An' may be, in his barlickhoods, ne'er stick, 80
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

Peggy. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith
to move

My settled mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want o' him I dread nae other skaith. 85
There's nane o' a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:
An' then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music thro' my heart.
How blythly can he sport, an' gently rave, 90
An' jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill;
He is — but what need I say that or this?
I'd spend a month to tell ye what he is! 95
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coofs compar'd wi' my dear Pate.
His better sense will lang his love secure;
Ill-nature heffs in sauls that's weak an' poor.

Jenny. Hey, *Bonny lass o' Branksome!* or't be lang, 100
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.

- O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syne whinging getts about your ingle-side,
Yelping for this or that wi' fasheous din;
105 To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' broe,
Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe;
The *Deil gaes o'er Jock Wabster*, hame grows hell,
An' Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.
- 110 *Peggy*. Yes, it's a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
To hear their little plaints, an' keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
115 Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at — their greatest wish,
Is to be made o', an' obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tenting day an' night
The like o' them, when love makes care delight?
- 120 *Jenny*. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst o' a',
Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should begg'ry draw,
But little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, an' a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die; — the spate may bear away
125 Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks o' hay;
The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wathers, an' may rot your ewes.
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
But, or the day o' payment, breaks, an' flees:

Wi' gloomin' brow, the laird seeks in his rent; 130
It's no to gie; your merchant's to the bent:
His honour maunna want; he poinds your gear:
Syne, driven frae house an' hald, where will ye steer?
Dear Meg, be wise, an' live a single life;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife. 135

Peggy. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fouk bode weel, an' strive to do their best;
Nae mair's required; let Heav'n mak out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say, 140
That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A weel-stor'd room, unless his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart: 145
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
An' win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, an' some woo,
Shall first be sald, to pay the laird his due; 150
Syne a' behind's our ain. — Thus, without fear,
Wi' love an' rowth, we thro' the warld will steer;
An' when my Pate in bairns an' gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglet on the green, 155
Wi' dimpled cheeks an' twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,

An' her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peggy. Nae mair o' that — Dear Jenny, to be free,
160 There's some men constanter in love than we:

Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind

Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.

They'll reason calmly, an wi' kindness smile,

When our short passions wad our peace beguile:

165 Sae, when soe'er they slight their maiks at hame,

It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.

Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art

To keep him cheerfu', an' secure his heart.

At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,

170 I'll hae a' things made ready to his will.

In winter, when he toils thro' wind an' rain,

A bleezing ingle, an' a clean hearth-stane;

An' soon as he flings by his plaid an' staff,

The seething pat's be ready to tak aff;

175 Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,

An' serve him wi' the best we can afford;

Good humour an' white bigonets shall be

Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A dish o' married love right soon grows
cauld,

180 An' dosens down to nane, as fouk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld thegither, an' ne'er find

The loss o' youth, when love grows on the mind.

Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tye,

Than aught in love the like of us can spy.

See yon twa elms that grow up side by side, 185
Suppose them, some years syne, bridegroom an' bride;
Nearer an' nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd
An' in their mixture now are fully blest:
This, shields the other frae the eastlin blast, 190
That, in return, defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single (a state sae liked by you!)
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.

Jenny. I've done — I yield, dear lassie, I maun
yield:

Your better sense has fairly won the field, 195
With the assistance of a little fae
Lies darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

Peggy. Alake, poor pris'ner! *Jenny*, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:
Haste, let him out; we'll tent as well's we can, 200
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jenny. Anither time's as good — for see, the sun
Is right far up, an' we're not yet begun
To freath the graith; — if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant: 205
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true — nae lass can be unkind.

LOCHABER NO MORE

FAREWELL to Lochaber, an' farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome wi' thee I've mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.

- 5 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
An' no for the dangers attending on weir,
Tho' borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

- Tho' hurricanes rise, an' rise every wind,
10 They'll ne'er mak a tempest like that in my mind;
Tho' loudest o' thunders on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
15 An' beauty an' love's the reward o' the brave,
An' I must deserve it before I can crave.

- Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
20 An' without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae, then, my lass, to win honour an' fame,
An' if I shou'd luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee wi' love running o'er,
An' then I'll leave thee an' Lochaber no more.

JOHN DYER

GRONGAR HILL

SILENT nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man;
Painting fair the form of things, 5
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale; —
Come, with all thy various dues,
Come and aid thy sister Muse; 10
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells 15
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill, 20

Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
25 From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
30 And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
35 Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
40 And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
45 Does the face of Nature show,
In all the hues of Heaven's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering to the skies ! 50
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires !
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads !
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks, 55
And glitters on the broken rocks !
Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes :
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew, 60
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love !
Gaudy as the opening dawn, 65
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye !
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood, 70
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below ;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps ;
So both a safety from the wind 75
On mutual dependence find.

- 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;
And there the fox securely feeds ;
80 And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss and weeds ;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Hugh heaps of hoary moulded walls.
Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,
85 And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state ;
But transient is the smile of Fate !
A little rule, a little sway,
90 A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
95 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep !
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
100 To instruct our wandering thought ;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view !

The fountain's fall, the rivers flow, 105
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seats, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower; 110
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide, 115
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem; 120
So we mistake the Future's face,
Eyed through Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near, 125
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see; 130
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;

- For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
135 'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
140 And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
145 Now, e'en now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
150 In vain ye search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of Care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-head,
Along with pleasure, close allied,
155 Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE morning's fair, the lusty Sun
With ruddy cheek begins to run;
And early birds, that wing the skies,
Sweetly sing to see him rise.

I am resolved, this charming day,
In the open field to stray;
And have no roof above my head,
But that whereon the gods do tread.
Before the yellow barn I see
A beautiful variety
Of strutting cocks, advancing stout,
And flirting empty chaff about,
Hens, ducks, and geese, and all their brood,
And turkeys gobbling for their food,
While rustics thrash the wealthy floor,
And tempt them all to crowd the door.

What a fair face does Nature show !
Augusta, wipe thy dusty brow ;
A landscape wide salutes my sight,
Of shady vales, and mountains bright ;
And azure heavens I behold,
And clouds of silver and of gold.
And now into the fields I go,
Where thousand flaming flowers glow ;

- 25 And every neighbouring hedge I greet,
With honeysuckles smelling sweet.
Now o'er the daisy meads I stray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,
Sweetly shining on the eye,
- 30 A rivulet, gliding smoothly by;
Which shows with what an easy tide
The moments of the happy glide.
Here, finding pleasure after pain,
Sleeping, I see a wearied swain,
- 35 While all his scrip lies open by,
That does his healthy food supply.
Happy swain, sure happier far
Than lofty kings and princes are!
Enjoy sweet sleep, which shuns the crown,
- 40 With all its easy beds of down.
The Sun now shows his noon-tide blaze,
And sheds around me burning rays.
A little onward, and I go
Into the shade that groves bestow;
- 45 And on green moss I lay me down,
That o'er the root of oak has grown;
Where all is silent, but some flood
That sweetly murmurs in the wood;
But birds that warble in the sprays,
- 50 And charm ev'n Silence with their lays.
Oh, powerful Silence, how you reign
In the poet's busy brain!

His numerous thoughts obey the calls
Of the tuneful water-falls,
Like moles, whene'er the coast is clear, 55
They rise before thee without fear,
And range in parties here and there.

Some wildly to Parnassus wing,
And view the fair Castalian spring;
Where they behold a lonely well, 60
Where now no tuneful Muses dwell;
But now and then a slavish hind
Paddling a troubled pool they find.

Some trace the pleasing paths of joy,
Others the blissful scene destroy; 65
In thorny tracks of sorrow stray,
And pine for Clio far away.
But stay — Methinks her lays I hear,
So smooth! so sweet! so deep! so clear!
No, 'tis not her voice, I find, 70
'Tis but the echo stays behind.

Some meditate ambition's brow,
And the black gulf that gapes below:
Some peep in courts, and there they see
The sneaking tribe of Flattery. 75
But, striking to the ear and eye,
A nimble deer comes bounding by;
When rushing from yon rustling spray,
It made them vanish all away.

I rouse me up, and on I rove, 80

'Tis more than time to leave the grove.
The Sun declines, the evening breeze
Begins to whisper through the trees:
And, as I leave the sylvan gloom,
85 As to the glare of day I come,
An old man's smoky nest I see,
Leaning on an aged tree:
Whose willow walls, and furzy brow,
A little garden sway below.
90 Through spreading beds of blooming green,
Matted with herbage sweet, and clean,
A vein of water limps along,
And makes them ever green and young.
Here he puffs upon his spade,
95 And digs up cabbage in the shade:
His tattered rags are sable brown,
His beard and hair are hoary grown:
The dying sap descends apace,
And leaves a withered hand and face.
100 Up Grongar Hill I labour now,
And catch at last his bushy brow.
Oh, how fresh, how pure the air!
Let me breathe a little here.
Where am I, Nature? I descry
105 Thy magazine before me lie!
Temples!—and towns!—and towers!—and
woods!
And hills!—and vales!—and fields!—and floods!

Crowding before me, edged around
With naked wilds, and barren ground.

See, below, the pleasant dome, 110
The poet's pride, the poet's home,
Which the sunbeams shine upon,
To the even, from the dawn.

See her woods, where Echo talks,
Her gardens trim, her terrace walks, 115
Her wildernesses, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bowers, and shining lakes,
Keep, ye gods, this humble seat,
Forever pleasant, private, neat.

See yonder hill, uprising steep, 120
Above the river slow and deep:
It looks from hence a pyramid,
Beneath a verdant forest hid;
On whose high top there rises great,
The mighty remnant of a seat, 125
An old green tower, whose battered brow
Frowns upon the vale below.

Look upon that flowery plain,
How the sheep surround their swain,
How they crowd to hear his strain! 130
All careless with his legs across,
Leaning on a bank of moss,
He spends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.

And there behold a bloomy mead, 135

A silver stream, a willow shade,
Beneath the shade a fisher stand,
Who, with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.

140 In blushes the descending Sun
Kisses the streams, while slow they run;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or dusky clouds do interpose.
The fields are left, the labouring hind
145 His weary oxen does unbind;
And vocal mountains, as they low,
Reëcho to the vales below;
The jocund shepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home;
150 And now begin to light their fires,
Which send up smoke in curling spires:
While with light heart all homeward tend,
To Abergasney I descend.

But, oh! how blessed would be the day,
155 Did I with Clio pace my way,
And not alone and solitary stray!

JAMES THOMSON

FROM THE SEASONS

SPRING

COME, gentle SPRING, — ethereal mildness, come;
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

* * * * *

And see where surly Winter passes off, 11
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravaged vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets 20
Deform the day delightless; so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulfed,
To shake the sounding marsh; or, from the shore,
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

- At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
The expansive atmosphere is cramped with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
30 Lifts the light clouds sublime and spreads them thin,
Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.
Forth fly the tepid Airs; and unconfined,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives
35 Relenting nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls to where the well-used plough
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harnessed yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
40 Cheered by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The Master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
White, through the neighbouring fields the sower
stalks
45 With measured step; and, liberal, throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.
Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
50 Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live

In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the rural Maro sung 55
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined.
In ancient times the sacred plough employed
The kings and awful fathers of mankind;
And some, with whom compared your insect-tribes 60
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
Of mighty war; then, with victorious hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plough, and, greatly independent, scorned 65
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun;
Luxuriant and unbounded! As the sea, 70
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour 75
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be the exhaustless granary of a world!

Nor only through the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes: the penetrative sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat 80

- Of vegetation, sets the steaming power
At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
- 85 United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength and ever-new delight.
From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherished eye.
- 90 The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
- 95 And the birds sing concealed. At once, arrayed
In all the colours of the flushing year
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promised fruit
- 100 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
drops
- 105 From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend

Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
 And see the country, far diffused around,
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower 110
 Of mingled blossoms; where the raptured eye
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

* * * * *

SUMMER

From brightening fields of ether fair-disclosed,
 Child of the sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
 In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth:
 He comes, attended by the sultry hours
 And ever-fanning breezes, on his way; 5
 While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
 Averts her blushful face; and earth and skies,
 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
 Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom: 10
 And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
 Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
 Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
 And sing the glories of the circling year.

* * * * *

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
 Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds, 200
 And morning fogs, that hovered round the hills

- In party-colored bands; till wide unveiled
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far-stretched around, to meet the bending sphere.
- 205 Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, of flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant heat, disspreading through the sky,
- 210 With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.
Who can, unpitying, see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flushed bloom resign,
Before the parching beam? so fade the fair,
- 215 When fevers revel through their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamoured bosom to his ray.
- 220 Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-uddered mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food —
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
- 225 The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
(That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering embrace) direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embowered,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.

Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene; 230
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretched and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, wakened by the wasp, 235
They starting snap. Nor shall the muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song;
Not mean though simple: to the sun allied,
From him they draw their animating fire. 240

* * * * *

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer-rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping age is here; and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll. 360
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun
That throws refreshful round a rural smell;
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,

In order gay: while, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
370 Of happy labour, love, and social glee.
Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compelled, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
375 And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft, fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
380 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And, panting, labour to the farther shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-washed fleece
385 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banished by the sordid stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
390 Inly disturbed, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, tossed from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
395 Are in the wattled pen innumerable pressed,

Head above head; and, ranged in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding sheers.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned, 400
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.

* * * * *

WINTER

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train —
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme;
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms! 5
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nursed by careless solitude I lived,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleased have I wandered through your rough domain; 10
Trode the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brewed
In the grim evening-sky. Thus passed the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the south 15

Looked out the joyous Spring; looked out, and smiled.

* * * * *

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
 Wrapt in black glooms. First, joyless rains obscure
 Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul,
 75 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
 That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain
 Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and, deepening into night, shut up
 80 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
 Each to his home, retire; save those that love
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
 The cattle from the untasted fields return,
 85 And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
 Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
 Thither the household feathery people crowd —
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive and dripping; while the cottage hind
 90 Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and taleful there
 Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows.
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

* * * * *

The keener tempests come; and fuming dun
 From all the livid east, or piercing north,
 225 Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb

A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congealed.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,

At first thin-wavering; till at last the flakes 230
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.

'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods 235

Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun,
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,

Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone, 245

The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,

In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250

Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,

Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
 255 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 260 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispersed,
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

* * * * *

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 325 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
 Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain.
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 330 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon-glooms;
 Shut from the common air and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 335 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,

How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse; 340
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
E'en in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation joined,
How many, racked with honest passions, droop 345
In deep retired distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life, 350
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appalled,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wish benevolence dilate; 355
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous band,
Who, touched with human woe, redressive searched 360
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.

- 365 While in a land of liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants raged;
Snatched the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tattered weed;
370 Even robbed them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chained,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevailed,
At pleasure marked him with inglorious stripes;
And crushed out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
375 That for their country would have toiled, or bled.
O great design! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-tempered zeal.
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
380 Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouched remains: in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand required.
The toils of law (what dark insidious men
385 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade)
How glorious were the day that saw these broke,
And every man within the reach of right!

* * * * *

A HYMN

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
5 Wide-flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
10 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
15 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled.
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
20 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
25 Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;

And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres; 30
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales, 40
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh! talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 45
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to Heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise ye brooks attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound; 50
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,

- Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
55 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
60 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellation, while your angels strike,
65 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam His praise.
70 The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
75 And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
80 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,

- At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn; in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
85 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to Heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
90 And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
95 Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
100 Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song — where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles — 'tis nought to me;
105 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital spreads there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,

I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers, 110
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still, 115
In infinite progression. — But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
Come thou, expressive silence, muse His praise.

FROM THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

CANTO I

The Castle hight of Indolence,
And its false luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We lived right jollily.

I

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date:
And, certes, there is for it reason great; 5
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II

- 10 In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
15 And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half im-
browned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

III

- Was nought around but images of rest:
20 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between:
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Mean-time, unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
25 And hurled every where their waters sheen;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

IV

- Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
30 And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:

And, now and then, sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep; 35
Yet all these sounds yblent, inclined all to sleep.

V

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood: 40
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,
to flow. 45

VI

A pleasing land of drowsy-hed it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer-sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly 50
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

VII

- 55 The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where INDOLENCE (for so the wizard hight)
 Close-hid his castle, mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
 And made a kind of checkered day and night.
- 60 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was placed; and, to his lute, of cruel fate
 And labour harsh complained, lamenting man's estate.

* * * * *

XL

- A certain music, never known before,
 Here lulled the pensive, melancholy mind;
 Full easily obtained. Behoooves no more,
 355 But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,
 To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined;
 From which, with airy fingers light,
 Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
 The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight;
 360 Whence, with just cause, harp of Æolus it hight.

XLI

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
 Who up the lofty diapason roll
 Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
 Then let them down again into the soul:

Now rising love they fanned; now pleasing dole 365
They breathed, in tender musings, thro' the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all; above the reach of art!

XLII

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state, 370
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there, 375
Cheered the lone midnight with the muse's lore;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

XLIII

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell, 380
And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began
(So worked the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threatening, seemed to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell, 385
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

XLIV

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
 Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
 390 O'er which were shadowy cast elysian gleams,
 That played, in waving lights, from place to place,
 And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
 Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
 So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space;
 395 Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
 As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

* * * * *

RULE, BRITANNIA!

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain:
 5 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
 Britons never will be slaves."

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 10 The dread and envy of them all.
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
 Britons never will be slaves."

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies 15
Serves but to root thy native oak.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down 20
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

To thee belongs the rural reign; 25
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main;
And every shore it circles, thine.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves." 30

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair:
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves; 35
Britons never will be slaves."

WILLIAM COLLINS

ODE TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales,

5 O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
10 With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
15 Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May, not unseemly, with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
20 Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge, 25
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile, 30
Or upland fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forb'd my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side, 35
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil. 40

While spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest eve!
While summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

45 While fallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
50 Shall fancy, friendship, science, rose-lipped health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name!

ODE TO FEAR

THOU, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes, is shown;
Who seest, appalled, the unreal scene,
While fancy lifts the veil between:
5 Ah fear! ah frantic fear!
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start; like thee disordered fly.
For lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
10 Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fixed behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm;
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
15 Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms joined,

Who prompt to deeds accursed the mind :
And those, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds, and wrecks, preside ;
Whilst vengeance, in the lurid air, 20
Lifts her red arm, exposed and bare :
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of sorrow, wait :
Who, fear, this ghastly train can see,
And not look madly wild, like thee? 25

EPODE

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full muse address her infant tongue ;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the bard who first invoked thy name, 30
Disdained in Marathon its power to feel :
For not alone he nursed the poet's flame,
But reached from virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he whom later garlands grace,
Who left awhile o'er Hybla's dews to rove, 35
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and furies shared the baleful grove ?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil, the incestuous queen
Sighed the last call her son and husband heard,

40 When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he, the wretch of Thebes, no more appeared.

O fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart :
Thy withering power inspired each mournful line :
Though gentle pity claim her mingled part,
45 Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine !

ANTISTROPHE

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last ?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy rape and murder dwell ?
50 Or, in some hollowed seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries, in tempests brought ?
Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
Be mine to read the visions old
55 Which thy awakening bards have told :
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true ;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'erawed,
In that thrice hallowed eve abroad,
60 When ghosts, as cottage maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave ;
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men !

O thou, whose spirit most possessest
The sacred seat of Shakespeare's breast ! 65
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke ;
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel :
His cyprus wreath my meed decree, 70
And I, O fear, will dwell with thee !

ODE

WRITTEN IN 1746

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed !
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod 5
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ; 10
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

ODE TO SIMPLICITY

O THOU, by nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong;
Who first, on mountains wild,
5 In fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, or pleasure's, nursed the power of song!

Thou, who, with hermit heart,
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall;
10 But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic robe arrayed,
O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call;

By all the honeyed store
On Hybla's thymy shore;
15 By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear;
By her whose lovelorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephisus deep,
20 Who spread his wavy sweep,
In warbled wanderings, round thy green retreat;
On whose enamelled side,
When holy freedom died,
No equal haunt allured thy future feet.

O sister meek of truth, 25
To my admiring youth,
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse !
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty culled the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their ordered hues. 30

While Rome could none esteem
But virtue's patriot theme,
You loved her hills, and led her laureat band :
But stayed to sing alone
To one distinguished throne; 35
And turned thy face, and fled her altered land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The passions own thy power;
Love, only love, her forceless numbers mean :
For thou hast left her shrine; 40
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius, bless
To some divine excess,
Faints the cold work till thou inspire the whole; 45
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm, our eye;
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul !

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task, 50

I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O nature, learn my tale.

THE PASSIONS

WHEN music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged round her magic cell,
5 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the muse's painting:
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
10 Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
15 Each (for madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
20 Even at the sound himself had made.

Next anger rushed; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hand, the strings.

With woful measures wan despair 25
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure? 30
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on echo still, through all the song; 35
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung; — but with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose: 40
He threw his blood-stained sword, in thunder, down;
And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe! 45
And, ever and anon, he beat

The doubling drum, with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected pity, at his side,
50 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from
his head.
Thy numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
55 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted love, now raving called on hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale melancholy sat retired;
And, from her wild sequestered seat,
60 In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
65 Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But O! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
70 When cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known !
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen, 75
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green :
Brown exercise rejoiced to hear ;
And sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.
Last came joy's ecstatic trial : 80
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address ;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best ;
They would have thought who heard the strain 85
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with mirth a gay fantastic round : 90
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O music ! sphere-descended maid, 95
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid !
Why, goddess ! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,

- 100 You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard;
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
- 105 Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page —
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
- 110 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound —
- 115 O bid our vain endeavours cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON

- In yonder grave a druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.
- 5 In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,

That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell, 10
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar, 15
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft, as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep. 20

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail;
Or tears, which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye 25
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No serge-crowned sisters now attend, 30

Now waft me from the green hill's side,
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

And see — the fairy valleys fade ;
 Dun night has veiled the solemn view !
 35 Yet once again, dear parted shade,
 Meek nature's child, again adieu !

The genial meads, assigned to bless
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom ;
 Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
 40 With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes :
 O vales and wild woods ! shall he say,
 In yonder grave your druid lies !

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE,
 SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghosts shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen;
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,

15

To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain,
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
 Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till pity's self be dead.

THOMAS GRAY

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
5 And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
10 His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
Ah fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
15 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
20 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave 25
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball? 30

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain 35
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry;
Still as they run they look behind,
They have a voice in every mind,
And snatch a fearful joy. 40

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast;
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue, 45
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;

The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
50 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play !
No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day;
55 Yet see how all around 'em wait
The Ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train !
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band !
60 Ah, tell them, they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that skulks behind;
65 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair
70 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,

And grinning Infamy,
The stings of Falsehood those shall try, 75
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe. 80

Lo! in the vale of tears beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen.
This racks the joints, this fires the veins, 85
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage;
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age. 90

To each his sufferings; all are men,
Condemned alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate? 95
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise. 100

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE
CAT

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
5 The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
10 Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purred applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
15 The Genii of the stream;
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw;
20 A whisker first and then a claw,

With many an ardent wish,
She stretched in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent 25
Again she stretched, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled)
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in. 30

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mewed to every wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard. 35
A fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes 40
And heedless hearts is lawful prize;
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-
YARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

5 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
10 The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those ragged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
15 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
20 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed,

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, 25
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; 30
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour, 35
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. 40

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

45 Perhaps in some neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
50 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
55 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
60 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

65 Their lot forbad; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, 70
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life 75
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. 80

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey, 85
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires; 90
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonoured Dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate
95 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
100 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

105 Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
110 Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
115 Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth

A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.

Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,

And Melancholy marked him for her own.

120

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,

Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;

He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,

He gained from Heav'n ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,

125

Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,

(There they alike in trembling hope repose),

The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

I. I

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,

And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.

From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take;

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,

5

Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich stream of music winds along,

Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,

Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;
10 Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
15 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.
20 Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king;
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing;
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3

25 Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
30 With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,

Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet. 35
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare;
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way;
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move 40
The bloom of young Desires, and purple light of Love.

II. 1

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate! 45
The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry, 50
He gives to range the dreary sky;
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

II. 2

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam, 55
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom

To cheer the shivering Native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
60 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feathered-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
65 The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown the Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
70 In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish !
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around ;
75 Every shade and hallowed fountain
Murmured deep a solemn sound ;
Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,
80 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion ! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed, 85
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face. The dauntless Child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year; 90
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy,
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2

Nor second He, that rode sublime 95
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' Abyss to spy,
He passed the flaming bounds of Place and Time;
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze, 100
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two Coursers of ethereal race, 105
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
pace.

III. 3

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictured urn
110 Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more —
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
115 That the Theban Eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air;
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
120 With Orient hues, unborrowed of the Sun;
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far — but far above the Great.

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM
VICISSITUDE

Now the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy spring;
5 Till April starts, and calls around

And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
35 And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Misery treads,
40 Approaching Comfort view;
The hues of Bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of Life.

45 See the Wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of Pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again;
The meanest flowret of the vale,
50 The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common Sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell,
Near the source whence Pleasure flows;
55 She eyes the clear chrystalline well,
And tastes it as it goes.

* * * * *

ON HIMSELF

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune;
Could love, and could hate, so was thought somewhat
odd;

No very great wit, he believed in a God.

A place or a pension he did not desire, 5
But left church and state to Charles Townshend and
Squire.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE

FROM THE CHASE

BOOK II

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties showers; the fields are shorn;
Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
55 And counts his large increase; his barns are stored
And groaning staddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblamed;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
60 Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord awed:
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charmed with the rattling thunder of the field.
65 Oh bear me, some kind power invisible!
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the swift racers, stretching to the goal;
Games more renowned, and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.

Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here, 70
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to those spacious plains, where the strained eye
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last,
Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hill ascends,
And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs, 75
Fair Cotswold, where the well breathed beagle climbs
With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle Dawn! mild blushing goddess, hail!
Rejoiced I see thy purple mantle spread 80
O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from every shrub depend.
Farewell, Cleora; here deep sunk in down,
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amused,
Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive 85
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet placed, shall urge thee to perform
Th' important work. Me other joys invite,
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awaked
Their matins chaunt, nor brook my long delay. 90
My courser hears their voice; see there, with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
And boils in every vein. As captive boys
Cowed by the ruling rod and haughty frowns 95
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
If once dismissed, no limits can contain

- The tumults raised within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolic play:
100 So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;
A thousand wanton gaities express
Their inward ecstasy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulged, and liberty restored.
The rising Sun, that o'er th' horizon peeps,
105 As many colours from their glossy skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April showers descend. Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
And in each siniling countenance appears
110 Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.
Huntsman, lead on! behind the clustering pack
Submit attend, hear with respect thy whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harsher voice obey:
Spare not the stragglng cur that wildly roves;
115 But let thy brisk assistant on his back
Imprint thy just resentments; let each lash
Bite to the quick, till howling he return,
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.
Here on this verdant spot, where Nature kind
120 With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes;
Where flowers autumnal spring, and the rank mead
Affords the wandering hares a rich repast;
Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they spread,
And range around, and dash the glittering dew.
125 If some staunch hound, with his authentic voice,

Avow the recent trail, the justling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry,
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along! 130
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager haste; then o'er the fallowed ground
How leisurely they work, and many a pause
Th' harmonious concert breaks; till more assured
With joy redoubled the low valleys ring. 135
What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
Ah! there she lies; how close: she pants, she doubts
If now she lives; she trembles as she sits,
With horror seized. The withered grass that clings
Around her head, of the same russet hue 140
Almost deceived my sight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betrayed.
At distance draw thy pack, let all be hushed,
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain 145
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off; see how direct
To her known mew she flies! Here, huntsman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop, 150
And seem to plough the ground! then all at once
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
That glads their fluttering hearts. As winds let loose

From the dark caverns of the blustering god,
155 They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn.
Hope gives them wings, while she's spurred on by
fear.
The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods,
In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,
Stripped for the chase, give all your souls to joy!
160 See how their coursers, than the mountain roe
More fleet, the verdant carpet skim, thick cloud
Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce print
The grass unbruised; with emulation fired
They strain to lead the field, top the barred gate,
165 O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush
The thorny-twining hedge: the riders bend
O'er their arched necks; with steady hands, by turns
Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
170 Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are gone,
And with the panting winds lag far behind.

* * * * *

ROBERT BLAIR

FROM THE GRAVE

WHILE some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various, as the roads they take
In journeying through life; — the task be mine,
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb; 5
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet. — Thy succours I implore,
Eternal king! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of Hell and Death. — The Grave, dread
thing!

Men shiver when thou'rt named: Nature appalled 10
Shakes off her wonted firmness. — Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark
night,

Dark as was chaos, ere the infant Sun
Was rolled together, or had tried his beams 15
Athwart the gloom profound. — The sickly taper,
By glimmering through thy low-browed misty vaults,
(Furred round with mouldy damp, and ropy slime,)
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,

- 20 And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty Yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant ! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms :
Where light-heeled ghosts, and visionary shades,
25 Beneath the wan, cold Moon (as Fame reports)
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds,
No other merriment, dull tree ! is thine.
See yonder hallowed fane ; — the pious work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
30 And buried midst the wreck of things which were ;
There lie interred the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up : — Hark ! how it howls ! — Methinks,
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary :
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
35 Rooked in the spire, screams loud ; the gloomy aisles
Black plastered, and hung round with shreds of
'scutcheons,
And tattered coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. — Roused from their
slumbers,
40 In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hushed as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks — ungracious sound !
I'll hear no more ; it makes one's blood run chill.
45 Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,

(Coeval near with that) all ragged show,
Long lashed by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin at top,
That scarce two crows can lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happened
here; 50
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walked about;
And the great bell has tolled, unrun, untouched.
(Such tales their cheer at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.) 55
Oft in the lone churchyard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chequering through the trees,
The school boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to keep his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones, 60
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him, 65
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-opened grave; and, strange to tell! 70
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

* * * * *

- 85 Insidious Grave! — how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one?
A tie more stubborn far than Nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetner of life, and solder of society,
90 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please. — Oh! when my friend and I
95 In some thick wood have wandered heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
100 Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellowed his pipe, and softened every note:
The eglantine smelled sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
105 Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress — Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seemed too too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
110 Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
Dull Grave! — thou spoilest the dance of youthful
blood,

Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health, 115
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipped musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile 120
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

* * * * *

Here all the mighty troublers of the Earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains, 210
Who ravaged kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And, in a cruel wantonness of power,
Thinned states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hushed, and meanly sneak behind the covert. 215
Vain thought! to hide them from the general scorn
That haunts and dogs them like an injured ghost
Implacable. — Here, too, the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er noticed,
And well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short, 220
Who fixed his iron talons on the poor,
And gripped them like some lordly beast of prey;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing Hunger,

And piteous plaintive voice of Misery;
225 (As if a slave was not a shred of Nature,
Of the same common nature with his lord;)
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipped,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kins-
man;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground,
230 Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

* * * * *

FROM THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS

In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to Fame,
There dwells in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

275

Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
 Though now so wide its waving branches flow;
 And work the simple vassal's mickle woe;
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that bléw,
 25 But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat
 low;

And as they looked they found their horror grew,
 And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
 A lifeless phantom near a garden placed;
 30 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
 Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
 35 Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
 No vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
 On which the tribe their gambols do display;
 And at the door imprisoning-board is seen,
 40 Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
 The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
 Do Learning's little tenement betray:
 Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
 45 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the harebell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield 50
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled;
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

* * * * *

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air; 65
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare; 70
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on
ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth, 75
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear:
Ne would esteem him act as mought behave,
Who should not honoured eld with these revere:

Wor 18

80 For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
85 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came!
Such favour did her past deportment claim;
And, if Neglect had lavished on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
90 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she
found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak;
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
95 Of grey renown, within those borders grew:
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue;
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

100 Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infants' tongue;
And plantain ribbed, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;



And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom 105
Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare per-
fume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crowned
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer; 110
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here;
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts appear,
Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere: 115
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete,
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave, 120
But in her garden found a summer seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string, 125
Uphung their useless lyres — small heart had they to
sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And passed much time in truly virtuous deed;

And in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore
 130 The times, when Truth by Popish rage did bleed;
 And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
 And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
 That nould on wooden image place her creed;
 And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
 135 Ah! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er re-
 turn.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
 By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
 In which, when he receives his diadem,
 Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed,
 140 The matron sate; and some with rank she graced,
 (The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
 Redressed affronts, for vile affronts there passed;
 And warned them not the fretful to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

145 Right well she knew each temper to descry;
 To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
 Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
 And some entice with pittance small of praise;
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
 150 E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways:
 Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

* * * * *

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY

To thee, fair Freedom ! I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign; 5
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champagne;
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate !
I fly from Falsehood's specious grin; 10
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter ! take my sordid ore,
Which lacqueys else might hope to win;
It buys, what courts have not in store; 15
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn. 20

HOPE

PART II OF A PASTORAL BALLAD

MY banks they are furnished with bees;
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottos are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep.
 5 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains all bordered with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 10 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet-brier entwines it around.
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold;
 15 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
 To the bower I have laboured to rear;
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 20 But I hasted and planted it there.
 O how sudden the jessamine strove
 With the lilac to render it gay!

Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves, 25
What strains of wild melody flow !
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow !
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join 30
In concert so soft and so clear,
As — she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed :
But let me that plunder forbear, 35
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
Who would rob a poor bird of its young :
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue. 40

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to — a dove :
That it ever attended the bold ;
And she called it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure-convey, 45
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
50 Unmoved, when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
 These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
 Soft scenes of contentment and ease?
55 Where I could have pleasingly strayed,
 If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phillida stray?
 And where are her grotts and her bowers?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
60 And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

EDWARD YOUNG

FROM NIGHT THOUGHTS

NIGHT I

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear. 5
From short (as usual) and disturbed repose,
I wake: how happy they, who wake no more! ✓
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought, 10
From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress; and night, 15
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.
Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world. 20

- Silence, how dead ! and darkness, how profound !
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds ;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause ;
- 25 An awful pause ! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled ;
Fate ! drop the curtain ; I can lose no more.
Silence and darkness ! solemn sisters ! twins
From ancient night, who nurse the tender thought
- 30 To reason, and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me : I will thank you in the grave ;
The grave, your kingdom : there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
- 35 But what are ye ? —
Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball ;
O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun ; strike wisdom from my soul ;
- 40 My soul, which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to heir gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of nature, and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind,
- 45 (A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it through various scenes of life and death ;
And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.

Nor less inspire my conduct, than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve 50
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the vial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue 55
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch: 60
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down. — On what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me, 65
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes! 70
From diff'rent natures marvellously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt! 75

Though sullied, and dishonoured, still divine !
Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !

80 A worm ! a god ! — I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost ! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own : how reason reels !
O what a miracle to man is man,

85 Triumphantly distressed ! what joy, what dread !
Alternately transported, and alarmed !
What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

90 'Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof :
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread :
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields ; or mourned along the gloom
Of pathless woods ; or down the craggy steep
95 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool ;
Or scaled the cliff ; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain ?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod ;

100 Active, aërial, tow'ring, unconfined,
Unfettered with her gross companion's fall.
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal :
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.

For human weal, heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain. 105

* * * * *

NIGHT II

Knowest thou, Lorenzo! what a friend contains?
As bees mixt nectar draw from fragrant flowers,
So men from friendship, wisdom and delight;
Twins tied by nature, if they part, they die. 455
Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad?
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up want air
And spoil, like bales unopened to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been denied;
Speech, thought's canal! speech, thought's criterion too! 460
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold, or dross;
When coined in words, we know its real worth.
If sterling, store it for thy future use;
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps, renown.
Thought, too, delivered, is the more possest; 465
Teaching, we learn; and giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for use. 470
What numbers, sheathed in erudition, lie,
Plunged to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And rusted in; who might have borne an edge,

And played a sprightly beam, if born to speech;
475 If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue!
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate push
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
And defecates the student's standing pool.

In contemplation is his proud resource?
480 'Tis poor, as proud, by converse unsustained.
Rude thought runs wild in contemplation's field;
Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due restraint; and emulation's spur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals awed.

485 'Tis converse qualifies for solitude;
As exercise, for salutary rest.
By that untutored, contemplation raves;
And nature's fool, by wisdom's is undone.

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
490 And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of happiness?
That unobtained, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
495 The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists: it calls for two;
500 Rich fruit! heaven-planted! never plucked by one.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give

To social man true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves, descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight :
Delight intense, is taken by rebound ;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

505

Celestial happiness, whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven — the bosom of a friend ;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Beware the counterfeit : in passion's flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.

510

True love strikes root in reason, passion's foe :
Virtue alone entenders us for life :

515

I wrong her much — entenders us for ever :
Of friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is virtue kindling at a rival fire,
And, emulously, rapid in her race.

520

O the soft enmity ! endearing strife !
This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.

From friendship, which outlives my former themes,
Glorious survivor of old time and death !

525

From friendship, thus, that flow'r of heavenly seed,
The wise extract earth's most Hyblean bliss,
Superior wisdom, crowned with smiling joy.

But for whom blossoms this Elysian flower ?

- 530 Abroad they find, who cherish it at home.
Lorenzo ! pardon what my love extorts,
An honest love, and not afraid to frown,
Though choice of follies fasten on the great,
None clings more obstinate than fancy, fond
535 That sacred friendship is their easy prey ;
Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,
Or fascination of a high-born smile.
Their smiles, the great, and the coquet, throw out
For others' hearts, tenacious of their own ;
540 And we no less of ours, when such the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers ! ye powers of wealth !
Can gold gain friendship ? Impudence of hope !
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.
545 Lorenzo ! pride repress ; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
All like the purchase ; few the price will pay ;
And this makes friends such miracles below.

* * * * *

MARK AKENSIDE

FROM THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION

BOOK I

FROM Heaven my strains begin; from Heaven
descends

The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love, and beauty, and poetic joy,
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night 60
The moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorned the globe,
Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then lived the Almighty One: then, deep-retired
In his unfathomed essence, viewed the forms, 65
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fixed, 70
His admiration; till in time complete
What he admired and loved, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath

Of life informing each organic frame,
75 Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves;
Hence light and shade alternate, warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
80 Is this great scene unveiled. For since the claims
Of social life to different labours urge
The active powers of man, with wise intent
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
85 Decrees its province in the common toil.

2 To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heaven: to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
90 Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Or herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
95 Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes
Were destined; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and tempered with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
100 The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of Himself. On every part

They trace the bright impressions of his hand :
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portrayed 105
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The Mind supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamoured ; they partake the eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renowned
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch 110
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains ; even so did Nature's hand
To certain species of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind : 115
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
Or of sweet sound, or fair proportioned form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through Imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve : all naked and alive 120
They catch the spreading rays ; till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment ; Fancy dreams 125
Of sacred fountains, and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss ; the intellectual power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And smiles ; the passions, gently soothed away,

- 130 Sink to divine repose, and love and joy
 Alone are waking; love and joy, serene
 As airs that fan the summer. O! attend,
 Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch.
 Whose candid bosom the refining love
 135 Of Nature warms, Oh! listen to my song;
 And I will guide thee to her favourite walks,
 And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
 And point her loveliest features to thy view.
 Know, then, whate'er of Nature's pregnant stores,
 140 Whate'er of mimic Art's reflected forms,
 With love and admiration thus inflame
 The powers of Fancy, her delighted sons
 To three illustrious orders have referr'd;
 Three sister graces, whom the painter's hand,
 145 The poet's tongue, confesses; the Sublime,
 The Wonderful, the Fair. I see them dawn!
 I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
 More lovely than when Lucifer displays
 His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
 150 To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.

* * * * *

FROM HYMN TO THE NAIADS

O'ER yonder eastern hill the twilight pale
 Walks forth from darkness; and the God of day,
 With bright Astræa seated by his side,

Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs,
Ye Nymphs, ye blue-eyed progeny of Thames, 5
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
Trace with your fleeting steps; who all night long
Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
Your lonely murmurs, tarry, and receive
My offered lay. To pay you homage due, 10
I leave the gates of sleep; nor shall my lyre
Too far into the splendid hours of morn
Engage your audience: my observant hand
Shall close the strain ere any sultry beam
Approach you. To your subterranean haunts 15
Ye then may timely steal; to pace with care
The humid sands; to loosen from the soil
The bubbling sources; to direct the rills
To meet in wider channels; or beneath
Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon 20
To slumber, sheltered from the burning heaven.

* * * * *

My lyre shall pay your bounty. Scorn not ye
That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand
Excite the strings to utterance, yet for themes
Not unregarded of celestial powers,
I frame their language; and the Muses deign 240
To guide the pious tenor of my lay.
The Muses (sacred by their gifts divine)
In early days did to my wandering sense
Their secrets oft reveal; oft my raised ear

- 245 In slumber felt their music; oft at noon
Or hour of sunset, by some lonely stream,
In field or shady grove, they taught me words
Of power from death and envy to preserve
The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful mind
- 250 And offerings unprofaned by ruder eye,
My vows I send, my homage, to the seats
Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell;
Where you their chaste companions they admit,
Through all the hallowed scene; where oft intent,
- 255 And leaning o'er Castalia's mossy verge,
They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,
How tuneful, yielding gratefulest repose
To their consorted measure: till again
With emulation all the sounding choir,
- 260 And bright Apollo, leader of the song,
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
And sweep their lofty strings; those powerful strings
That charm the mind of gods, that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet
- 265 Of evils, with immortal rest from cares,
Assuage the terrors of the throne of Jove,
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire. . . .

SAMUEL JOHNSON

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

LET Observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate, 5
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betrayed by vent'rous pride
To chase the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good; 10
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
When Vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart, 15
Each gift of nature and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death. 20

But, scarce observed, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
25 For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let Hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
30 And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
35 Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though Confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
40 Increase his riches, and his peace destroy,
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

45 Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth, 50
See motley life in modern trappings dressed,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchained caprice,
Toil crushed conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unloved without a mourner died; 55
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judged a cause; 60
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature, to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show, 65
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that filled the sage's mind,
Renewed at ev'ry glance on human kind; 70
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry prayer.

Unnumbered suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call, 75
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.

On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door

80 Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place:

85 And, smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,

90 And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?
Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;
95 Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
100 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turned by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:

Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r, 105
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns — the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate. 110
Where'er he turns he meets the stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board, 115
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.

Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings. 120

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine?
Or livest thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For, why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate, 125
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life? 130
What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied?

- What but their wish indulged in courts to shine,
And power too great to keep, or to resign?
- 135 When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
- 140 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet, should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
- 145 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
- 150 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
- 155 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from Letters, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
- 160 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol.

See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows, 165
The glittering eminence exempt from foes;
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despised or awed,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though smaller fines content
The plundered palace, or sequestered rent; 170
Marked out by dang'rous parts, he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show, 175
The ravished standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail,
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirled,
For such the steady Romans shook the world; 180
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game, 185
Where wasted nations raise a single name;
And mortgaged states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;

Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
190 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
195 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
200 And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."

205 The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay; —

210 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.

215 But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?

Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

220

All times their scenes of pompous woe afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind,
New pow'rs are claimed, new pow'rs are still bestowed,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thought he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' incumbered oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.

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The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;

- 245 Short sway ! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
250 With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom;
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.
- 255 Enlarge my life with multitude of days !
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
- 260 And shuts up all the passages of joy :
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
- 265 Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :
No sounds, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,
- 270 Though dancing mountains witness Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend ;

But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest, 275
Perplex the fawning niece and pampered guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense, 280
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumbered maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguished Av'rice still remains, 285
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies. 290

But grant the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears, 295
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings; 300

New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear;
305 Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
310 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unbounded in the gulfs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon cautioned to regard his end,
315 In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.
The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
320 Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
When Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
325 Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;

What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave? 330
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tired with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign, 335
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior plied;
To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride. 340
Here Beauty falls betrayed, despised, distressed,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate, 345
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem Religion vain. 350
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer;
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest, 355
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.

Yet, when the sense of sacred fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 360 Obedient passions, and a will resigned ;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
 For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill ;
 For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat :
 365 These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
 These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain ;
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY LANE THEATRE, 1747

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
 First reared the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose ;
 Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
 Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new :
 5 Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
 And panting Time toiled after him in vain.
 His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth impressed,
 And unresisted Passion stormed the breast.
 Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
 10 To please in method, and invent by rule ;
 His studious patience and laborious art
 By regular approach assailed the heart :

Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For those, who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom, 15
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wished for Jonson's art, or Shakespeare's flame.
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit. 20
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days.
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong, 25
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till Shame regained the post that Sense betrayed,
And Virtue called Oblivion to her aid.

Then, crushed by rules, and weakened as refined,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declined; 30
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till Declamation roared whilst Passion slept;
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remained, though Nature fled.
But forced, at length, her ancient reign to quit, 35
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit;
Exulting Folly hailed the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirmed her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage? 40

Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps where Lear has raved, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
45 Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)

Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot that, here by Fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With ev'ry meteor of caprice must play,
50 And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.

Ah! let not Censure term our fate our choice,

The stage but echoes back the public voice;

The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,

For we that live to please, must please to live.

55 Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense;
To chase the charms of Sound, the pomp of Show,
60 For useful Mirth and salutary Woe;
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

FROM THE TRAVELLER

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor,
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies, 5
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain. 10

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend:
Blessed be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire;
Blessed that abode, where want and pain repair, 15
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blessed be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale, 20

Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care,
25 Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
30 And find no spot of all the world my own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
35 Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
40 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
45 Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour crowned,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,

Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine! 50

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, re-counts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise, 55
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned, 60
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blessed.

* * * * *

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where wealth and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease, 5
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene;

- How often have I paused on every charm,
10 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made;
15 How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
20 The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
25 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
30 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village; sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.
35 Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green :
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain : 40
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges, works its weedy way.
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies, 45
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land. 50

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
A breath may make them, as a breath has made ;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride, 55
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man ;
For him light Labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more : 60
His best companions, innocence and health ;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
65 Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
70 Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

75 Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
80 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
85 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper to the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.

I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill, 90
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations passed, 95
Here to return — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he that crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease; 100
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state 105
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While Resignation gently slopes the way; 110
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be passed!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;

- 115 There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
120 The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
- 125 But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
130 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
135 She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

- Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
140 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,

And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power, 145
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain; 150
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, 155
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe; 160
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call, 165
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,

He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
170 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
175 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
180 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service passed, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
185 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
190 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,

There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule, 195
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face; 200
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught, 205
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge. 210
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, 215
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye, 220
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,

Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.

225 Imagination fondly stoops to trace

The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,

230 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;

The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;

235 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart

240 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;

Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;

245 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;

Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest. 250

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play, 255
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed, 260
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey 265
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore; 270
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.

275 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
280 Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
285 While thus the land adorned for pleasure all
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
290 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when those charms are passed, for charms are
frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
295 Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed,
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
300 The mournful peasant leads his humble band;

And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms — a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed, 305
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped — What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share; 310
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade, 315
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train; 320
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? — Ah, turn thine eyes 325
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.

She once, perhaps, in village plenty blessed,
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
330 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
335 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
340 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
345 Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
350 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;

Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey, 355
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green, 360
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting
day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure passed, 365
Hung round their bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep. 370
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears, 375
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
380 And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
While her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

385 O Luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
390 Boast of a florid vigour not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

395 Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural Virtues leave the land:
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
400 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;

And piety with wishes placed above, 405
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame; 410
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel, 415
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow, 420
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth; with thy persuasive strain
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possessed, 425
Though very poor, may still be very blessed;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky. 430

RETALIATION

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
 Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
 If our landlord supplies us with beef, and with fish,
 Let each guest bring himself and he brings the best
 dish:

- 5 Our Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
 Our Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;
 Our Will shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour,
 And Dick with his pepper shall heighten their savour:
 Our Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
 10 And Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain:
 Our Garrick's a salad; for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltiness agree:
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
 That Ridge is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb;
 15 That Hickey's a capon, and by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool.
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
 Here, waiter, more wine! let me sit while I'm able,
 20 Till all my companions sink under the table;
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

* * * * *

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much; 30
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his
throat

To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining, 35
And thought of convincing, while they thought of
dining;

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot, too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient. 40
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

* * * * *

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts, 61
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine, 65
And comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dized her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud; 70
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,

Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
 Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault?
 75 Say, was it that vainly directing his view
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

* * * * *

Here lies David Garrick, describe me, who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
 95 As an actor, confessed without rival to shine:
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 100 And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turned and he varied full ten times a day.
 105 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick,
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he wished he could whistle them
 back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
 110 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,

Who peppered the highest was surest to please.

But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,

If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave, 115

What a commerce was yours, while you got and you
gave!

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you raised,

While he was be-Rosciused, and you were be-praised!

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,

To act as an angel, and mix with the skies: 120

Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,

Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.

Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and with
love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

* * * * *

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,

He has not left a better or wiser behind:

His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;

His manners were gentle, complying, and bland; 140

Still born to improve us in every part,

His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:

To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,

When they judged without skill he was still hard of
hearing:

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and
stuff, 145

He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff. . . .

DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-
CHAMBER

WHERE the Red Lion flaring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parsons' black champagne,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane;
5 There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretched beneath a rug;
A window, patched with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly showed the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
10 The humid wall with paltry pictures spread:
The royal Game of Goose was there in view,
And the 'Twelve Rules the royal martyr drew;
The Seasons, framed with listing, found a place,
And brave Prince William showed his lamp-black face;
15 The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire;
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored,
And five cracked tea-cups dressed the chimney board;
A nightcap decked his brows instead of bay,
20 A cap by night — a stocking all the day!

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,—
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man, 5
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes; 10
The naked every day he clad,—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, 15
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man. 20

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,

And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

25 The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
30 That showed the rogues they lied:
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died!

THOMAS CHATTERTON

MINSTRELS' SONG, FROM ÆLLA

First Minstrel.

The budding floweret blushes at the light,
The meads are sprinkled with the yellow hue;
In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,
The nesh young cowslip bendeth with the dew;
The frees enleafed, unto heaven straught, 5
When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din are
brought.

The evening comes, and brings the dew along;
The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne;
Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,
Young ivy round the doorpost doth entwine; 10
I lay me on the grass; yet, to my will,
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still.

Second Minstrel.

So Adam thought when once, in Paradise,
All heaven and earth did homage to his mind;
In woman only man's chief solace lies, 15
As instruments of joy are those of kind.

Go, take a wife unto thine arms, and see
 Winter, and barren hills, will have a charm for thee.

* * * * *

ROUNDELAY, FROM *ÆLLA*

OH sing unto my roundelay,
 Oh drop the briny tear with me,
 Dance no more on holiday;
 Like a running river be.

5 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
 White his skin as the summer snow,
 10 Red his face as the morning light,
 Cold he lies in the grave below.

 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

15 Sweet his tongue as the thristle's note,
 Quick in dance as thought can be,
 Deft his tabour, cudgel stout;
 Oh! he lies by the willow-tree.

 My love is dead,
 20 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the briared dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares, as they go. 25

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

See! the white moon shines on high,
Whiter is my true love's shroud, 30
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree. 35

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
Shall the barren flowers be laid;
Not one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid.

My love is dead, 40
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll fix the briars,
Round his holy corse to gre,
Elfin fairies, light your fires, 45
Here my body still shall be.

My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

50 Come with acorn-cup and thorn,
 Drain my heart's blood all away;
 Life and all its good I scorn,
 Dance by night, or feast by day.

My love is dead,
 55 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE

In Virgo now the sultry sun did sheene,
 And hot upon the meads did cast his ray;
 The apple reddened from its paly green,
 And the soft pear did bend the leafy spray;
 5 The pied chelàndry sang the livelong day;
 'Twas now the pride, the manhood of the year,
 And eke the ground was decked in its most deft aumere.

The sun was gleaming in the midst of day,
 Dead-still the air, and eke the welkin blue,
 10 When from the sea arose in drear array
 A heap of clouds of sable sullen hue,
 The which full fast unto the woodland drew,
 Hiding at once the sunnès festive face,
 And the black tempest swelled, and gathered up *apace*.

Beneath a holm, fast by a pathway-side, 15
Which did unto Saint Godwin's convent lead,
A hapless pilgrim moaning did abide,
Poor in his view, ungentle in his weed,
Long brimful of the miseries of need.

Where from the hailstorm could the beggar fly? 20
He had no houses there, nor any convent nigh.

Look in his gloomèd face, his sprite there scan;
How woe-begone, how withered, dwindled, dead!
Haste to thy church-glebe-house, accursèd man!
Haste to thy shroud, thy only sleeping bed. 25
Cold as the clay which will grow on thy head
Are Charity and Love among high elves;
For knights and barons live for pleasure and them-
selves.

The gathered storm is ripe; the big drops fall,
The sun-burnt meadows smoke, and drink the rain; 30
The coming ghastness doth the cattle 'pall,
And the full flocks are driving o'er the plain;
Dashed from the clouds, the waters fly again;
The welkin opes; the yellow lightning flies,
And the hot fiery steam in the wide flashings dies. 35

List! now the thunder's rattling noisy sound
Moves slowly on, and then full-swollen clangs,
Shakes the high spire, and lost, expended, drowned,
Still on the frightened ear of terror hangs;

- 40 The winds are up; the lofty elm tree swangs;
Again the lightning, and the thunder pours,
And the full clouds are burst at once in stony ~~showers~~.

- Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain,
The Abbot of Saint Godwin's convent came;
45 His chapournette was drenchèd with the rain,
His painted girdle met with mickle shame;
He aynewarde told his bederoll at the same;
The storm increases, and he drew aside,
With the poor alms-craver near to the holm to bide.

- 50 His cope was all of Lincoln cloth so fine,
With a gold button fastened near his chin,
His autremete was edged with golden twine,
And his shoe's peak a noble's might have been;
Full well it shewèd he thought cost no sin.
55 The trammels of his palfrey pleased his sight,
For the horse milliner his head with roses dight.

- "An alms, sir priest!" the drooping pilgrim said,
Oh! let me wait within your convent-door,
Till the sun shineth high above our head,
60 And the loud tempest of the air is o'er.
Helpless and old am I, alas! and poor.
No house, no friend, nor money in my pouch,
All that I call my own is this my silver crouche."

- "Varlet!" replied the Abbot, "cease your din;
65 This is no season alms and prayers to give,

My porter never lets a beggar in ;
None touch my ring who not in honour live."
And now the sun with the black clouds did strive,
And shot upon the ground his glaring ray ;
The Abbot spurred his steed, and eftsoons rode away. 70

Once more the sky was black, the thunder rolled,
Fast running o'er the plain a priest was seen ;
Not dight full proud, nor buttoned up in gold,
His cope and jape were grey, and eke were clean ;
A limitor he was of order seen ; 75
And from the pathway-side then turnèd he,
Where the poor beggar lay beneath the holmen tree.

"An alms, sir priest !" the drooping pilgrim said,
"For sweet Saint Mary and your order's sake."
The Limitor then loosened his pouch-thread, 80
And did thereout a groat of silver take :
The needy pilgrim did for gladness shake,
"Here, take this silver, it may cease thy care,
We are God's stewards all, naught of our own we bear.

But ah ! unhappy pilgrim, learn of me. 85
Scarce any give a rent-roll to their lord ;
Here, take my semicope, thou'rt bare, I see,
'Tis thine ; the saints will give me my reward."
He left the pilgrim, and his way aborde.
Virgin and holy Saints, who sit in gloure, 90
Or give the mighty will, or give the good man power !

THE PROPHECY

"When times are at the worst they will certainly mend."

THIS truth of old was Sorrow's friend,
 "Times at the worst will surely mend,"
 The difficulty's then, to know
 How long Oppression's clock can go;
 5 When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
 And hope that their redemption's nigh.

When Vice exalted takes the lead,
 And Vengeance hangs but by a thread;
 * * * * * * *
 11 Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

When vile Corruption's brazen face
 At council-board shall take her place,
 15 And lords and commoners resort
 To welcome her at Britain's court;
 Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

See Pension's harbour, large and clear,
 20 Defended by St. Stephen's pier!
 The entrance safe, by current led,
 Tiding round G[rafton]'s jetty-head

Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When civil-power shall snore at ease, 25
While soldiers fire — to keep the peace ;
When murders sanctuary find,
And petticoats can Justice blind ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh. 30

Commerce o'er bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind that fills her sail ;
When she complains of vile restraint,
And power is deaf to her complaint ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh, 35
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When raw projectors shall begin
Oppression's hedge, to keep her in ;
She in disdain will take her flight,
And bid the Gotham fools good-night. 40
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When tax is laid, to save debate,
By prudent ministers of state ;
And what the people did not give 45
Is levied by prerogative ;

Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When popish bishops dare to claim
50 Authority, in George's name ;
By treason's hand set up, in spite
Of George's title, William's right ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

55 When popish priest a pension draws
From starved exchequer, for the cause ;
Commissioned proselytes to make
In British realms, for Britain's sake ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
60 For your redemption draweth nigh.

When snug in power, sly recusants
Make laws for British protestants ;
And d—g William's revolution
As justices, claim execution ;
65 Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When soldiers, paid for our defence,
In wanton pride slay innocence ;
Blood from the ground for vengeance reeks,
70 Till Heaven the inquisition makes ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When at Bute's feet poor Freedom lies,
Marked by the priest for sacrifice,
And doomed a victim for the sins 75
Of half the *outs*, and all the *ins*;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When stewards pass a *boot* account,
And credit for the gross amount; 80
Then, to replace exhausted store,
Mortgage the land to borrow more;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When scrutineers, for private ends, 85
Against the vote declare their friends;
Or judge, as you stand there alive,
That five is more than forty-five;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh. 90

When George shall condescend to hear
The modest suit, the humble prayer;
A Prince, to purpled pride unknown!
No favourites disgrace the throne!
Look up, ye Britons! sigh no more, 95
For your redemption's at the door.

When time shall bring your wish about
Or seven-years lease, *you sold*, is out,

No future contract to fulfil;
100 Your tenants holding at your will;
Raise up your heads! your right demand!
For your redemption's in your hand.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the *slaves* of Mammon know
105 Britain's true sons A BRIBE can scorn,
And die as *free* as they were born.
VIRTUE again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand complete.

JAMES MACPHERSON

CARTHON: A POEM

A TALE of the times of old! the deeds of days of other years!

The murmur of thy streams, O Lora! brings back the memory of the past. The sound of thy woods, Garmallar, is lovely in mine ear. Dost thou not behold, Malvina, a rock with its head of heath? Three aged pines bend from its face; green is the narrow plain at its feet; there the flower of the mountain grows, and shakes its white head in the breeze. The thistle is there alone, shedding its aged beard. Two stones, half sunk in the ground, shew their heads of moss. The deer of the mountain avoids the place, for he beholds a dim ghost standing there. The mighty lie, O Malvina! in the narrow plain of the rock.

A tale of the times of old! the deeds of days of other years!

Who comes from the land of strangers, with his thousands around him? the sunbeam pours its bright stream before him; his hair meets the wind of his hills. His face is settled from war. He is calm as the evening beam that looks, from the cloud of the west, on Cona's

silent vale. Who is it but Comhal's son [Fingal], the king of mighty deeds! He beholds his hills with joy, he bids a thousand voices rise. "Ye have fled over
25 your fields, ye sons of the distant land! The king of the world sits in his hall, and hears of his people's flight. He lifts his red eye of pride; he takes his father's sword. Ye have fled over your fields, sons of the distant land!"

30 Such were the words of the bards, when they came to Selma's halls. A thousand lights from the stranger's land arose, in the midst of the people. The feast is spread around; the night passed in joy. "Where is the noble Clessámmor?" said the fair-haired Fingal. "Where
35 is the brother of Moina, in the hour of my joy? Sullen and dark he passes his days in the vale of echoing Lora: but, behold he comes from the hill, like a steed in his strength, who finds his companions in the breeze; and tosses his bright mane in the wind. Blest is the soul
40 of Clessámmor, why so long from Selma?"

"Returns the chief," said Clessámmor, "in the midst of his fame? Such was the renown of Comhal in the battles of his youth. Often did we pass over Carun to the land of the strangers: our swords returned, not
45 unstained with blood: nor did the kings of the world rejoice. Why do I remember the times of our war? My hair is mixed with grey. My hand forgets to bend the bow: I lift a lighter spear. O that my joy would return, as when I first beheld the maid; the white-

bosomed daughter of strangers, Moina, with the dark 50
blue eyes!"

"Tell," said the mighty Fingal, "the tale of thy youth-
ful days. Sorrow, like a cloud on the sun, shades the soul
of Clessámmor. Mournful are thy thoughts, alone on
the banks of the roaring Lora. Let us hear the sorrow 55
of thy youth, and the darkness of thy days!"

"It was in the days of peace," replied the great
Clessámmor, "I came in my bounding ship, to Bal-
clutha's walls of towers. The winds had roared be-
hind my sails, and Clutha's streams received my dark- 60
bosomed ship. Three days I remained in Reuthámir's
halls, and saw his daughter, that beam of light. The
joy of the shell went round, and the aged hero gave
the fair. Her breasts were like foam on the wave,
and her eyes like stars of light: her hair was dark as 65
the raven's wing: her soul was generous and mild.
My love for Moina was great: my heart poured forth
in joy.

"The son of a stranger came; a chief who loved
the white-bosomed Moina. His words were mighty in 70
the hall; he often unsheathed his sword. Where, said
he, is the mighty Comhal, the restless wanderer of the
heath? Comes he, with his host, to Balclutha, since
Clessámmor is so bold? My soul, I replied, O warrior!
burns in a light of its own. I stand without fear in 75
the midst of thousands, though the valiant are distant
far. Stranger! thy words are mighty, for Clessámmor

is alone. But my sword trembles by my side, and
longs to glitter in my hand. Speak no more of Comhal,
80 son of the winding Clutha !

“The strength of his pride arose. We fought; he
fell beneath my sword. The banks of Clutha heard
his fall; a thousand spears glittered around. I fought:
the strangers prevailed: I plunged into the stream of
85 Clutha. My white sails rose over the waves, and I
bounded on the dark blue sea. Moina came to the
shore, and rolled the red eye of her tears: her loose
hair flew on the wind; and I heard her mournful,
distant cries. Often did I turn my ship; but the winds
90 of the east prevailed. Nor Clutha ever since have I
seen, nor Moina of the dark brown hair. She fell in
Balclutha, for I have seen her ghost. I knew her as
she came through the dusky night, along the murmur
of Lora: she was like the new moon, seen through the
95 gathered mist: when the sky pours down its flaky snow,
and the world is silent and dark.”

“Raise, ye bards,” said the mighty Fingal, “the praise
of unhappy Moina. Call her ghost, with your songs,
to our hills; that she may rest with the fair of Morven,
100 the sunbeams of other days, the delight of the heroes of
old. I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they are
desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls: and
the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream
of Clutha is removed from its place, by the fall of the
105 walls. The thistle shook, there, its lonely head: the

moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning, O bards! over the land of strangers. They have ¹¹⁰ but fallen before us: for, one day, we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. And ¹¹⁵ let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day! The mark of my arm shall be in battle; my name in the song of bards. Raise the song; send round the shell: let joy be heard in my hall. When thou, sun of heaven, shalt fail! if thou shalt fail, thou ¹²⁰ mighty light! if thy brightness is for a season, like Fingal; our fame shall survive thy beams!"

Such was the song of Fingal, in the day of his joy. His thousand bards leaned forward from their seats, to hear the voice of the king. It was like the music ¹²⁵ of harps on the gale of the spring. Lovely were thy thoughts, O Fingal! why had not Ossian the strength of thy soul? But thou standest alone, my father! who can equal the king of Selma?

The night passed in song; morning returned in joy. ¹³⁰ The mountains shewed their grey heads; the blue face of ocean smiled. The white wave is seen tumbling round the distant rock; a mist rose, slowly, from the

lake. It came, in the figure of an aged man, along the
135 silent plain. Its large limbs did not move in steps;
for a ghost supported it in mid air. It came towards
Selma's hall, and dissolved in a shower of blood.

[Fingal alone saw the figure, and he recognized it as a warning
of coming war. He prepared for battle, and moved toward
Selma, where he met Carthon. He tried to dissuade Carthon
from his hostile purpose, but Carthon would not be moved.
Fingal sent two heroes in turn against him, and Carthon defeated
them both. Then Fingal sent Clessámmor against him.]

Carthon stood on a rock; he saw the hero rushing
on. He loved the dreadful joy of his face: his strength,
140 in the locks of age! "Shall I lift that spear," he said,
"that never strikes but once, a foe? Or shall I, with
the words of peace, preserve the warrior's life? Stately
are his steps of age! lovely the remnant of his years!
Perhaps it is the husband of Moina; the father of
145 car-borne Carthon. Often have I heard, that he
dwelt at the echoing stream of Lora."

Such were his words, when Clessámmor came, and
lifted high his spear. The youth received it in his
shield, and spoke the words of peace. "Warrior of
150 the aged locks! Is there no youth to lift the spear?
Hast thou no son to raise the shield before his father
to meet the arm of youth? Is the spouse of thy love
no more? or weeps she over the tombs of thy sons?
Art thou of the kings of men? What will be the fame
155 of my sword should'st thou fall?"

"It will be great, thou son of pride!" began the tall Clessámmor. "I have been renowned in battle; but I never told my name to a foe. Yield to me, son of the wave, then shalt thou know, that the mark of my sword is in many a field." "I never yielded, king of spears!" ¹⁶⁰ replied the noble pride of Carthon: "I have also fought in war; I behold my future fame. Despise me not, thou chief of men! my arm, my spear is strong. Retire among thy friends, let younger heroes fight." "Why dost thou wound my soul?" replied Clessámmor ¹⁶⁵ with a tear. "Age does not tremble on my hand; I still can lift the sword. Shall I fly in Fingal's sight; in the sight of him I love? Son of the sea: I never fled: exalt thy pointed spear."

They fought, like two contending winds, that strive ¹⁷⁰ to roll the wave. Carthon bade his spear to err; he still thought that the foe was the spouse of Moina. He broke Clessámmor's beamy spear in twain: he seized his shining sword. But as Carthon was binding the chief; the chief drew the dagger of his fathers. He ¹⁷⁵ saw the foe's uncovered side; and opened there a wound.

Fingal saw Clessámmor low: he moved in the sound of his steel. The host stood silent, in his presence; they turned their eyes to the king. He came, like the ¹⁸⁰ sullen noise of a storm, before the winds arise: the hunter hears it in the vale, and retires to the cave of the rock. Carthon stood in his place: the blood is

rushing down his side: he saw the coming down of the
185 king; his hopes of fame arose; but pale was his cheek:
his hair flew loose, his helmet shook on high: the
force of Carthon failed; but his soul was strong.

Fingal beheld the hero's blood; he stopped the up-
lifted spear. "Yield, king of swords!" said Comhal's
190 son; "I behold thy blood. Thou hast been mighty in
battle; and thy fame shall never fade." "Art thou
the king so far renowned?" replied the car-borne
Carthon. "Art thou that light of death, that frightens
the kings of the world? But why should Carthon ask;
195 for he is like the stream of his hills; strong as a river,
in his course: swift as the eagle of heaven. O that I
fought with the king; that my fame might be great in
song! that the hunter, beholding my tomb, might say,
he fought with the mighty Fingal. But Carthon dies
200 unknown; he has poured out his force on the weak."

"But thou shalt not die unknown," replied the king
of woody Morven: "my bards are many, O Carthon!
Their songs descend to future times. The children of
years to come shall hear the fame of Carthon; when
205 they sit round the burning oak, and the night is spent
in songs of old. The hunter, sitting in the heath, shall
hear the rustling blast; and, raising his eyes, behold
the rock where Carthon fell. He shall turn to his son,
and shew the place where the mighty fought; 'There
210 the king of Balclutha fought, like the strength of a
thousand streams.'"

Joy rose in Carthon's face: he lifted his heavy eyes. He gave his sword to Fingal, to lie within his hall, that the memory of Balclutha's king might remain in Morven. The battle ceased along the field,²¹⁵ the bard had sung the song of peace. The chiefs gathered round the falling Carthon; they heard his words with sighs. Silent they leaned on their spears, while Balclutha's hero spoke. His hair sighed in the wind, and his voice was sad and low. 220

"King of Morven," Carthon said, "I fall in the midst of my course. A foreign tomb receives, in youth, the last of Reuthámir's race. Darkness dwells in Balclutha: the shadows of grief in Crathmo. But raise my remembrance on the banks of Lora, where²²⁵ my fathers dwelt. Perhaps the husband of Moina will mourn over his fallen Carthon." His words reached the heart of Clessámmor: he fell, in silence, on his son. The host stood darkened around: no voice is on the plain. Night came, the moon, from the east, looked²³⁰ on the mournful field: but still they stood, like a silent grove that lifts its head on Gormal, when the loud winds are laid, and dark autumn is on the plain.

Three days they mourned above Carthon; on the fourth his father died. In the narrow plain of the²³⁵ rock they lie; a dim ghost defends their tomb. There lovely Moina is often seen; when the sunbeam darts on the rock, and all around is dark. There she is seen, Malvina! but not like the daughters of the hill. Her

240 robes are from the stranger's land; and she is still
alone!

Fingal was sad for Carthon; he commanded his
bards to mark the day, when shadowy autumn returned:
And often did they mark the day, and sing the hero's
245 praise. "Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like
autumn's shadowy cloud? Death is trembling in his
hand! his eyes are flames of fire! Who roars along
dark Lora's heath? Who but Carthon, king of swords!
The people fall! see! how he strides, like the sullen
250 ghost of Morven! But there he lies a goodly oak,
which sudden blasts over-turned! When shalt thou
rise, Balclutha's joy? When, Carthon, shalt thou
arise? Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like
autumn's shadowy cloud?" Such were the words of
255 the bards, in the day of their mourning: Ossian often
joined their voice; and added to their song. My soul
was mournful for Carthon; he fell in the days of his
youth: and thou, O Clessámmor! where is thy dwelling
in the wind? Has the youth forgot his wound? Flies
260 he, on clouds, like thee? I feel the sun, O Malvina!
leave me to my rest. Perhaps they may come to my
dreams; I think I hear a feeble voice! The beam of
heaven delights to shine on the grave of Carthon: I
feel it warm around!

265 O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my
fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy ever-
lasting light? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty;

the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course! 270
The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again: the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art ever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when the 275 thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of 280 the west. But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season, thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult thee, O sun! in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of 285 the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and mist is on the hills; the blast of north is on the plain; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

CHARLES CHURCHILL

FROM THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE

OFt have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
180 Of the poor, mean, despised, insulted Scot,
Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,
By rancour forged where prejudice prevails,
Or starves at home, or practises, through fear
Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here.
185 When scribblers, to the charge by interest led,
The fierce North Briton foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives, deaf to candour's call,
And, injured by one alien, rail at all;
On northern Pisgah when they take their stand,
190 To mark the weakness of that Holy Land,
With needless truths their libels to adorn,
And hang a nation up to public scorn,
Thy generous soul condemns the frantic rage,
And hates the faithful but ill-natured page.
195 The Scots are poor, cries surly English pride;
True is the charge, nor by themselves denied.
Are they not then in strictest reason clear,
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?
If, by low, supple arts successful grown,

They sapped our vigour to increase their own; 200
If, mean in want, and insolent in power,
They only fawned more surely to devour,
Roused by such wrongs should reason take alarm,
And e'en the Muse for public safety arm:
But if they own ingenuous virtue's sway, 205
And follow where true honour points the way;
If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
And bless the donors for their daily bread,
Or by vast debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found: 210
If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,
Become discreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but justice can't condemn.
"Into our places, states, and beds they creep;" 215
They've sense to get what we want sense to keep.
Once, be the hour accursed, accursed the place!
I ventured to blaspheme the chosen race.
Into those traps, which men, called patriots, laid,
By specious arts unwarily betrayed, 220
Madly I leagued against that sacred earth,
Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth:
But shall I meanly error's path pursue,
When heavenly truth presents her friendly clue?
Once plunged in ill, shall I go farther in? 225
To make the oath, was rash; to keep it, sin.
Backward I tread the paths I trod before,

And calm reflection hates what passion swore.
 Converted, (blessed are the souls which know
 230 Those pleasures which from true conversion flow,
 Whether to reason, who now rules my breast,
 Or to pure faith, like Lyttelton and West)
 Past crimes to expiate, be my present aim
 To raise new trophies to the Scottish name;
 235 To make (what can the proudest Muse do more?)
 E'en faction's sons her brighter worth adore;
 To make her glories stamped with honest rimes,
 In fullest tide roll down to latest times.

* * * * *

FROM THE GHOST

BOOK II

POMPOSO, — insolent and proud,
 Vain idol of a scribbling crowd,
 655 Whose very name inspires an awe,
 Whose every word is sense and law;
 For what his greatness hath decreed,
 Like laws of Persian and of Mede,
 Sacred through all the realm of Wit,
 660 Must never of repeal admit;
 Who, cursing flattery, is the tool
 Of every fawning, flattering fool;
 Who Wit with jealous eyes surveys,
 And sickens at another's praise;

Who, proudly seized of learning's throne, 665
Now damns all learning but his own ;
Who scorns those common wares to trade in,
Reasoning, convincing, and persuading,
But makes each sentence current pass
With puppy, coxcomb, scoundrel, ass ; 670
For 'tis with him a certain rule,
The folly's proved when he calls fool ;
Who to increase his native strength,
Draws words six syllables in length,
With which, assisted with a frown, 675
By way of club, he knocks us down ;
Who 'bove the vulgar dares to rise,
And sense of decency defies ;
For this same decency is made
Only for bunglers in the trade, 680
And, like the cobweb laws, is still
Broke through by great ones when they will —
Pomposo, with strong sense supplied,
Supported, and confirmed by Pride,
His comrades' terrors to beguile 685
"Grinned horrible a ghastly smile :"
Features so horrid, were it light,
Would put the devil himself to flight.

* * * * *

- 75 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 80 And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
 O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!

X

- These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
 And love, and gentleness, and joy impart.
 But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
 85 E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart:
 For, ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart;
 Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
 The stern resolve unmoved by pity's smart,
 The troublous day, and long distressful dream.
 90 Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed theme.

* * * * *

XIX

- Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
 Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
 165 And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine;
 While waters, woods, and winds in concert join,
 And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
 Would Edwin this majestic scene resign

Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

III

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay, 20
How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array:
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey;
While from his bending shoulder decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way, 25
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung:
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

IV

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide: 30
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
While through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms;
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms, 35
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

* * * * *

IX

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!

- 75 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
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 And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
 Would Edwin this majestic scene resign

For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies? 170
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to
prize.

XX

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn: 175
Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil;
But, lo! the Sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean,
smile. 180

XXI

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost 185
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed,
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar pro-
found!

XXII

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight, 190
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene,

- In darkness and in storm he found delight,
 Nor less, than when on ocean wave serene
 The southern Sun diffused his dazzling shene.
 195 Even sad vicissitude amused his soul:
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
 A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to control.

* * * * *

XXXVIII

- But who the melodies of morn can tell?
 335 The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
 The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
 In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
 340 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

XXXIX

- The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
 Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
 345 The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
 Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
 Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
 Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;

Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower, 350
And shrill lark carols clear from her ærial tower.

XL

O Nature, how in every charm supreme !
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due ! 355
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty,
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptured heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody. 360
* * * * *

THE HERMIT

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove,
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar, 5
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began ;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

"Ah ! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ? 10
For spring will return, and a lover bestow,

And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.
But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
15 O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away;
Full quickly they pass — but they never return.

“Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The Moon half extinguished her crescent displays:
But lately I marked, when majestic on high
20 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again:
But man’s faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

25 “’Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with
dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
30 Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save;
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

“’Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads, to bewilder, and dazzles, to blind,
35 My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to
shade,

Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
'O pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,
'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free.' 40

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending, 45
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blend-
ing,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

SCOTCH SONGS AND BALLADS

WILLIAM AND MARGARET

(Claimed by David Mallet [Malloch])

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

5 Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shroud.

10 So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
15 The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek,
She died before her time.

20

‘Awake!’ she cried, ‘thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave:
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

‘This is the dark and dreary hour
When injured ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

25

‘Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth

30

‘Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

35

‘How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

40

‘Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young, witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

45 ‘That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

50 ‘The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

‘But hark! the cock has warned me hence;
A long and last adieu!
55 Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you.’

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quaked in every limb,
60 And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret’s body lay;
And stretched him on the green-grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name, 65
 And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spake never more!

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And, while they warble from the spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise, 5
Like them, improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear; 10
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feathered songsters are no more;
And when they drop and we decay, 15
Adieu the birks of Invermay!

WILLIAM HAMILTON

THE BRAES OF YARROW

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

5 B. Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?
 Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I darena weil be seen,
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

 Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride;
10 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
15 And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she
 weep,
 Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,

And lang maun I nae mair weill be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow. 20

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red? 25
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholeous weids
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow! 30
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds, 35
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wise,
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow. 40

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,

The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

45 Did I not warn thee not to lu'e,
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,
O'er rashly bald a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the
grass,
50 Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows
Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
55 As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love;
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;
Though he was fair and weil beluved again,
60 Than me he never lu'ed thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lu'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride, 65
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lu'e him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields! may never, never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover, 70
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a luvver.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing.
Ah! wretched me! I little, little ken'd 75
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,
But ere the to-fall of the night,
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow. 80

Much I rejoiced that waeful, waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night, the spear was flown
That slew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do, 85
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luvver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

- My happy sister: may be, may be proud;
 20 With cruel and ungentle scoffin,
 May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
 My lover: nailed in his coffin.
- My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
 And strive with threatening words to muve **me**,
 25 My lover's blood is on thy spear,
 How canst thou ever bid me love thee?
- Ye, ye, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
 With bridal sheets: my body cover,
 Unto: ye bridal maids, the door,
 30 Let in the expected husband-lover.
- but who the expected husband, husband is?
 His hand methinks, are bathed in **slaughter**.
 Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
 35 Come: in his pale shroud, bleeding after?
- Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
 40 To lay his cold head on my pillow;
 'Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
 And crown my careful head with willow.
- Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best **beluv'd**,
 45 O could my warmth to life restore thee!
 Ye'll lie all night between my briests;
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,

Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,

And lie all night between my briests;

115

No youth shall ever lie there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,

Return and dry thy useless sorrow:

Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs;

He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

120

JOHN SKINNER

TULLOCHGORUM

COME, gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside;
What signifies't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them?

5 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their Whigmegmorum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree
10 To spend this night with mirth and glee,
And cheerful sing alang wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight;
It gars us a' in ane unite;
15 And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',

And mak a cheerfu' quorum. 20
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There need nae be sae great a fraise 25
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our own strathspeys
For half a hunder score o' 'em.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie, 30
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Scottish taste, 35
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fears of want, and double cess,
And sullen sots themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum. 40
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit, 45
Wi' neither sense nor mirth, nor wit,

Nor ever rise to shake a fit
To the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings ay attend
50 Each honest-hearted, open friend;
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
55 May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties, a great store o' 'em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstained by any vicious spot;
And may he never want a groat,
60 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him!
65 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, Wae's me for 'im!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
70 And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum!

LADY ANNE BARNARD

AULD ROBIN GRAY

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's come
hame,

And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unkent by my guidman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his
bride, 5

But saving ae crown-piece he had naething beside;
To make the crown a pound my Jamie went to sea,
And the crown and the pound—they were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
When my father brake his arm and the cow was stown
away; 10

My mither she fell sick — my Jamie was at sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna wark — my mither couldna spin —
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his
ee, 15

Said: 'Jeanie, O for their sakes, will ye no marry me?'

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back,
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack,
His ship was a wrack — why didna Jamie die,
20 Or why am I spared to cry wae is me?

My father urged me sair — my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand — my heart was in the sea —
And so Robin Gray he was guidman to me.

25 I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said: 'I'm come hame, love, to marry thee!'

Oh, sair sair did we greet, and mickle say of a',
30 I gied him ae kiss, and bade him gang awa' —
I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to die,
For, though my heart is broken, I'm but young, wae is
me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin,
35 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For, oh! Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

JEAN ADAMS (?)

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE

AND are ye sure the news is true?

And are ye sure he's weel?

Is this a time to think of wark?

Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.

Is this a time to think of wark,

5

When Colin's at the door?

Gie me my cloak! I'll to the quay

And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck ava;

There's little pleasure in the house,

When our gudeman's awa'.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside;

Put on the muckle pot;

10

Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,

And Jock his Sunday coat:

And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,

Their hose as white as snaw;

It's a' to please my ain gudeman,

15

For he's been long awa'.

- There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
 Been fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
20 That Colin weel may fare;
And mak' the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw;
It's a' for love of my gudeman,
 For he's been long awa'.
- 25 O gi'e me down my bigonet,
 My bishop satin gown,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
 That Colin's come to town.
My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,
30 My hose o' pearlin blue;
'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.
- Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath's like caller air!
35 His very foot has music in't,
 As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought, —
40 In troth, I'm like to greet.
- The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
 That thrilled through my heart,

They're a' blawn by; I ha'e him safe,
Till death we'll never part :
But what puts parting in my head? 45
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I ha'e nae mair to crave; 50
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest above the lave :
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought, — 55
In troth, I'm like to greet.

JANE ELLIOT

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

I've heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day:
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning —
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

5 At buchts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorn-
ing,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
10 The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and grey;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching —
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play,
15 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie —
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae was the order sent our lads to the Border !

The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;

The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the fore-
most,

The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

20

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking,

Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;

Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning —

The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

MRS. ALICIA RUTHERFORD
COCKBURN

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

I'VE seen the smiling
Of fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay:
Sweet was its blessing,
5 Kind its caressing;
But now 'tis fled — fled far away.

I've seen the forest,
Adornèd the foremost
With flowers of the fairest most pleasant and gay;
10 Sae bonny was their blooming!
Their scent the air perfuming!
But now they are withered and weeded away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
15 And loud tempest storming before the mid-day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he rowed on his way.

Oh fickle Fortune,
Why this cruel sporting? 20
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

ROBERT FERGUSON

THE FARMER'S INGLE

Et multo in primis hilarans convivia Baccho,
Ante focum, si frigus erit. . . . — *Virg. Buc.*

WHEN gloamin' grey out-owre the welkin keeks;
When Batie ca's his owsen to the byre;
When Thrasher John, sair dung, his barn-door steeks,
And lusty lasses at the dightin' tire;
5 What bangs fu' leal the e'enin's coming cauld,
And gars snaw-tappit winter freeze in vain;
Gars dowie mortal look baith blythe and bauld,
Nor fley'd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain;
Begin, my Muse! and chaunt in hamely strain.

10 Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,
Wi' divots theekit frae the weet and drift;
Sods, peats and heathery truffs the chimley fill,
And gar their thickening smeeek salute the lift,
The gudeman, new come hame, is blythe to find,
15 When he out-owre the hallan flings his een,
That ilka turn is handled to his mind;
That a' his housie looks sae cosh and clean;
For cleanly house loes he, though e'er so mean.

Weel kens the gudewife that the pleughs require
A heartsome meltith, and refreshing synd 20
O' nappy liquor, owre a bleezin' fire;
Sair wark and poortith downa weel be join'd.
Wi' butter'd bannocks now the girdle reeks;
I' the far nook the bowie briskly reams;
The readied kail stand by the chimley cheeks, 25
And haud the riggin het wi' welcome streams,
Whilk than the daintiest kitchen nicer seems.

Frae this let gentler gabs a lesson lear:
Wad they to labouring lend an eident hand,
They'd rax fell strang upon the simplest fare, 30
Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand.
Fu' hale and healthy wad they pass the day;
At night in calmest slumbers dose fu' sound;
Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,
Nor drugs their noddle and their sense confound, 35
Till death slip sleely on, and gie the hindmost wound.

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed
By Caledonia's ancestors been done;
By this did mony a wight fu' weirlike bleed
In brulzies frae the dawn to set o' sun. 40
'Twas this that braced their gardies, stiff and strang,
That bent the deadly yew in ancient days;
Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird alang;
Gar'd Scottish thistles bang the Roman bays;
For near our crest their heads they doughtna raise. 45

The couthy cracks begin when supper's owre;
 The cheering bicker gars them glibly gash
 O' simmer's showery blinks, and winter sour,
 Whase floods did erst their mailin's produce hash.
 50 'Bout kirk and market eke their tales gae on;
 How Jock woo'd Jenny here to be his bride;
 * * * * * * *

55 The fient a cheep's amang the bairnies now,
 For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane:
 Aye maun the childer, wi' a fastin mou',
 Grumble and greet, and mak an unco mane.
 In rangles round, before the ingle's lowe,
 60 Frae gudame's mouth auld warld tales they hear,
 O' warlocks loupin' round the wirrikow;
 O' ghaists, that win in glen and kirk-yard drear;
 Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gars them shak wi'
 fear!
 * * * * * * *

100 Then a' the house for sleep begin to grien,
 Their joints to slack frae industry a while;
 The leaden god fa's heavy on their een,
 And hafflins steeks them frae their daily toil;
 The cruizy, too, can only blink and bleer,
 105 The reistit ingle's done the maist it dow;
 Tacksman and cottar eke to bed maun steer,
 Upon the cod to clear their drumly pow,
 Till waken'd by the dawnin's ruddy glow.

Peace to the husbandman, and a' his tribe,
Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year; 110
Lang may his sock and cou'ter turn the glebe,
And banks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear.
May Scotia's simmers aye look gay and green;
Her yellow hairsts frae scowry blasts decreed!
May a' her tenants sit fu' snug and bien, 115
Frae the hard grip o' ails and poortith freed,
And a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours succeed!

BRAID CLAITH

YE wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote in the bonnie book o' fame,
Let merit nae pretension claim
To laurell'd wreath,
But hap ye weel, baith back and wame, 5
In gude braid claith.

He that some ells o' this may fa',
And slae-black hat on pow like snaw,
Bids bauld to bear the gree awa,
Wi' a' this graith, 10
When bienly clad wi' shell fu' braw
O' gude braid claith.

Waesuck for him wha has nae feck o't!
For he's a gowk they're sure to geck at;

15 A chiel that ne'er will be respeckit
 While he draws breath,
 Till his four quarters are bedeckit
 Wi' gude braid claith.

 On Sabbath-days the barber spark,
20 When he has done wi' scrapin' wark,
 Wi' siller broachie in his sark,
 Gangs trigly, faith!
 Or to the Meadows, or the Park,
 In gude braid claith.

25 Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
 That they to shave your haffits bare,
 Or curl and sleek a pickle hair,
 Would be right laith,
 When pacing wi' a gawsy air
30 In gude braid claith.

 If ony mettled sirrah grien
 For favour frae a lady's een,
 He maunna care for bein' seen
 Before he sheath
35 His body in a scabbard clean
 O' gude braid claith.

 For, gin he come wi' coat thread-bare,
 A feg for him she winna care,

But crook her bonny mou fu' sair,
And scauld him baith: 40
Woors should aye their travel spare,
Withoot braid claith.

Braid claith lends fouk an unco heeze:
Maks mony kail-worms butterflees;
Gies mony a doctor his degrees, 45
For little skaith:
In short, you may be what you please,
Wi' gude braid claith.

For tho' ye had as wise a snout on,
As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton, 50
Your judgment fouk would hae a doubt on,
I'll tak' my aith,
Till they could see ye wi' a suit on
O' gude braid claith.

NOTES

JOHN DRYDEN

(1631-1700)

THERE have been greater names in the history of English literature than that of Dryden, but to no other man has it been given to hold the absolute position in relation to his period that Dryden holds. It is not too much to say of him that without his influence to formulate and direct, the literary conditions of the Restoration period would have reverted to chaos. He did what a greater man probably could not have done — at least what one greater man did not do. Milton lived for fourteen years after the Restoration, and in that time published greater work than Dryden ever conceived. But the general reading public was scarcely aware of its publication, and the literary influence of Milton was hardly felt until a half-century or more after his death. But from 1670 to 1700, Dryden, inferior to Milton in almost every poetic quality, was dominating every literary movement that was on foot. It was not an age that appreciated or understood the highest type of poetry. It desired the intellectual rather than the imaginative; the didactic rather than the beautiful. A man of the type of Milton stood apart from the whole taste and temper of the period. The main influence of such a time must be intellectual instead of purely poetic. A fair judgment of Dryden's work necessarily places it in the second class of poetry — poetry in which imagination takes a subordinate place. The lyric element and the highest dramatic elements are almost lacking. But of that second class, it stands in the highest rank. The age preferred didactic and satiric poetry, and Dryden gave it the best of that kind. He held the taste and the attention of the public to the very best that it was capable of appreciating. In the Restoration period no man could have done more.

Dryden's literary period falls into four divisions. Up to 1667 he did miscellaneous writing, largely panegyric. For the next fourteen

years he devoted himself to the drama. Before his death, he had produced in all, either alone or in collaboration, twenty-eight plays. In 1681 he turned to satires, publishing four in quick succession. After these came his theological poems, *Religio Laici* (1682), and *The Hind and the Panther* (1687). After the accession of James II. he openly announced himself a Catholic. Hence, at the Revolution in 1688, he lost his offices and honours, and for the rest of his life had to work hard for a living. Nearly all of this last twelve years was given, except for some play-writing, to translation. He translated the *Æneid*, and selections from Homer, Lucretius, Theocritus, Juvenal, Ovid, Boccaccio, and Chaucer. His volume of *Fables, Ancient and Modern*, appeared just before his death. Dryden's influence on prose was perhaps as great as his influence on poetry. In both, his effect was on structural qualities more than on any others. It was in the direction of logical clearness, distinction of ideas, and directness of tone.

The text of these selections is that of Saintsbury's revision of Scott's edition. (Edinburgh, 1882-1893.)

MAC-FLECKNOE

Mac-Flecknoe was produced in 1682, after Dryden had developed and sharpened his power of personal attack in his character-sketches in *Absalom and Achitophel* and *The Medal*. In this poem he reaches his utmost of acumen and keenness in personal satire. The object of it, Thomas Shadwell (1640?-1692), was an inferior poet and dramatist, but was of some prominence in his own time. He was the author of many comedies, whose merit lay in their clever representation of the absurdities of the life of the period. He and Dryden had earlier been on friendly, or at least on agreeable working terms. But their connection had been modified and broken by professional jealousy. When political lines became very sharply drawn, toward the end of the reign of Charles I., Shadwell ranged himself with the working forces of the Whigs, Dryden with those of the Tories. Dryden produced Part I. of *Absalom and Achitophel* in 1681 and *The Medal* in March, 1682. Shadwell retorted to Dryden's *Medal* with *The Medal of John Bayes*, thus aggravating the attack by identifying with Dryden the character of Bayes in Buckingham's *Rehearsal*. There was nothing new in the implication, but Dryden had been denying

that the play was directed at him especially. Dryden then replied with *Mac-Flecknoe* and with the character of Og in Part II. of *Absalom and Achitophel*, ll. 457-509. In the latter he pictures:—

“Og from a treason-tavern reeling home.
Round as a globe, and liquored every chink,
Goodly and great he sails behind his link.
With all this bulk there’s nothing lost in Og,
For every inch, that is not fool, is rogue. . . .”

In this sketch he deals somewhat with the general character of the man; in *Mac-Flecknoe* only with his literary ability. He makes, however, the same essential point in both, the utter stupidity of Shadwell’s work. In *Absalom and Achitophel*, ll. 474-75, he says:—

“But though heaven made him poor, with reverence speaking,
He never was a poet of God’s making.”

The charge of dulness in this case was not a fair one. Shadwell’s literary ability was not great, but the public in his time found him amusing, and he has some keenness in his own line — the caricaturing of the foibles and weaknesses of human nature. The satire is, however, unanswerable in its vigorous contempt, and Shadwell made himself absurd in replying to minor points, when he could find nothing to say on the main issue. He may, however, have taken some ultimate satisfaction out of succeeding Dryden as laureate, when Dryden lost his place on the accession of William and Mary.

Dryden may almost be said to have invented the mock-heroic satire, since no one before his time had adapted the method to this specific purpose. The power of the poem lies not only in the wit and the abundant expression of scornful contempt, but in the choosing of vulnerable points, and the avoiding of answerable charges. There is seldom anything to be said in reply to Dryden’s attacks, since he chooses statements or implications to which a reply is impossible. A man could hardly undertake to defend himself by proving to the public that he was not dull. Dryden seems not to have regarded the poem very seriously, since he omitted it from the list of his poems and plays which he subjoined to one of his plays.

TITLE.—**Mac.** A Celtic prefix meaning *son*, found in Scotch and Irish names — appropriate in this case, because Flecknoe was Irish. **True Blue.** The Covenanters used blue in their badge, and for that and other reasons blue has been the Presbyterian colour

ever since. It is said, also, to have been the first nickname of the Whigs. See Scott and Saintsbury's *Dryden*, Vol. IX., p. 211; also Brewer's *Phrase and Fable*.

3. Richard Flecknoe (?-1678?). His life is in general obscure, but he is said to have been an Irishman and a Catholic priest. He travelled extensively in the earlier part of his life, and seems to have spent his later years in London. He wrote and edited voluminously, but unsuccessfully. He has a celebrity through Dryden's use of his name far out of proportion to any he could have achieved for himself. Marvell also makes a personal attack on him in *Flecknoe, an English Priest at Rome*, holding up to ridicule his poverty, his leanness, and his general condition. But Flecknoe seems to have been harmless, and to have given little personal provocation for attack. Dryden apparently chose him really as a type of dulness and for no personal vengeance — unless to punish Flecknoe, now dead, for an attack he made on the immorality of the stage. But Dryden later allowed Jeremy Collier's much more vigorous denunciation to pass with little comment and that of rather submissive kind. 6. **Nonsense** — does not convey the notion of lightness, even of amusing quality, now commonly connected with the word; it means simply stupid lack of sense. 25. Shadwell was very corpulent, and coarse in appearance. Cf. quotation from *Absalom and Achitophel*, p. 407. 29. Thomas Heywood (?-1650?), actor and playwright. James Shirley (1596-1666), schoolmaster and playwright. Both wrote extensively, but the charge of stupidity was perhaps more applicable to Heywood than to Shirley. 33. **Norwich druggie**. "This stuff appears to have been sacred to the use of the poorer votaries of Parnassus." — *Scott*. 36. Flecknoe was in Portugal at one time. The allusion is not clear; it may refer to some statement made in his book on his travels. 37-59. Another obscure allusion. It is not known whether this refers to any real occasion or not. 42. **Epsom blankets**. "This seems to be in ridicule of the following elegant expression which Shadwell puts in the mouth of a fine lady: 'Such a fellow as he deserves to be tossed in a blanket.' This, however, does not occur in 'Epsom Wells,' but in another of Shadwell's comedies, called 'The Sullen Lovers.'" — *Scott*. 50. **morning toast**. The Thames was still a pleasure resort, and water parties were formed, especially for the mornings. This seems to refer to feeding the fishes, for amusement, from the boats. 53. **St. Andre**. "An eminent dancing-

master of the period."—*Scott*. 54. **Psyche**. A very poor opera, produced in 1675. Besides writing the verse, Shadwell superintended the music. He produced the work in five weeks and excused its quality on that ground, and on its being supplemented by spectacular effects. 57. **Singleton** was an opera-singer of some eminence. He took the part of Villerius in Davenant's opera, *The Siege of Rhodes*. 58. **lute and sword**. See Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, Act V. 64. **Augusta**. A title given to London by the Romans, in honour of the Emperor. 65. This was a time of apprehension over national difficulties, owing to the Popish Plot, the political machinations of different kinds, and the strife over the succession to the throne. 67. **Barbican**. It stood at the junction of Barbican and Aldgate streets, on the northern line of the old city wall. **hight**. Was called. O. E. *hatan*. 74. **Nursery**. A school for actors established in 1662 by Charles II. 78. **Maximin**. The hero of Dryden's *Tyrannic Love*. 81. **Gentle Simkin**. A cobbler in an interlude of the day. Gentleness was attributed to shoemakers. Dekker has a play entitled, *The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft*. 83. **clinches**. "Pun; ambiguity; duplicity of meaning with identity of expression."—*Johnson*. 84. **Panton**. A noted punster. 87. Thomas Dekker (1570?-1641?), a dramatist of the time of James I.; interesting in this connection because he was held up to ridicule by Ben Jonson in *The Poetaster*. Some of his work was not bad, however, and he even collaborated with such men as Webster and Ford. 91. Shadwell imitated Molière's *L'Avare* in a play entitled *The Miser*. *The Humorists* was another of Shadwell's plays; **Raymond** is a character in it, and **Bruce** in still a third, *The Virtuoso*. Raymond and Bruce were of the gentleman type, and were not successfully drawn. **Hypocrites** has not been identified. 103. John Ogleby (or Ogilby) (1600-1676) is another writer who owes the preservation of his name chiefly to his enemies, Dryden and Pope. He translated Homer, Vergil, and Æsop. 104. **Bilked**. Cheated. In common colloquial use in the seventeenth century; originally a cribbage term. 105. Henry Herringman was a publisher, one of the most important predecessors of Tonson and Lintot. He published Dryden's poems to Charles II., and *Annus Mirabilis*. The stationers were publishers and booksellers at that time. 119. Flecknoe was a Catholic priest. 120. **The ball**, signifying the world, was used at coronation ceremonies as a symbol of royal power. 122. **Love's Kingdom** was a "tragi-

comedy" of Flecknoe's published in 1664 along with a "short treatise of the English stage." 125. recorded **Psyche**. "Record.—To sing or repeat a tune." — *Cent. Dict.* 126. This may refer to Shadwell's use of opium. His death is said to have been brought on by his taking an overdose of the drug.— 149. In *The Virtuoso*, which was acted in 1676, Shadwell seemed to be ridiculing the Royal Society, of which Dryden was a member, and made also, in the preface and the epilogue, some unpleasant references to Dryden himself. 151–153. **Gentle George**. Sir George Etherege (also -ege and -idge) (1634?–1691?) has the credit of introducing the comedy of manners into England. He produced in all three plays, between 1664 and 1676, all witty and accurate studies of social life in London. **Sir Fopling Flutter**, **Dorimant**, and **Loveit** are characters in his *Man of Mode*, **Cully** in *Love in a Tub*, and **Cockwood** in *She would if she could*. 163. Shadwell's detractors charged him with having assistance from Sir Charles Sedley in his successful comedy, *Epsom Wells*. In the use of *alien* Dryden implies a wide distinction between the wit of Sedley and the natural dulness of Shadwell. 168–170. **Sir Formal Trifle** is a conceited and bombastic orator in *The Virtuoso*. Shadwell dedicated some of his plays to the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, and Dryden in his *Vindication of the Duke of Guise* calls him the "Northern Dedicator." Dryden implies here that in these dedications Shadwell himself writes in the style of Sir Formal. 171–188. Shadwell imitated Ben Jonson, and his plays followed the type of the comedy of humours. He expressed great admiration for Jonson, and seemed to range himself beside him in the purpose and method of his comedies. He says in the epilogue to his *Humorists*:—

"The mighty prince of poets, learned Ben,
Who alone dived into the minds of men;
Saw all their wanderings, all their follies knew,
And all their vain fantastic passions drew
In images so lively and so true,
That there each humorist himself might view.
* * * * *
A humour is a bias of the mind,
By which with violence 'tis one way inclined;
It makes our actions lean on one side still,
And in all changes that way bends the will."

179. **Prince Nicander** was a character in the opera *Psyche*.
193. **mountain-belly**. Jonson's own phrase. 194. **tympany**.

Archaic use of the word; as used here it implies bombast and inflation, with real emptiness. 202. **Irish pen.** Shadwell replied with indignation that he was not Irish. 204-208. Such devices as the anagram and acrostic had been favourites among the verse-writers of the metaphysical type, in the Caroline period. Another device was the arranging of lines of a poem in such lengths that the printed composition would take the form of a design of some kind, such as a pair of wings, an altar, a cross, and so on. See Wither's so-called *Sonnets*, and Herbert's *Easter Wings* and *The Altar*. 212. **Bruce and Longvil** are gentlemen in *The Virtuoso*, who during a speech of Sir Formal Trifle's let fall a trap-door on which he is standing, and thus dispose of him.

ACHITOPHEL

From *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part I., Dryden's first essay in satire. It was produced in November, 1681, during the period of agitation over the question of the succession to the throne. In these years of turmoil over the Continental wars, the suspicion of French influence at court, and the more and more open inclination of Charles toward Catholic interest, Dryden put himself entirely on the royal side. At the time of the production of this satire, Shaftesbury was in the Tower on the charge of high treason, his overt acts having been using the revelation of the Popish Plot for his own purpose, and scheming to secure the succession to the Duke of Monmouth, the illegitimate son of Charles, — James, then Duke of York, having declared himself a Catholic. Popular feeling was on the side of Shaftesbury, unscrupulous though his methods had been. The adherents of the court, however, as well as those who were favouring the succession of William of Orange, were against him. This poem is said, though not proved, to have been written at the direct instigation of the king. Another satire printed in 1680, also based on Scriptural narrative, had preceded it, *Absalom's Conspiracy, or the Tragedy of Treason*. The correspondence of situation makes the use of David's story very apt, and Dryden was too well-seasoned a borrower to hesitate in this case. In the poem the narrative really tells itself, and Dryden allows it to do so and gives his attention chiefly to the character sketches. The outline of the poem easily gives a place to many of these, almost every one of them a brilliant piece of work. In the extracts below, three of the most striking are given.

The character of Shaftesbury is one of the finest pieces of personal satire in English literature. Whether Shaftesbury deserved the charges made against him or not, the genius shown in Dryden's effort was worthy of him as a subject. The character of Shaftesbury has always been left an undetermined matter; what he did was evident enough, but his motive for the doing has been hard to discover. He lent himself to the machinations of Charles, — though not knowing fully the intrigues of the king, or his secret treaties with France; he encouraged the defamations of the accusers in the Popish Plot, in order to stir up popular feeling against the Catholics; he conceived and encouraged the scheme of making the Duke of Monmouth heir to the throne. But his purpose in it all seems to have been a public one, and he was apparently following no interests of his own. His theories were broader than those of any one party in his time, and looked toward a desirable freedom of policy. But unfortunately he had schemers to work with and against, and his methods were indirect and false. For years he had led the "country party" in Parliament, in organized opposition to the king. Dryden's attack represents the vindictiveness, not of himself, but of the king and of those that wished the Duke of York to succeed to the throne. 154. **un-fixed in principles and place.** It was a misfortune of Shaftesbury that he had to deal with and work against those who were scheming and fickle above all things, and he was himself forced into methods that were of a kind to meet theirs. So he did seem fickle and un-fixed — whether really so or not is a question. 156-158. Shaftesbury suffered all his life from the effects of an accident in his youth, but he led a life of constant and eager activity. See Green's *History of the English People*, Bk. VII. Chap. I. 170-174. The second earl of Shaftesbury was far inferior to his father in general ability; he was, in fact, very mediocre. 175-177. In 1668 the Triple Alliance between the Protestant countries, England, Holland, and Sweden, was formed. It was negotiated by Temple, and the consummation of it gave great satisfaction to the English Protestants. Charles was meantime in secret treaty with Louis XIV., and in 1672 broke the alliance and went to war with Holland. Shaftesbury was a party to the affair for purposes of his own, and eventually bore a share of blame for the whole transaction. 186-197. Johnson speaks of the "acrimony of censure, elegance of praise" in the work of Dryden. He artfully secures credit to his censure by the apparent ingenuous-

ness of his praise. These lines are merited; Shaftesbury as Chancellor, in a corrupt age, is credited even by his detractors with being incorruptible. 188. **Abbethdin**. *Ab bet din*, father of the court of justice. The spiritual authority in the Jewish court of justice, as distinguished from the *nasi* who had state affairs in charge. See *Jewish Encyclopedia*. 208-215. Shaftesbury made unjustifiable use of the Popish Plot to stir up the people and arouse fears of James as a Catholic and even of Charles himself. 213. **Jebusite**. Roman Catholic. Jerusalem, before it was taken by the Hebrews under David, was the capital and the final stronghold of the Jebusites.

ZIMRI

This represents George Villiers, second duke of Buckingham (1628-1687), one of the richest, wittiest, most versatile, and worst-conducted of the subjects of Charles II. He was at one time attached to the king's government, and was a member of the cabinet. But later he changed to the opposition, intrigued with Shaftesbury, furthered the results of the Popish Plot exposure, and was one of the promoters of the Bill of Exclusion intended to prevent James, as a Catholic, from succeeding to the throne. All this Dryden had against him in his public relations. Besides this, Buckingham had satirized Dryden as Bayes in *The Rehearsal*, his witty burlesque of the Restoration heroic play, and Dryden had some personal scores to settle. Buckingham was absolutely unprincipled and unrestrained. He was a marvel even to his own unprincipled age.

BARZILLAI

The character of James Butler, first duke of Ormond (1610-1688), is presented in this section. He led the royalist forces in Ireland during the Civil War, and afterward withdrew to France, and was with Prince Charles during a part of his exile. After the Restoration he was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, but falling into disfavour, was recalled. He remained at court awhile in the office of Lord-Steward of the Household, but in such disfavour that for months the king did not speak to him. Ormond's loyalty was of the old-fashioned traditional sort. He showed disapproval of the customs of the court, but no bad conduct or ill-treatment on the part of Charles shook Ormond's allegiance to him. Finally, Charles, apparently

ashamed, restored him to favour and to his position in Ireland. He was a faithful public servant, but no politician. He was upright and uncompromising, and lived a life untainted by the grossness of the period in which it was spent. 831. Ormond's eldest son, Lord Ossory, died in 1680. He was a soldier and a scholar, distinguished for his courage and good sense. Ormond said on his son's death, "I would rather have my dead son than any living son in Christendom." At the time of this writing six of Ormond's eight sons were dead. 842-843. He served under the Prince of Orange, in the Dutch war against the French.

ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY

The legend regarding St. Cecilia places her in the third century. She was a Roman lady of rank, a Christian, and because of her purity and ardour of adoration, was given intercourse with an angel. She was martyred in the reign of Septimius Severus and was canonized and made the patron saint of music. Tradition credits her with inventing the organ. In 1680 a Musical Society was formed in London, and the annual commemoration of St. Cecilia's Day instituted. For each occasion an ode was to be written and set to music, and rendered in public on that day. This of Dryden's is the first one of value. It was produced in 1687.

The general form, that of the so-called Pindaric ode, had been introduced by Cowley in 1656. He fancied he was reproducing the forms of Pindar's odes, not recognizing the regularity in irregularity of the Greek form. In Cowley's odes the irregularity was entirely arbitrary, not even being informed by the mood or spirit of the poem, and not indicating the variations of thought. Dryden, in this and in *Alexander's Feast*, controls the verse very much better, adapting it to his purpose. The so-called Pindaric form has been used at intervals ever since Cowley, but did not reach its best until the nineteenth century; among the finest examples are Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, Tennyson's *Ode on the Duke of Wellington*, and Lowell's *Commemoration Ode*. 17. *Jubal*. "The father of all such as handle the harp and the organ." See Genesis iv. 19-21. 50. *sequacious*. Dryden never outgrew his tendency to use an occasional Latinism or pedantic expression. 63. *untune*. As Music drew the "jarring atoms" together in the first place,

setting creation in order, it will eventually release them when the end of the world comes.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST

This was produced for St. Cecilia's Day, in 1697. It has been the best-known and most popular of Dryden's poems. In this he has the verse-form better in hand, and the means used to secure imitative effects are less obvious than in the other St. Cecilia ode. For reading, the chorus is unnecessary and rather in the way; but it has been the custom to print it with the rest of the poem. The occasion represented is a feast celebrating Alexander's conquest of Persia, completed with the battle of Arbela, B.C. 331. 9. **Thais**. A beautiful Athenian who accompanied Alexander into Asia. It was told by Cleitarchus that on such an occasion as this she induced the conqueror to set fire to the royal palace at Persepolis. This is what Dryden refers to in stanza 6. 20. **Timotheus**. A Greek poet and musician. Several innovations in lyric forms and in music are traced to him. In recent years a manuscript of a poem of his, *The Persians*, has been found; it deals with the defeat of the Persians at Salamis. 30. **Olympia**. Olympias, the mother of Alexander. Alexander claimed to be the son, not of Philip, but of Zeus, who came to Olympias in the form of a serpent. 108. **Lydian measures**. The Lydians were a luxurious and effeminate people; they cultivated music, and their music was especially of a soft and voluptuous kind.

ANNE FINCH, COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA

(1661-1720)

Lady Winchilsea was born Anne Kingsmill. Before her marriage she was connected with the court as maid of honour to Mary of Modena. In 1684 she married Heneage Finch, who became the fourth earl of Winchilsea. In 1701 she published *The Spleen* in Gildon's *Miscellany*; in 1713, *Miscellany Poems*; and at different times other scattered poems, including *Aristomenes*. But the greater part of her work remained, at her death, in manuscript volumes. In 1903 Miss Myra Reynolds edited a collection containing the most of this. One manuscript is still unpublished. Lady Winchilsea's work

is marked by independence and naturalness of both style and subject-matter. She was one of the very few writers not entirely under the classical influence of the time. Her poems achieved no very great celebrity in their own period, and for the rest of the eighteenth century fell into utter neglect. Wordsworth was one of the first to bring her to notice again. He mentions her in several places, and in his *Poems and Extracts, chosen for an album presented to Lady Mary Lowther* about one-third of the selections are from Lady Winchilsea's work.

The text of these selections is that of Miss Reynolds's edition. (Chicago, 1903.)

THE CHANGE

Lady Winchilsea and her husband were sincere and devoted Jacobites. Lord Winchilsea was a non-juror, and after the Revolution he and his wife retired to the country and lived for many years in seclusion, sometimes greater, sometimes less. The misfortunes of James II. were to them a real grief — a grief reflected in the letters and poems of Lady Winchilsea. *The Change* is probably her comment on the fickleness of public favour, as shown in the national treatment of the deposed king.

TO MR. POPE

This was published in Pope's collected poems in 1717. One indication of Lady Winchilsea's originality is in her using the heroic couplet so infrequently as she does.

THE TREE

This poem and the two following are almost unique in this period in their personal and specific love of outdoor nature. They represent individual observation and appreciation.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

12, 13. Cf. *The Passionate Pilgrim*, xxi. —

"Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all-forlorn,
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the doleful'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity."

A NOCTURNAL REVERIE

19, 20. Evidently a countess of Salisbury, but which one is not determined; writers commenting on the poem have disagreed on this point.

DEFOE

(1661?-1731)

Defoe's verse can scarcely be called poetry, except by courtesy. The whole quantity of it was small, and what he did write was produced sporadically and always for a definite public purpose. This example fairly illustrates his work; it shows no imagination, no ability to use poetic resources, not even a perfect ear for rhythm. It does show power of keen satire and absolute fearlessness in attack. It belongs to Defoe's manliest period, the time when he seemed to speak out on public matters, from definite conviction. Later, his besetting tendency to look at a subject from all sides, seemed to take away his susceptibility to conviction, — at least that is one possible interpretation of his character. But at the period in which he wrote this he was very ready and entirely fearless in attacking bigotry or narrowness, and achieved great notoriety for himself in doing so. *The True Born Englishman* was written in ridicule of the malcontents who objected to William III. as king, because of his Dutch birth, and also to the foreign friends and dependents that had followed him to England. There had been a great deal of ranting on the subject. The poem extends to twelve hundred lines in all. It goes on, after the section given here, to point out past failings and present faults of the English people, with a daring almost reckless, and ends with the final statement, "'Tis personal virtue only makes us great." The poem was immensely popular; Defoe said eighty thousand copies were sold on the London streets. The king noticed it, and Defoe was hoping for preferment, but unfortunately William III. died early in the next year, 1702. The importance of the poem is rather occasional than inherent; but it is a good example of public satire, and this was an era of satire.

The text used is that printed in the volume of *Later Stuart Tracts* (edited by George A. Aitken), in *Arber's English Garner*. (New edition, New York, 1903.)

POPE

(1688-1744)

The general movement set on foot by Dryden was carried forward to its culmination by Pope. For forty years after the death of Dryden, the type of work in which he had been most successful was the dominant type. His influence on the drama was not felt far beyond his death, and his slight lyrical production made no permanent impression; but his intellectual and satirical work showed to his period what the period was really wanting. It may be that the effect of his didactic work would have been less definite and lasting without the immediate support that Pope gave it. But Pope directed and focussed the various tendencies that had their inception in Dryden. He began his literary activity before the memory and influence of Dryden had begun to fade, and profited by every advance that had been made by his predecessor. But where Dryden's talents were various, Pope's were narrowly limited. Few writers of distinction have so limited a range; the regions of the drama, the lyric, the epic, he scarcely glanced at. He eschewed stanzaic forms, the sonnet, and blank verse. Aside from a few vaguely experimental efforts, he held rigidly to didactic material, expressed in the almost inevitable heroic couplet. He fastened the heroic couplet so firmly on English poetry, that it took thirty years after his death to loosen its hold. He made it so nearly perfect an instrument of expression for his own purposes, that other writers feared that in looking further they might fare worse, and accepted it as the standard form. He illustrated in perfection the art of filling the distich with meaning, and of compacting significance into a phrase. The qualities he offers his readers are wit, keenness, and conciseness, aptness of phraseology, and an appreciation of logical beauty in detail, though not in larger relations. But there is no softness, no loveliness, no mystery of beauty, in his work. Like Dryden's, his poetry finds its motive in the intellectual, rather than the spiritual or imaginative.

Pope's publications began in 1709, with his *Pastorals*; he followed these in 1711 with the *Essay on Criticism*, and in 1712-1714 with the *Rape of the Lock* and *Windsor Forest*. From this time until 1725, he gave the most of his time to the translation of Homer. When that

work was finally completed, he entered on his long career as a satirist, every year acquiring new occasions for making attacks. In 1732-1734 the *Essay on Man* appeared. Aside from that, every considerable work of his last two decades is satire, and usually personal satire. To this period belongs the *Dunciad* (1728-1742), the *Epistles*, and the *Satires*, besides other short productions not classified with any group. The most notable variations from Pope's usual style are his *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* (1717), the *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady* (1717), and *Eloisa to Abelard* (1717); both the latter, however, are in the heroic couplet, and their emotional effect is much modified by the verse. Pope's interests were limited almost entirely to his life as a writer; by his ill-health, and by the fact that he was a Catholic, he was cut off from all connection with public affairs.

The text of these poems is that of the Elwin-Courthope edition. (London, 1871-1889.)

SUMMER

The Second Pastoral, or Alexis. To Dr. Garth. Pope's *Pastorals*, including one for each season, were printed in 1709, in Tonson's *Miscellany*. Ambrose Philips's *Pastorals* appeared in the same volume. Pope said he wrote the poems when he was sixteen. *Summer* is included here, not for its excellence, or because it is a fair representation of Pope's work, but to illustrate the type of pastoral poetry that was generally approved at that time. Before the *Pastorals* were printed, they had been read and commended by Walsh, Garth, Granville, and others, who encouraged Pope to print them; and when printed they were generally admired and highly praised. Their readers approved the artificial type of pastoral, and did not recognize the impossibility of successfully transferring it to English poetry. 1. An imitation of the opening line of the first *Eclogue* in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*. *Summer* is in general modelled after this *Eclogue*. A very similar line introduces Spenser's *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*. 10. The *ivy* was used, among the Romans, to crown an author; the *bay* to crown a military hero. Garth had no claim in this capacity to the bay; the latter, however, is also used to indicate literary distinction; cf. Gay's *Trivia*, II. 437. 16. The line is modified from the line in Spenser's *Epithalamium* that is used as a sort of refrain, closing each stanza. 39. *Colin*. Spenser; he uses

this name in the *Eclogue* imitated, as well as in several other poems. 42. **Rosalinda.** In Spenser's *Eclogue*, Colin celebrates his love for Rosalinda.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

Written in 1709 and published in 1711.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

A certain Lord Petre had stolen a lock of hair from Miss Arabella Fermor, and the matter had led to estrangement of their two families. Caryll, a friend of both and also of Pope, suggested to the latter the writing of such a poem on the subject as would make both parties see the affair as an amusing one. On this suggestion Pope produced *The Rape of the Lock*. In its first form, as published in 1712 in Lintot's *Miscellany*, it consisted of but two cantos. Later Pope extended it to five, adding the supernatural "machinery," and published it again in 1714. In some ways this is the most satisfactory piece of work that Pope produced. It is the most finished and consistent, and some of his best verse is contained in it. Although a burlesque, it reflects the life and temper of the age of Queen Anne better than any other poem does. The easy cynicism and social scepticism of the period are reflected, as well as its manners and habits.

I

1-12. The first two paragraphs are apparently modelled after the opening lines of the *Æneid*. 3. **Caryll.** A Sussex squire and an early friend and correspondent of Pope. 4. **Belinda.** See the letter of dedication to Miss Fermor accompanying the second edition. 7. **compel.** Indicates the tone of interpretation that is to be taken in the poem. Anything that might be condemned in either hero or heroine is the result of influences outside themselves. 17. **That** is, the lady on ringing three times and getting no answer, reaches for her slipper and raps with it on the floor. 23. **birth-night beau.** At the festivities celebrating the birthdays of King or Queen, or Prince or Princess of Wales, those attending were expected to appear in unusual splendour of dress. 32. **silver token.** The fairies were said to drop a coin sometimes at night into the shoe of the maid

that did her work well. circled green. Rings of grass of richer growth than the surrounding sward mark the place of midnight dances of the fairies. See Dryden's *Wife of Bath's Tale*, ll. 3-6; Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, under "Fairy Mythology." These were the teachings of the nurse; the next two lines represent those of the priest. 39. wit. The eighteenth century worshipped cleverness and intellectual alertness of any kind. This led to the assumption of the character of a wit, by a rather large class who were as much men of fashion as the beaux. 44. The box, at the theatre and the ring, at Hyde Park — often named as places of exhibit of beauty and dress. 46. The sedan chair was still a very common means of conveyance for men as well as women. The chairs were to be had for hire in the streets. Those owned by people of fashion were luxuriously appointed and richly ornamented. 51-54. Pope says in the second *Moral Epistle*, the one on the *Characters of Women*:—

In Men, we various Ruling Passions find;
In Women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fixed, they first or last obey,
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway. (ll. 207-210.)

56. ombre. A card game, popular in the period, borrowed from the Spanish. It can be played by two, three, four, or five persons. The eights, nines, and tens are thrown out of the pack. 57-66. The conception of the four orders of beings, corresponding to the four physical elements in which they live, is taken from the Rosicrucian theory. But of course the interpretation is Pope's own. 63-64. In the comedies of manners, and the other literature of the tone of *The Rape of the Lock*, any woman who seems to be virtuous is a prude; and even the prudery is assumed. She is modest because she has never been tempted to be otherwise, and hence is spiteful and malicious. Thus in Pope's plan a prude becomes a mischievous gnome. Pope says elsewhere, "Every woman is at heart a rake."—*Moral Epistle II*. l. 216. 86. That is, she rejects the successive offers of marriage that come to her, in hope of the chance of becoming a Duchess. 106. Ariel was the guardian of the waters, in mediæval black art. Shakespeare, in *The Tempest*, was the first to use Ariel in English poetry; his conception, however, is very different from the Ariel of Pope. 130-137. See Addison in the *Spectator*, No. 69.

II

4. At this time there were in London proper only two bridges over the Thames. Pleasure trips on the river were a favourite form of entertainment. 106. The collecting of china was a fashionable fad; there are many references to it in contemporary plays, etc. 108. **masquerade**. Masquerades had become a very popular form of amusement. They were often public, as at the Pantheon, and for some of these any one might buy a ticket and go masked. These came to be the occasion of much intrigue, and, in time, of much evil. Besides these public masquerades, others were held at private houses. The mask, or vizard, was much used in the pleasures of the time. Women went masked to the plays of doubtful character, and to the parks and other places of amusement, when bent on unauthorized pleasure. Parties went about masked to undertake frolics. 112-115. Each name is chosen for its appropriateness. The ear-drops are supposed to be set with brilliants; *crisp* means to curl or crimp. 134. "Chocolate was made in a kind of mill."—Croker's note. 139. **thrid**. To thread. Archaic.

III

3-4. Hampton Court is on the Thames about fifteen miles from London. It at this time had recently been greatly enlarged for William III., after designs by Christopher Wren. Queen Anne spent little time there, and the grounds seem to have been open then as now to the public. This distich brings out the prosaic possibilities of the heroic couplet. 7-8. In lines 89-90, Canto II., we find the usual complimentary reference to the sovereign. A seventeenth or early eighteenth century writer rarely passed by such an opportunity. In the flippancy of this couplet is found one of the first hints of an inclination to drop the conventional panegyric. 14. The acquisition of Japanese and especially of Indian curiosities and handiwork was also a fashionable fad. 17. "The snuff-box of the beau, and the fan of the woman of fashion, were frequent subjects of ridicule in the *Spectator*. The fan was employed to execute so many little coquettish manœuvres, that Addison ironically proposed that ladies should be drilled in the use of it, as soldiers are trained to the exercise of arms."—Elwin. See *Spectator*, No. 102 and No. 134. The fan often bore an epigram or favourite verse of some kind; or, when political strife

was running high, the picture of a favoured candidate or leader. The fans of this time were sometimes of enormous size. 29-100. The section omitted contains the elaborate and, to modern readers, tiresome account of the game of ombre between Belinda and the two knights. It was not included in the first edition. 106. The coffee was ground as well as made at the table. Coffee and tea were drunk to an enormous extent in this period. Coffee was introduced into England about 1650, and in 1715 there were two thousand coffee-houses in London. See Sydney's *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century* and Timb's *History of Clubs and Club Life*. 117-118. A great deal of talk on politics went on at the coffee-houses; different coffee-houses drew their patronage from different political sets. It was a time when political partisanship ran very high. 145-146. After giving so much power to the sylphs, Pope must suggest some plausible reason for Ariel's impotence now. 165. *Atalantis*. *The New Atalantis*, by Mrs. Delariviere Manley; a collection of scandal about public characters of the time. It was very popular for the moment. 166. A small ornamental pillow used for dressing the bed when ladies received visits in their bed-chambers, as was the custom among both men and women. 171-178. This irrelevant interpolation is merely another device to lessen the apparent responsibility of the characters.

IV

16. The spleen was held responsible for a great number of the real and imaginary diseases of the time. Ill-humour, low spirits, the vapours, melancholy, all went under the name of spleen. 20. The east wind was supposed to cause spleen. 31-38. This was a favourite jibe of the time. It had a basis in fact, for the special feminine affectation of the period was physical delicacy or hypochondriacal whimsies, chiefly under the name of spleen, or vapours. As guests were received in the bedrooms, there was an abundant opportunity for a display of invalid graces. 69. *citron-waters*. A drink distilled from the rind of citrons; much used by ladies. 79-84. Belinda's very unbecoming passion is to be due to an outside agency, also. 102. Croker says that pliant lead was used to fasten ladies' curl-papers. It has been used for the same purpose in modern times. 118. *Bow*. The famous bells on the church of St. Mary le Bow. The present bells, however, date only from 1762. The district

about the church had already become unfashionable. Grub Street was in the neighbourhood. 123. **Sir Plume**. A certain Sir George Brown. "Nobody but Sir George Brown was angry, and he was a great deal so, and for a long time. He could not bear that Sir Plume should talk nothing but nonsense." *Pope*, quoted by Spence, in his *Anecdotes*, pp. 194-195. Spence added that he had been assured that this account of Sir George Brown was the very picture of the man. 124. **clouded cane**. Mottled with light and dark. See the *Tailor*, No. 103. 156. **bohea**. At that time pronounced to rime with *way*. Cf. *tea*, Canto I. l. 62, Canto III. l. 8. 162. **patch-box**. A black silk or velvet patch to be worn on the face was a usual part of a lady's toilet. At one time the placing of the patch indicated the wearer's political preferences.

v

2. Introduced to relieve the baron of blame. 5. **Trojan**. *Æneas*. 7. **Clarissa**. "A new character introduced in the subsequent editions, to open more clearly the moral of the poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucis in Homer." — *Pope*. 14. **side box**. The ladies occupied the front-boxes, the gentlemen the side-boxes at the theatre. 20. **small-pox**. The smallpox was as common as any contagious disease of the present time. It was as probable an experience of every one, as measles is now. Evelyn tells of visiting his friend Mrs. Graham when there was smallpox in her family; she was deliberately exposing her children to it that they might undergo it while young. It was held before every beauty as a possible disaster and a warning to her vanity. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu introduced inoculation after her return from Constantinople in 1718. 106. **the vaulted roofs rebound**. From Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, l. 36. 133. **Mall**. The Mall now runs from Buckingham Palace to the Duke of York's Column. St. James's Palace and Marlborough House are on it. 136. **Rosamonda's Lake**. A pond in St. James's Park at that time; since filled up. 137. **Partridge**. The butt of the famous joke of Swift and his friends. He was a quack astrologer and an almanac-maker, who published predictions of coming events. Swift published a prediction of Partridge's death, giving the date; after the date had passed he announced the fulfilment of the prediction, giving the circumstances of Partridge's death.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY

Published in 1717, in first collection of Pope's works. The basis of the poem is undetermined. Nearly every eighteenth century commentator on Pope had a story for it, but none have been proved and most of them disproved. There is no known clew to any identification of the lady or any facts concerning her. The whole matter may be an invention of Pope's. It need never have caused so much comment, had not Pope taken some pains to mystify inquirers and make them think he had had some connection with such a mysterious lady.

60-62. Having died by suicide, she was not allowed rites of burial or a place in consecrated ground.

ESSAY ON MAN

Published in 1732-1734. It was intended as part of a larger plan never carried out. It was conceived and composed during the period of Pope's intimacy with Bolingbroke, and the basis of thought in it is Bolingbroke's. The Essay so far as completed consists of four epistles on Man: I., with respect to the universe; II., with respect to himself; III., with respect to society; IV., with respect to happiness. The poem had tremendous success, and for some time was regarded as embodying great philosophical wisdom. But even the extracts given show that much of the poem's apparent profundity is reducible to easily recognizable and long-known maxims.

CHARACTER OF ATOSSA

The division of Pope's work known as the *Moral Essays* includes the *Essay on Man* and the four *Epistles*. They were all, Pope said, to be fitted into an extensive plan that would cover almost every aspect of human life. This extract is from *Epistle II. (to a Lady); Of the Characters of Women*. The lady was Martha Blount, for many years Pope's chief woman friend. Their relation was so intimate that some writers have believed a secret marriage existed. The *Epistle* is a general satire on women, for the most part very scathing. The opening lines are: —

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
 "Most women have no characters at all."

Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair.

The character of Atossa is an example of the type of characterization in the satire. This attack is especially notable for its ferocity. The characterization in the poem is all, however, of Pope's most venomous type of personal satire. This section was not printed in the first edition, in 1735, and did not appear in any generally circulated edition until after Pope's death. It affords another of the opportunities for dispute and surmise concerning doubtful points in his life. The story was told, based on statements made by Bolingbroke and other contemporaries of Pope, that the Duchess of Marlborough paid him £1000 for the suppression of this sketch, and that he took the bribe, but left the verses in manuscript at his death. By others this account was denied or explained away. See full discussion in the Elwin-Courthope edition of Pope, Vol. III. There is little doubt that the character was intended for that of the Duchess of Marlborough, though Pope, according to Warton, tried to pass the lines as intended for the Duchess of Buckingham, the natural daughter of James II., and even inserted certain verses to mislead the reader to think so.

118. The violent temper of the Duchess of Marlborough was one of the exciting elements in public life in the first part of the eighteenth century. 119. "The fool whom the Duchess painted was no doubt Lord Grimston, whom she caused to be caricatured as an elephant dancing on a tight-rope." — *Elwin*. 140. The Duchess raised a monument to Queen Anne at Blenheim, but allowed it to be neglected. 149. The Duchess of Marlborough had quarrelled with all her children. The next two lines apply to the Duchess of Buckingham rather than to the Duchess of Marlborough.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT

Printed as the prologue to the Horatian satires; first published in 1734-1735. Dr. Arbuthnot (1667-1735) was one of Pope's most cherished and best-treated friends. He was, with Pope and Swift, a member of the Scriblerus Club and a contributor to its *Miscellanies*. He was a physician of much skill, and was Physician Extraordinary to the Queen. He was a man of great excellence both of attainments

and character, and was noted for his wit and good sense and for his genial humanity. The following comments on the poem have been confined to the most important points necessary for the intelligent reading of it. 1. **John.** John Serle, Pope's servant. 8. **grot.** Pope's famous grotto at Twickenham. It ran under a highway and was very artificially ornamented with spars and corals and mirrors and the like. 12. Debtors were exempt from arrest on Sunday. 13. **Mint.** In Southwark. In Henry VIII.'s time there was a mint there. Debtors and criminals were exempt from arrest in the Mint and took refuge there from officers of the law. On Sundays debtors could venture out. Nahum Tate died in the Mint. 15. **parson.** Laurence Eusden (1688-1730). Laureate from 1718 to 1730. He was a preacher, drank a great deal, and in his verse was abjectly flattering to possible patrons. 23. **giddy son.** James Moore Smyth, the son of Arthur Moore. He disagreed with and disgusted his father, and took the surname of his grandfather. Pope had an elaborate quarrel with him over some lines of Pope's inserted by Smyth in his *Rival Modes*. Pope attacked him in a note to the *Dunciad*, and even after Smyth's death, in the *Grub Street Journal*. 25. **Cornus.** Said by Horace Walpole to be Lord Robert Walpole, son of Robert Walpole. His wife left him in 1734. 40. The advice of Horace in *Ars Poetica*, ll. 386-388. 41. **Drury Lane.** By this time this street had lost its early respectability, and was occupied partially by residents of the grade of the Grub Street class. 48. A couplet following this in an earlier manuscript makes the lines apply to Theobald, the hero of the first version of the *Dunciad*. 49. **Pitholeon** is said to stand for the author Welsted. 53. **Curll.** A publisher of the period, in bad repute professionally. He published, in 1726, a volume of Pope's letters to Cromwell, secured by Curll without Pope's knowledge. Afterward Pope intrigued to get Curll to publish, on the supposition that they were also pirated, another volume of letters to Wycherley and others. 56. 'Alludes to a tragedy called the *Virgin Queen*, by R. Barford, published in 1729, who displeased Pope by daring to adopt the fine machinery of his sylphs in an heroi-comical poem called the *Assembly*.' — Warton. 62. Bernard Lintot (1675-1736) and Jacob Tonson (1656?-1736) were the leading book-sellers and publishers of the period. Lintot published Pope's *Rape of the Lock* and *Homer*. III. After the publication of the *Dunciad* and during the counter-attacks to which

it led, the *Grub Street Journal* was established, in 1730, to carry on the warfare from Pope's side. It purported to criticise Pope and praise his detractors, but its tone was keenly ironical. Pope denied connection with it, but there is no doubt it was really his mouth-piece. It was continued up to 1737. 114. The method of publishing books on subscription, though comparatively recent, was becoming popular. Pope's *Homer* was published so. 117. **Ammon's great son.** Alexander. See note on Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, l. 30. Pope's deformities are well known. 118. Pope is said to have really had a very fine eye. 122. **Maro.** Vergil; Publius Vergilius Maro.

130. Cf. line 23. 135. George Granville, Lord Lansdowne (1667-1735), prominent in public affairs during Anne's reign. He did some dramatic and poetic, as well as political, writing. He was one of Pope's early critics and urged the publication of *Windsor Forest*, which Pope dedicated to him. 136. William Walsh (1663-1708), a country gentleman, who wrote a little superficial poetry. His critical abilities were greater than his poetic, and Dryden called him the best critic in England. His advice to Pope, to "be correct," is well known. He is perhaps better known through his connection with Pope than through his own achievements. 137. Sir Samuel Garth (1661-1719), the author of *The Dispensary*. Pope called him "the best-natured of men." 138. **And Congreve loved.** Lady Montagu denies this in a letter to Arbuthnot. 147-156. It is true that Pope's earliest published work was pastoral and innocuous, but as early as in the *Essay on Criticism*, he made an unpleasant allusion to Dennis which drew that writer's ill-will upon him. This led to the first of his literary quarrels. John Dennis (1657-1734) was a poor poet, dramatist, and critic. He was rather boorish by nature, but up to this point had done Pope no harm. Gildon had inserted some abuse of Pope in a *Life of Wycherley* that he wrote. 164. It was Richard Bentley, the great classical scholar, that said of Pope's *Homer*, "a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it *Homer*." Pope retaliated in the *Dunciad* and in this. 179. **bard.** Ambrose Philips (1675?-1749), a friend of Addison. His *Pastorals* were published by Tonson in the same *Miscellany* with Pope's. The favourable comment on Philips made Pope jealous, and he tried eventually to revenge himself on Philips and at the same time bring about a quarrel between him and Addison and Steele. Pope implies that Philips's *Pastorals* were not his own work. 180. It was said that

Philips received thirty pence each for his *Persian Tales*. 190. Nahum Tate (1652-1715) was laureate from 1692. 193-214. The date of production of this section is one of the much-discussed questions concerning the poem. Pope stated that he wrote it during Addison's life and sent it to Addison. But certain evidence seems to contradict that. It may have been written before Addison's death (1719), but there is no proof that he ever saw it. It was printed first in 1723. In 1722 it was circulating in manuscript; the very first mention of it is made in 1722. See the introduction to the *Epistle*, in Elwin's edition of Pope, Vol. III. This characterization is Pope's best piece of satire. It is not more true than any other, but in it, instead of ridiculing a man's physical defects or his poverty, or inventing an absurd situation for him, Pope really attacks vulnerable points. It is unfair, and false in part, and yet Pope manages to suggest that he is not a virulent enemy of Addison, but a reluctant and regretful critic. 208. *obliged*. At that time not yet anglicized from the French, and riming with *besieged*. 211. *Templars*. See note on Swift's *Description of a City Shower*, l. 35. 230. *Bufo*. In the final draft of the poem intended for Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax. The section omitted contains an attack on him. 249-254. Pope could afford this gibe, for in an age of literary patronage, he was one of the very first writers to succeed, financially and otherwise, without the aid of a patron. 258. Pope wrote the epitaph on Gay in Westminster Abbey. Printed in collections of Pope's Poems. 260. Gay spent his last four years in the household of the Duchess of Queensbury, and died there. He had been under the patronage of the Queensburys for years before that. 276. *Balbus*. The Earl of Kinnoul. 280. *Sir Will*. Sir William Yonge. *Bubo*. Bubb Dodington, Baron Melcombe (1691-1762), somewhat prominent in politics at the time, though of unsavory political reputation. He was one of the last of the patrons, and Thomson and Young were among his protégés. 299. *Dean and silver bell*. Referring to an interpretation that had been put on certain lines in *Epistle IV*. of the *Moral Essays*. Pope had denied the inference drawn. 343. *stood*. Withstood. 349. "It was reported that he had been beaten in Ham Walks and that he shed tears from the pain. The story was told in a pamphlet called *A Pop upon Pope*, which the poet believed to have been written by Lady M. W. Montagu." — *Elwin*. The examples of ill-treatment cited throughout the paragraph are not hypothetical, but

are references to fact or to what Pope believed to be fact. His quarrels were beyond number. 363. **Sporus.** Lord Hervey, a friend of Lady Montagu, and, through collaboration with her in her satires on Pope, an object of bitter attack on the part of Pope. The section omitted, lines 305-331, contains a ferocious characterization of Hervey. **Japhet.** Japhet Cooke, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger. See *Epistle III.*, l. 86. 365. **Knight of the Post.** "The so-called 'Knights of the Post' stood about the sheriff's pillars near the Courts in readiness to swear anything for pay." — *Ward.* 369. **Sappho.** Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. It is not definitely known how the quarrel between her and Pope arose. They had at one time been friends, and Pope had addressed some very extravagant letters and lines to her. 371. Dennis fell into great distress in his last years. Not long before his death a benefit performance of the *Provoked Husband* was given for him in the Haymarket theatre. Pope wrote the prologue. The apparent kindness was modified somewhat by the tone of some of the lines. 374. "It was so long, after many libels, before the author of the *Dunciad* published that poem; till when he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him." — *Pope.*

375. "This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. Pope had occasioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published that he libelled the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of *five hundred pounds*: the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. Pope never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from any great man whatsoever." — *Pope.* He mentions Welsted in the *Dunciad* also, Bk. II. ll. 207-210. 378-379. Certain writings in the *Grub Street Journal*. Budgell was accused of forging a will in his own favour; in consequence of the accusation, he drowned himself. 380. Curll and Lord Hervey. 393. Addison's marriage with the Countess of Warwick was supposed to have proved unhappy. 417. Arbuthnot was physician to Queen Anne, and attended her in her last illness. On the accession of George I. he lost his place at Court.

THOMAS PARNELL

(1679-1718)

Parnell's life is comparatively obscure. He was an Irish clergyman, Archdeacon of Clogher. Between 1706 and 1714 he spent as much time as possible in London, and there he was a friend of Swift and Pope and Gay and Arbuthnot, and attracted the attention of public men with literary tastes, such as Bolingbroke and Oxford. He was a member of the Scriblerus Club. Swift and Pope, especially, did all they could to bring his talents to notice, and encourage him to write. His personal charms were evidently unusual; the letters of these other writers to him all express a great degree of tenderness. Of his productions few appeared during his life. The *Hymn to Contentment* is one of these; it appeared in Steele's *Poetical Miscellanies* in 1714 (December, 1713). The first collection of his work was edited by Pope in 1722. Other and later collections have added to this from time to time. Although so closely associated with Pope, Parnell's work shows only the general classical influence of the time, and no tendency to imitate. Within the limits of this influence, he shows great originality. His work looks forward to a later period, in its simplicity and genuineness of feeling and its thoughtful elegiac tone. In his *Anacreontics* he endeavours to be gay, but his more characteristic work is akin to the "grave-yard" type of poetry, which appeared frequently in the middle of the century. The poems here given are all in octosyllabics, but a large part of his verse is in heroic couplets, and several of the poems in stanza forms.

The text given here is that of the Aldine edition, edited by G. A. Aitken. (London, 1894.)

JOHN GAY

(1685-1732)

Gay, who was of middle-class parentage, was apprenticed in youth to a silk mercer in London, but did not finish his apprenticeship or take up any other occupation. He spent the most of his life waiting for some one to provide for him, or to increase the provision. He

had no cause to complain, for he usually had an easy and generous patron; and besides, every worthy piece of work he did had prompt appreciation and ample reward. At his death he left £6000, earned by his pen. His plays were not always successful, or always deserving. But every important piece of his work shows a special and unique talent. His lack of personal independence is in marked contrast to his literary independence and originality. Although a close friend of Pope and his group, he is quite independent of them in his literary methods. His work cannot be said to have definite influence on the time, and yet it possesses modern elements far beyond most contemporary poetry. It shows humanistic tendencies, realism, and sincerity in his handling of nature. The *Fables* are the only piece of his work that has held its place, but the *Shepherd's Week*, *Trivia*, and especially the *Beggars' Opera*, were tremendously popular in Gay's time. The *Beggars' Opera*, which deals with highwaymen and receivers of stolen goods, ran sixty-two nights, and almost drove the Italian opera out of fashion. Capricious as is the use of the subject-matter, the play is, nevertheless, interesting for its recognition of human qualities — and literary possibilities — in poor, even criminal, classes. Gay shows the same human interest in nearly all his work.

These selections are from the text of 1720, as edited by J. Underhill, in the Muses' Library. (London and New York, 1893.)

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK

Published in April, 1714. Pope had become jealous of the success of Ambrose Philips's *Pastorals*, which were published in 1709, in the same number of Tonson's *Miscellany* with his own, and seemed to elicit more praise than his. He took an ingenious and characteristic method of revenge, but not satisfied with that, incited Gay to burlesque Philips by writing pastorals in which he should outdo Philips in using real details, and the real language, of country life. That was Pope's notion of burlesque pastorals. Gay's sense of the matter was better than Pope's, and the result was a more serious success than Pope had dreamed of. For once his judgment of public taste was at fault. The *Shepherd's Week* is, in spite of its semi-burlesque character, a fairly accurate presentation of country life. It is

distinguished from the other pastorals of the period by the fact that the shepherds are English shepherds and in their own condition of life, not classic figures transplanted to England. Gay says in the *Proeme*, "Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or if the hogs are astray driving them to their styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields, he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge, nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none. . . ." The work is modelled on Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*. It was dedicated to Bolingbroke.

MONDAY. This, like Ambrose Philips's sixth *Pastoral*, and Pope's *Spring*, is an imitation of the fifth Idyll of Theocritus. Lobbin Clout, Cuddy, Cloddipole. Ambrose Philips had used Lobbin and Cuddy. The names are all intended to imply boorishness. Lobbin Clout and Cuddy [ie] are taken from the *Shepherd's Calendar*. See the *Proeme*. Gay's explanation of his purpose is slightly ironical, as if he thought the work would be ridiculed and wished to take the initiative in the ridicule himself. 3. **sheen**. Bright. 5. **scant**. Scarce. 6. **rear**. Early in the morning. 49. **featest**. Nimblest, gracefulest. 69. **eftsoons**. Evidently used to mean *very soon*. 79. **queintly**. Gay says that he applies one of Chaucer's uses of the word; arch, waggish. 99. "*Hot Cockles*, from the French *hautes-coquilles*, is a play in which one kneels, and covering his eyes lays his head in another's lap and guesses who struck him." — Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes of the English People*. 113-114. Marygold. 117-118. Rosemary.

TRIVIA

Published in 1716. The poem consists of three books: I. Of the implements for walking the streets and signs of the weather; II. Of walking the streets by day; III. Of walking the streets by night. The poetic element in the work is of the most meagre. But the poem is interesting as a detailed and accurate picture, and has been of much use as an authority on the customs and conditions of London street life. It is also one of the earliest works in this period to show realistic tendency.

Book II. 10. **Billingsgate**. From Billing's Gate (later Billings-

gate), the name of one of the ancient gates of London and of the celebrated fishmarket near it. From the disputes connected with the business there, the place became noted for its type of abusive language. Hence, even in the seventeenth century, *Billingsgate* meant the language itself as well as the place. 13-15. *Asses' milk* was much used by invalids and hypochondriacs. It was sold at this time for three-and-sixpence a quart. The asses were driven from door to door through the streets. 56. *red-heeled shoes*. Cf. Swift's *City Shower*, and *Spectator*, No. 16. Very high heels were worn at this time. 57-58. The wigs were at their largest and were worn very heavily powdered. The powder was easily shaken off by the wind or by a jostling of the wearer. 221-226. The pillory was not abolished until 1837. It was the custom, in Gay's time and later, for the crowd to express its opinion of the justice of the punishment administered, by practical means; even worse missiles than those mentioned here were thrown. In several cases men were killed thus, in the pillory. On the other hand, when Defoe was put in the pillory on the publishing of his *Shortest Way with Dissenters*, the crowd hung the "hieroglyphic state machine" with garlands. 408-410. Bull- and bear-baiting continued, though there was some movement against the sport, until the middle of the century. 410. *Hockley-hole*. Hockley-in-the-Hole, in Clerkenwell was a very popular place for holding these sports. 443-450. The humanity of this appeal is rather characteristic of Gay, and is one of the indications of the somewhat modern quality of his work, which distinguishes him from his contemporaries. In most of the literature of this period, the lower classes are ignored entirely. 560. *Stagira's sage*. Aristotle. He was born at Stagira. 561. Thomas Otway (1651-1685), the author of *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserved*, the greatest tragedies of the Restoration period. 562. William Congreve (1670-1729), author of *The Way of the World*, *Love for Love*, etc., brilliant, witty comedies that close the first period of the comedy of manners. D . . . John Dennis. See notes to Pope's *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, l. 154. In some early editions, *D'Urfey* is printed here. 564. *Squirt*. An apothecary's boy in Garth's *Dispensary*.

Book III. 55. The wigs, almost universally worn by gentlemen, and sometimes by ladies, were valuable, costing as high as forty or fifty guineas.

MR. POPE'S WELCOME FROM GREECE

Pope spent nearly all of the years from 1713 to 1725 on his translation of Homer. During these years of hard and unusually continuous labour, he spent less time than common with his friends. This poem celebrates the completion of his translation of the *Iliad* 12. "What terrible moments does one feel, after one has engaged for a large work! In the beginning of my translating of the *Iliad*, I wished anybody would hang me, a hundred times. It sat so heavily on my mind at first, that I often used to dream of it, and do sometimes still." Pope, in Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 218. 29-32. "Major-General Withers and Colonel Disney are buried in the same grave in the cloisters at Westminster Abbey. The latter was familiarly known as 'Duke' Disney, on account of an exclamation of his." — *Underhill*. 55. Sir Paul Methuen, one time Secretary of State under George I. Gay has a versified *Epistle* to him. 56. **Arthur**. Probably Arthur Moore. See note on Pope's *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, l. 23. 58. **Wortley**. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The period of Pope's intimacy with her was from 1716 to 1720, according to Spence. During that time his devotion was great, as great as his rancour afterward, when he had quarrelled with her. 61. **Murray**. Lady Murray. 62. **Howard**. Mrs. Howard, afterward the Countess of Suffolk. 63. **Hervey**. Lord Hervey, afterward an enemy of Pope. See the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, ll. 305-333. 64. **Lepell**. Mary Lepell, maid of honour to Queen Caroline, much admired by Pope. She later married Hervey. 65-66. Martha and Teresa Blount. At first Pope seems to have divided, or rather alternated, his affections between the two sisters. But after he gave Martha his decided preference he quarrelled with Teresa. At his death he left Martha the greater part of his personal property. 67-68. Madge and Mary Bellenden, maids of honour to the Princess of Wales. During Pope's residence at Chiswick (1716-1717), he was much at the court of the Prince. 69. **Duchess**. The Duchess of Hamilton.

MATTHEW PRIOR

(1664-1721)

Prior was in the diplomatic service until he was nearly fifty; was turned out on the death of Anne and return of the Whigs to power,

and imprisoned for a time as one of the framers of the treaty of Utrecht. Up to this time, though he had written occasionally, he had published only one volume. Now, to relieve his situation, his friends arranged for a subscription edition of his poems, from which he received the remarkable sum of £4000. Besides this, Lord Oxford made him a gift of Downhall, in Essex, and Prior passed his remaining days in comfort. He was a man of great wit and personal grace and charm, though he had the faults of his class in that period. The examples of his verse given here, are representative of only one class of his work. He has some pieces in the "correct," didactic style, such as his *Solomon*; and some light, bantering satire, like *Alma*. But his best work is in the *vers de société*, of which these selections are among the cleverest. In this kind of verse no one of his time could be placed beside him, and it was several generations before he was equalled. His wit and grace were unhampered by the traditions of the time. He had, for light matters, a light touch that neither Pope nor Dryden could compass. His literary progenitors would have to be found in the Caroline period. His *Chloe*, unfortunately, unlike Herrick's *Julia* and Waller's *Saccharissa*, is reputed to have been of a class and character quite unworthy of such verse.

The text used is that of the Aldine edition, edited by Richard Brimley Johnson. (London, 1892.)

JOSEPH ADDISON

(1672-1719)

Addison's poetry is more interesting as being a representation of the time, than as a reflection of Addison himself. Nearly all his verse belongs to the years of his early maturity, not to his literary period proper. Almost every prose-writer of the eighteenth century approached his final result, by way of verse-making or dramatic writing. The literary rank of prose was not yet established, nor the distinction between poetic and prose material. So it was entirely natural that Addison should make his first essays in verse, and should be rather long in discovering wherein his real ability lay. His poetry and his prose lie well apart. Though his prose is original in both form and matter, his poetry is imitative. His prose looks forward, his verse does not. The qualities that give charm to his prose — his sweet humanity,

his urbane geniality, his interest in things for their own sake — are all lacking in his verse. The poems belong to the classic, the didactic, or informational type. His *Account of the Greatest English Poets* shows his early taste and his choice in models. Spenser he disdains, as the taste of his time does; Cowley and Dryden he places at the apex of excellence. So, following Dryden and his like, he uses critical or informational or panegyric material for his own verse. For that type of work, his is not objectionable; he makes few errors in judgment or taste, according to that standard. Throughout his earlier period he uses the heroic couplet.

The text is that of G. W. Greene's revision of Hurd's edition. (Philadelphia, 1883.)

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST ENGLISH POETS

Written in 1693-1694, when Addison was but twenty-two. It was published in a miscellany, and never reprinted by Addison. His later judgment repudiated much that it contains. It represents the current opinion of the time. Pope told Spence that Addison said he did not read Spenser until fifteen years after he wrote this criticism. (Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 50.) Pope's statements about Addison are not always to be trusted, but certainly nothing in the poem belies this one. The occasional literary comments in the *Spectator* show a much truer appreciation of poetry in his maturer period. **57. fit the deep-mouthed Pindar.** See note on Gray's *Progress of Poesy*, p. 455.

THE CAMPAIGN

The sub-caption is, *A Poem: To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough*. Addison, as a promising student and possible poet, had been sent abroad under the patronage of the government, secured for him by Halifax, with the understanding that Addison was preparing himself to be a public servant and an ornament to the administration. The death of William III. put an end to his pension, and he returned to England and spent the next months in semi-obscurity. In 1704 the battle of Blenheim occurred, and the government wished to have it celebrated in fitting verse. Godolphin appealed to Halifax to suggest a poet, and Halifax referred him to Addison, taking all care, however, of his favourite's dignity and interest. Addison wrote

The Campaign, and received a Commissionership of Appeals, the beginning of his public life. The poem is primarily a panegyric on Marlborough, but he is praised by means of the events narrated, usually, rather than by direct laudation. Joseph Warton condemned the piece as merely "a gazette in rime," and his criticism has been quoted ever since. 289. *Such as of late*. In November, 1703, a terrible storm passed over England. It was, as Macaulay says, "the only tempest which in our latitude has equalled the rage of a tropical hurricane."

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER

Panegyric, in the eighteenth-century sense, has been so completely dropped from modern poetry, that it is hard for modern taste to appreciate it. In this example, it is hard to get past the adulation of George I. to the real ingenuity and grace of the poem. But it is an excellent illustration of the panegyric of the time. Kneller was a companion of the contemporary writers, as Reynolds was later. But Kneller was so inordinately conceited that he was frequently the butt of their jokes; not all the lines written to him are to be taken seriously. Kneller is said to have made the portraits of ten ruling monarchs.

DIVINE ODE

Published in the *Spectator*, No. 465.

SWIFT

(1667-1745)

In a general consideration of Swift's place in eighteenth-century literature, it would almost be possible to forget that he wrote any poetry at all, so subordinated is his poetic product to his prose. And yet he left three volumes of verse — a larger output than Thomson's or Prior's, and far larger than Gray's. Swift never took his poetry very seriously himself. He wrote sporadically, and his verse was nearly all occasional work, of one sort or another. Much of it is in personal address; some was produced in collaboration with his jocular friends, or at their instigation; much is in the form of quips and

freakish inventions. It has been handed down in literary gossip, that Dryden said to Swift, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." From one point of view, his prediction may be regarded as having been fulfilled. Swift simply carries the qualities of his prose into catchy, aptly phrased verse. There is not a quality of his poetry that is not paralleled in his prose. There is the same general type of invention, as shown in the details of *Baucis and Philemon*, the same cynicism, as shown in *On the Death of Dr. Swift*, the same foulness on occasion, the same freakish humour, the same directness and clearness. On the other hand, there is no dramatic effect, no sublimity, no mystery, no loveliness of expression. His work is, in a way, in keeping with the classical period. Verse was still a vehicle for very prosaic subject-matter. Satire and reasoning fell into metre more readily than any imaginative thought did. And yet Swift shows no tendency to imitate. He does not use the common vehicle, the heroic couplet, but almost always octosyllabics, whose use in satire Butler had illustrated a generation before.

The text used here is that of the Aldine edition, edited by John Mitford. (London, 1894.)

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

The sub-caption is, *On the ever-lamented loss of the two yew-trees in the parish of Chillthorne, Somerset.* 1706. *Imitated from the eighth Book of Ovid.*

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER

In imitation of Virgil's Georgics. Written in October, 1710; and first printed in the Tatler. The accurate realistic description is almost unique in the time. Few writers cared to attempt it, even in prose. 35. **Templar.** A lawyer or law student; one having rooms in the Temple. Two of the Inns of Court are known as the Inner and Middle Temple. 38. **oiled umbrella.** One of the first references to this use of umbrellas. Large umbrellas had been in use for carriages, to be kept in place by an attendant. The first umbrellas were of oilcloth; the silk umbrella did not come in until near 1800. Gay, in his *Trivia* (Bk. I. l. 211), also refers to the umbrella.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT

Written in November, 1731.

Occasioned by reading the following Maxim in Roche-foucault, "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose, qui ne nous déplait pas."

55. **Arbuthnot.** See notes to Pope's *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, p. 427. Arbuthnot assimilated Swift's style so thoroughly and followed it so closely that their contemporaries could not always tell the difference, and some of his work was ascribed to Swift. Swift held Arbuthnot in high esteem. He is reported to have said that if there were a dozen Arbuthnots in the world, he would burn his Gulliver. He also said of Arbuthnot, "The doctor has more wit than we all have, and his humanity is equal to his wit." 59. **St. John.** Lord Bolingbroke. **Pulteney.** William Pulteney, Earl of Bath (1684-1764). He had been Secretary of the Treasury under Walpole, but at this time was with the opposition, and had connected himself with Bolingbroke. 83-84. **old vertigo.** The disease from which Swift suffered all his life. It began soon after he went to Temple's, and culminated in the madness of his last years. 168. Swift made no secret, at home or in London, of his dislike for Ireland, and his popularity there came very slowly. He never became attached to the Irish people, but his sense of justice, and also his tendency to partisanship, made him take their side. His *Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacturers* (1720) showed this growing sympathy, and the *Drapier's Letters* (1724) raised him to the acme of popularity. 179. Lady Suffolk was a mistress of George II., and one of the ladies to the queen. Her connection with the family went back to the continental days. She was much courted by those who were trying to achieve royal favour in some sort, and had professed great friendship for Swift. 184. The queen, when Princess of Wales, had shown Swift great favour, and promised him a present of medals. But the medals were never ready. 253. **Bernard Lintot** (1675-1736), publisher and bookseller. He and Tonson were the best publishers of the period, and were an important factor in bringing good work to recognition. 258. **Duck-lane.** "A place in London, where old books were sold." — Quoted by Aitken from Dublin edition. 270. Colley Cibber (1671-1757) was, as Mr. Gosse says, "a fribble and a

light-weight," and such writers as Pope and Swift united in ridiculing him. But he was a popular playwright, and his comedies of humour have some merit. 277. A vindication of Walpole, by some hired hack. 278. **Henley**. Henley was an unsuccessful and freakish clergyman who established what he called an Oratory. Here he gave addresses, charging a shilling admittance to them. Pope mentions him in the *Dunciad*. (Bk. II. and Bk. III. 199.) 300. **the Rose**. There were several taverns of the name in London at this time. 324. **Chartres**. Francis Charteris, a notorious scoundrel of the time. 479-484. Swift left his money for the endowment of an insane asylum in Dublin.

JOHN POMFRET

(1667-1702)

Pomfret was a poor clergyman whose rather unfortunate life came to an end early. His various publications appeared between 1699 and 1702. *The Choice* was popular in a time when poems of this type were not receiving much attention; but a misinterpretation of some lines in it stopped his advancement in the church. Pomfret seems rather like one born out of due time. The repose and simplicity of his work is somewhat out of keeping with the bustling intellectuality of the period in whose first years his *Choice* was published. Even his couplets do not smack of the prevailing type. The feeling he expresses is real, and in his ingenuous pleasure in nature, he shows something of kinship to Lady Winchilsea.

JOHN PHILIPS

(1676-1708)

At a time when other men were hurrying their thoughts into heroic couplets, Philips insisted upon admiring and using blank verse. It can hardly be said that he was putting it to the noblest use, however. In almost everything but form he followed the taste of the time. His important productions, all in blank verse, are three: the mock-heroic *Splendid Shilling* (1701), *Cider* (1708), a didactic poem in two books, and the panegyric, *Blenheim* (1705), a Tory offset to Addison's

Campaign. They are all, in matter and manner, of the Queen Anne period; but they all show in their form the influence of Milton.

The quotation prefixed to *The Splendid Shilling* is from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Bk. I. ll. 15-16. The poem is a burlesque parody, of the style and form of *Paradise Lost*. It is, after all, only a youthful performance, but as a promise of future work it was brilliant. Philips died at thirty-three; had he lived longer, he would probably have made a much greater contribution to English literature.

6. Taverns in Oxford at that time. 27. **Cestrian**; a Latinized adjective for *of Chester* or *of Cheshire*. 29. **Arvonian**. Arvon is Carnarvon. 30. **Maridunum**. Carmarthen. 31. **yclept**. Called. **Brechinia**. Brecknock. **Vaga**. The river Wye. 32. **Ariconium**. Kenchester. 34. **Massic**, **Setin** (ian), **Falern** (Falernian). Names of old Italian wines. 127. **Cronian**. From Cronos (Saturn). Here means simply *Arctic*. 132. **Lilybean**. From Lilybæum, a promontory on the west coast of Sicily. Here means *Sicilian*.

The notes on proper names are taken from the notes on *The Splendid Shilling*, in Patrick's edition, Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, Vol. II. p. 242. The text is, except for some modernization of spelling and details of printing, that of the London edition of 1720.

THOMAS TICKELL

(1686-1740)

Tickell has, at best, only an incidental interest to the student of literature. He was a friend and satellite of Addison; he was Addison's literary executor, and edited Addison's works; he made the beginning of a translation of the *Iliad*, over which Pope found occasion to quarrel with Addison. His productions are, in general, with the exception of this elegy, imitative and mediocre. His ballad, *Colin and Lucy*, has been much read and liked; his only other work, whose merit has preserved it, is this one. It was printed in the first volume of his edition of Addison's works (1721).

Earl of Warwick. Addison married the Countess of Warwick, and this Earl of Warwick was his stepson. 11-18. Addison is buried in Westminster Abbey. 22. Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax (1661-1715), the first patron of Addison, and one of the greatest of all patrons. He also is buried in the Abbey, in the Chapel

of Henry VII., near Addison. 74. **Cato.** Addison's play of that name, produced on the stage in 1713. 81-82. Addison's last words to Warwick were, "See in what peace a Christian can die." 102. James Craggs the younger (1686-1721) succeeded Addison as Secretary of State in 1718. He was a man of brilliant parts and great political promise. Addison, on his death-bed, dedicated his works to him, and commended Tickell to his patronage. Craggs is buried in Westminster Abbey, his coffin resting on Addison's.

This text is that used in Tickell's edition of Addison's works. (London, 1726.)

ALLAN RAMSAY

(1686-1758)

Ramsay, after a boyhood spent among the natural scenes and the peasant life in the country, went to Edinburgh and served an apprenticeship in the trade of wig-making, then an important and profitable business. He set up for himself as a wig-maker, but, soon finding his way into the circle of men of literary tastes, he gave up wig-making and became a bookseller. In several ways he advanced literary interests in Edinburgh. He established a circulating library, made English publications more easily accessible, and encouraged Scotch writers. He helped to make the Scotch acquainted with their own literature, both old and new, by means of his anthologies, *The Tea-Table Miscellany*, in four successive volumes, and *The Evergreen*. With the exception of *The Gentle Shepherd*, and some of his songs, his own work was rather mediocre. But he is important because of his formative influence on Scotch literature. He set his stamp of approval on the use of the vernacular, gave distinctively Scotch elements to his work, and encouraged other writers to do the same.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD

Published first in 1725; songs were added in the edition of 1728. *The Gentle Shepherd* is perhaps the best example of the pastoral drama in the literature of Great Britain. It is an actual representation of the life of the shepherd class, and is full of natural charm and free from false or artificial sentiment. Ramsay makes a concession to the conventions of the time, in the dénouement, however, when he has his hero and heroine prove to be of higher birth than the shepherd

class to which they have been supposed to belong. In the introduction of didactic sentiments, also, he shows some tendency to follow the classic school. But these defects do not seriously mar the charm of the work.

Introductory lines. 1. *howm*; the low ground on the banks of a stream. *braes*; slopes, hillsides. 2. *daes*; clothes. 3. *burnie*; a burn is a brook; *-ie* is a diminutive ending. . . . Scene II. 1. *wark*; work. 3. *lift*; sky. 5. *farer*; farther. *Howe*; hollow. 7. *birks*; birch trees. *lin*; waterfall. 8. *singan*; singing. 12. *het*; hot. 14. *cauler*; cool, fresh. 16. *brattling*; racing. 18. *wad*; would. *Haith*; generally viewed as a corruption of *faith*.—*Jamieson*. *blate*; bashful. 19. *frae*; from. 21. *our lane*; alone. 22. *gar*; make. 23. *tent*; notice. 24. *carena*; care not. 26. *wordy*; worthy. 28. *mair*; more. *kend*; knew. 29. *kaims*; combs. 31. *whilk*; which. *pensylie*; conceitedly, in a self-important way. *a-jee*; on one side. 32. *diced*; woven in squares. 33. *o'erlay*; cravat. 34. *gangs*; goes. *trigger*; neater. 38. *unco*; very. *sair*; sore. 40. *dorty*; saucy, proud. 41. *dawted*; doted on, petted. *tarrows at*; refuses pettishly. 42. *feckless*; feeble. *orp*; whimper. *greet*; weep. 43. *lave*; the rest. 44. *syne*; then. 45. *scart*; scratch. 50. *jo*; sweetheart. 51. *sic*; such. 57. *chiels*; fellows. '58. *wa's*; ways. 61. *deil*; devil. *maun*; must. 62. *fechting*; fighting. 73. *meikle*; much. *unco*; uncommon. *fraise*; fuss. 74. *dauf*; fondle. *fouk*; folk. 77. *tint*; lost. 79. *ae*; one. *neist*; next. *flyte*; scold. 80. *barlickhoods*; fits of drunken passion. 81. *loundering lick*; a beating. 82. *thae*; those. 85. *skaith*; loss. 87. *een*; eyes. 89. *thirle*; thrill. 92. *ilk*; each, every. 93. *fell*; great, serious. 96. *gate*; way. 97. *coofs*; dunces. 99. *heffs*; dwells. 100. *or't*; ere it. 103. *whinging*; whining. *getts*; children. 104. *fasheous*; troublesome. 105. *brats*; clothing; specifically, aprons. 106. *wean*; child. *scads*; scalds. *broe*; broth. 107. *tines*; loses. 109. *waur*; worse. 112. *gif*; if. 115. *toolying*; quarrelling. 116. *ettle*; aim. 118. *tenting*; tending. 120. *poortith*; poverty. 122. *canty*; cheerful. 123. *duddy*; ragged. *toom*; empty. 124. *nowt*; cattle. *spate*; flood. 126. *blashy*; deluging. *thows*; thaws. 127. *smoor*; smother. *wathers*; wethers. 128. *dyvour*; bankrupt. *woo*; wool. 131. *to the bent*; fled from his creditors. 132. *maunna*; must not. *pounds*; distrains

for rent. 135. **nae mows**; no jest. 144. **nocht**; naught. 147. **tron**; weighing-place. 148. **halesome**; wholesome. 152. **rowth**; plenty. 155. **giglet**; playful girl. 158. **feg**; fig. 161. **ferly**; wonder. 165. **maiks**; mates. 175. **hag-a-bag**; huckaback, coarse linen. 177. **bigonets**; linen caps. 180. **dosens**; cools. 193. **ilk**; every. 197. **darn'd**; hidden. 204. **freath the graith**; froth the soap-suds.

JOHN DYER

(1700?-1758).

Dyer began the study of law, but abandoned it and spent the years of his early maturity in the study of art and attempts at painting. His verse shows the eye and taste of a landscape painter. In 1741 he took orders and settled down in a church living. *Grongar Hill* and *The Country Walk* both appeared during 1726. On returning from travel in Italy, he published *Ruins of Rome* (1840), and shortly before this death, *The Fleece* (1757), a long didactic poem in blank verse. In the latter, after the fashion of followers of the classic school, he puts a great deal of utterly prosaic matter into poetic form. It deals with such topics as the care of sheep, their pastures, food, and distempers, methods of caring for the wool, the general industrial condition of England, and so on. But it is at least in blank verse, and along with its discursive information it mingles beautiful bits of description and representation of homely human life. His shorter poems, *Grongar Hill* especially, show a charming sense of outdoor beauty, and an eye for colour and feeling for tone. Dowden says of Dyer, "He is a poet. He has a heart that listens, an eye that loves; his landscape is full of living change, of tender incident, of the melody of breeze and bird and stream." Wordsworth brought him to notice again, and wrote a sonnet on him that did much to revive interest in his work. It closes:—

"Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,
A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay,
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial waste;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill!"

Grongar Hill is in southern Wales, near the Towy River. Dyer wandered through there on an itinerant painting tour,

A COUNTRY WALK

18. *Augusta*. London. See note on *Mac-Flecknoe*, l. 64.
 153. *Abergasney*. "The name of a seat belonging to the author's brother." Chalmers. 155. *Clio*. Not the Muse. A lady whom Dyer painted and who wrote a poem to him printed in the collection of his poems.

JAMES THOMSON

(1700-1748)

Thomson was born at Ednam in Roxburghshire, Scotland. He was educated at Edinburgh University, but left there without a degree, and went, in 1725, to London. There, in 1726, he published *Winter*, which was immediately successful, and brought him literary friends at once. In 1727 he produced *Summer*; *Spring*, in 1728; and *Autumn*, with which the others were republished in one volume, in 1730. He travelled on the Continent as governor to the son of the Solicitor-General, during the years 1730-1731. The *Seasons* brought him prompt celebrity and recognition, and on his return to London he found continued patronage and encouragement. He became one of the group about the Prince of Wales, and soon settled at Richmond, to remain there almost continuously until his death. He published *Liberty*, a long political poem, 1734-1736. Beginning with *Sophonisba* in 1729, he produced plays at intervals up to his death. But if everything he wrote between the *Seasons* and *The Castle of Indolence* (1728) were lost, it would not affect his present reputation, or his influence at any time. Everything else was, in fact, unimportant even during his life, and is now almost forgotten. But the importance of these two works in the eighteenth century can hardly be overestimated. They were the first really strong and effective checks upon the domination of the classic school. Their verse-form is in itself a declaration of independence, and their subject-matter is a still stronger one.

The text used here is that of the Aldine edition, edited by the Rev. D. C. Tovey. (London, 1897.)

THE SEASONS

Although *The Seasons* were complete, in their first form, before Thomson's thirtieth year, he never at any time produced anything else of their type and quality. They would have been a good work in any period, but in the early Georgian era they were remarkable. In a time when for years almost the only life represented in literature had been the social life of the city, and of the upper classes in the city, Thomson devoted more than five thousand lines of poetry to the detailed account of country scenes of all kinds, and of the poorer, the working, classes in the country. His preparation, in both feeling and knowledge, had been his early life in Scotland. He had brought with him to England a faithful mental record of the physical moods of his own country and an understanding knowledge of the conditions and life of the working people. In many points the poems are rather Scotch than English. This is especially true of *Winter*, which was published within a year of Thomson's leaving Scotland, and represents his return in thought to his native scenes. There is no continuity of plan in the poems, and the excerpts given here contain descriptions that can very well be isolated.

Spring.

22. It was an old belief that the bittern made its peculiar booming cry with its bill inserted in the mud or in a reed. 26-27. The sun passes from the sign of *Aries*, or the Ram, into *Taurus*, the Bull, about thirty days after the vernal equinox. 41. **incumbent.** Thomson was not free from the use of pedantic, unsuggestive Latin words, which the classic taste of the time encouraged. See the clumsy use of *innumerable*, *Summer*, l. 395; *contiguous*, *Winter*, l. 86. 55-56. **Maro.** Vergil; Publius Vergilius Maro. The poems referred to are the *Georgics* and *Eclogues*. 60-66. Probably the poet has the story of Cincinnatus in mind. 68. Cf. Beattie's *Minstrel*, l. 186. 70-77. **pomp of life.** The extravagant habits of the early eighteenth-century life had encouraged the importation of foreign luxuries of all kinds. Many of them had become fads, and were much affected. Thomson suggests that England continue to import luxuries, but in turn supply the necessities of life to the whole world. **exhaustless granary of a world.** This sort of extravagance of expression had belonged to the Restoration period, but at this time

was passing away. 108. **Augusta**. See note on Dryden's *Mac-Flecknoe*, l. 64.

Summer.

216-219. The sunflower. 232. **vacant**. Unoccupied. 378. **people**. The use of the word to mean *animals* comes through its application in different translations of the Scriptures.—See Murray's *New English Dictionary*. Cf. Proverbs xxx. 25, "The ants are a people not strong." 395. **innumerable**. See note on *Spring*, l. 41.

Winter.

5-6. **kindred glooms; congenial horrors**. It is customary to consider these the expression of a melancholy mood of Thomson caused by his circumstances at the time. This is not necessarily the case; the interpretation is not borne out by the context. The winter scenes were congenial even in the "cheerful morn of life." Thomson spent his early life not far from the Cheviot Hills. The severer and grander elements of the landscape here appealed to his sense of sublimity and to the sterner qualities of his Scotch nature. The *solemn thought* and *heavenly musing* belong to an exaltation of soul, not to a mood of personal despondency. 87. **people**. See note on *Summer*, l. 378. 246-256. **redbreast**. The English robin redbreast has a special place in English poetry because of its companionable qualities, and because of its sometimes remaining about houses or barns through the winter. 322 ff. The real compassion of this appeal could not be matched in eighteenth-century literature up to this time, or for many years after. The usual attitude toward the poor or suffering classes was one of indifference. 359 ff. **the generous band**. This refers to the Jail Committee appointed by Parliament in 1729 at the instance of General Oglethorpe (afterward the founder of the Georgia colony), who was chairman of the committee. The conditions of the debtors' prisons were an outrage, and the committee investigated and improved, to some extent, Marshalsea and the Fleet. This passage was not in the first edition, as the dates given will show.

A HYMN

This was printed with the first collection of the four *Seasons*, in 1730. It is a summing up of the religion of Thomson's nature-interpretation — if it may be termed so. Thomson, in fact, rarely in-

interprets nature at all. His handling is almost entirely objective. He sees nature in a definite relation to man, and usually in a practical relation. Spring is the seed-time and Autumn is the harvest time, and all the beauty or fruition is inter-related with the life of man. Thomson is as much a lover of human life as he is a lover of outdoor nature. But this *Hymn* shows more of mystery in his feeling for nature than *The Seasons* do.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

This was not published until 1748, but Thomson had been at work on it many years before. It is in two cantos, containing together 158 stanzas. The first canto is the most completely poetic production, if we except Collins's work, to be found in the eighteenth century up to its time, or for years before 1700. It is suggestive where the classic writers are definite; imaginative, where they are merely intellectual. It differs from the typical pseudo-classic production in being really a creative work, instead of only a critical or discursive one. It really has atmosphere and a suggestion beyond the defining power of words. Moreover, the conception, the mood, and the verse are so perfectly agreed as to make the result an exquisite work of art. The second canto, however, is a sort of eighteenth-century reaction on the first. In it the beautiful creation of the first part is all destroyed by the righteous hand of industry. It is as if Thomson felt that he had made his own besetting sin too attractive, and corrected himself by giving a didactic end to the poem. The unity of the work is injured also. Even the second part has some beautiful passages, however. The archaic diction, as well as the form, of the *Faerie Queene*, is imitated.

8. **withouten**. Obsolete even in Thomson's time. 18. **ne**. Nor. 21. **kest**. Cast. M. E. 36. **yblent**. In O. E. *ge-* was usually prefixed to the past participle. The *g* was early palatalized, however, and in M. E. the syllable was not only pronounced, but written, *y* or *i*. This was dropped before the end of the sixteenth century. 46. **drowsy-hed**. Drowsy-hood. The suffix is from the O. E. *hād*, condition. M. E. *hād*, *hēde*. 360. **hight**. Called. O. E. *hātan*, pret. *hēt*.

RULE, BRITANNIA

From *The Masque of Alfred*, the joint work of Thomson and Mallet, first presented in 1740, before the Prince of Wales. Some

question has always been raised as to the authorship of *Rule, Britannia* since *Alfred* was written in collaboration; but the song was printed as Thomson's during Mallet's life, and Mallet did not dispute that it had been written by Thomson.

WILLIAM COLLINS

(1721-1759)

Collins was the son of a hatter in Chichester. He was afflicted during the greater part of his life with a peculiar inertness and lack of decision that seriously hampered him. After leaving Oxford, he looked at several professions, but undertook none. He was visionary, full of projects never carried out, and yet with much activity in pursuit of his own tastes, as for Greek literature, Gothic remains, and Elizabethan poetry. During the years of his writing, he spent the most of his time about London, making many literary friends there. After 1750 his mind weakened. His condition became steadily worse, until it settled into a form of madness, and for the last five or six years of his life he was lost to the world.

His whole output of poetry is meagre, consisting of less than two thousand lines in all. It consists of two collections, the *Persian Eclogues* in 1742, and the *Odes* in 1746 (dated 1747), and a few other poems published separately. Mr. Gosse says in his *History of Eighteenth Century Literature*, "It may perhaps be allowed an almost infallible criterion of a man's taste for the highest forms of poetic art to inquire whether he has or has not a genuine love for the poems of William Collins." Other poets in the eighteenth century achieved great precision in the expression of intellectual results. That is one of their claims to distinction. But Collins has something far rarer, precision in imaginative and emotional expression. With this precision he has also the greatest delicacy and suggestiveness of both thought and manner. Much of his work is simply the poetic rendering of the understanding and love of beauty. The didactic element is lacking. There are almost no theses to be drawn from his poetry. But it is the embodiment of an appreciative recognition of beauty.

The text of these poems is that of the Aldine edition, edited by W. Moy Thomas. (London, 1901.)

ODE TO EVENING

In some ways this is the greatest achievement of Collins. It involves no intellectual result; it is not even an interpretation of any relation of nature. Nor is it the analysis of a mood; it is simply the aspect and influence of evening as transmitted through a responsive soul. The poem can scarcely be said even to express a mood — it awakens one, as the scene itself would do. The artistic homogeneity of the poem is marked; the piece is all one in colour and tone and in the effect of the details used. 1. **If aught** . . . The protasis runs to l. 14. 11-14. Cf. l. 7 of Gray's *Elegy*.

ODE TO FEAR

In a time when England was imitating and finding inspiration in Latin literature, Collins was studying and loving Greek poetry. He gives something of the Greek spirit to much of his work, and his poems are full, as in this case, of Greek references. He uses, in this ode, the Pindaric form. (See comment on Gray's *Progress of Poesy*, p. 455.) In the *Epode* he interprets the *fear* that is one of the chief *motifs* in the Greek tragedy. 21-22. Collins says he refers to Sophocles's *Electra*. She invokes the Erinyes, or Eumenides. 30. Æschylus. 38. Jocasta.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY

16. "The ἀηδών, or nightingale, for which Sophocles seems to have entertained a peculiar fondness." — *Collins*. 35. The period of Vergil, Horace, Ovid, is that of Augustus Cæsar.

THE PASSIONS

This was written for music, and was set to music by William Hayes, Professor of Music at Oxford, and performed in 1750. In a letter of Collins's, the only one known to have been preserved, he thanks Hayes for the honour and offers him another ode, on the *Music of the Grecian Theatre*. But that poem has been lost entirely. *The Passions* is probably the best known of Collins's poems, though it is not his most poetic. He makes use in it of some of the more mechanical devices in verse-making. It is rather more of an exercise

than a poem, and is less natural than his other odes. Commonly, in the eighteenth century, the natural had a bit of the homespun about it. Collins, as in the *Ode to Evening*, combined naturalness with perfect delicacy and elegance; *The Passions*, however, is more artificial than the other selections given. 47. See Dryden's *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*, l. 29. 57-79. The *melancholy* of the poem is much the same as that of Milton's *Il Penseroso*; ll. 65-67 show this especially. *Cheerfulness*, at the same time, is the spirit of *L'Allegro*.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON

Inscribed to Lyttelton, the patron of Thomson. Thomson died in August, 1748; Collins wrote this soon after and published it in June, 1749. Thomson and Collins had been intimate during the last few years of Thomson's life. Collins had moved out to Richmond, where Thomson was living, in the midst of his literary set. It was during these years that Thomson published *The Castle of Indolence*. The beauty of this, and the new possibilities it showed in him, made his too early death very lamentable. The "Advertisement" with the poem runs: "The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames near Richmond." It has been suggested by W. Moy Thomas, that stanzas 57-59 of *The Castle of Indolence* were intended for Collins. D. C. Tovey, however, in his edition of Thomson's works, says they meant William Paterson, Thomson's amanuensis. 6. "The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in *The Castle of Indolence*."—*Collins*. See *Castle of Indolence*, stanzas 40-41. 19. "Richmond church."—*Collins*. Thomson was buried there.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE

Published in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, in October, 1749. The poem should be compared with the dirge sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Imogen in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, Act IV. Scene II.

THOMAS GRAY

(1716-1771)

Gray was born in London and educated at Eton and Cambridge. His chief friends at Eton, Horace Walpole, Ashton, and West, went on to Cambridge with him. On his leaving Cambridge, — without taking a degree, — Horace Walpole invited him to take a foreign tour in his company. Gray thus spent two years abroad, but before the end of that time he and Walpole had disagreed and separated. Soon after his return to England Gray lost his friend Ashton through a quarrel, and West died. To this time belongs his first important English verse, and it is nearly all tinged with the feeling that belonged to this period of his life. In 1742 he wrote *Ode on the Spring*, *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, *Hymn to Adversity*, *Sonnet on the Death of West*, and a part of the *Elegy*. None of them were published at this time. In 1742 he returned to Cambridge and went into residence, first in Peterhouse and later in Pembroke. He made this his home for the rest of his life, varying his existence with visits to various parts of England. The events of his life were his friendships, the experiences of the study, and the publication of his few poems. His whole literary output was meagre. From time to time he projected some prose work, a result of his research, but he left only unpublished notes. He was thought the most learned man in England in his time, possibly in Europe. Besides acquiring a very broad and thorough knowledge of the classics, he made excursions into the then unfamiliar regions of Scandinavian literature. In 1762 he was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, but gave no lectures. Though Gray's work was coloured, and to some extent dominated, by his classic scholarship, it yet contains some important elements of the new romantic spirit. The personal melancholy of most of his best poems, the reality of feeling, the appreciation of nature and of certain Gothic elements, and the independence in choice of verse-forms, all mark him as distinct from the school of Pope.

The text used is that of the Aldine edition, edited by Dr. John Bradshaw. (London, 1903.)

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

Written in 1742 and published in 1747, the first of Gray's English poems printed. It appeared first in pamphlet, again, in 1748, in Dodsley's *Collection of English Poems*, and in 1753 in *Designs by Mr. R. Bentley for Six Poems by Mr. T. Gray*. In 1747 and 1748 it appeared anonymously. It was written in the period after Gray quarrelled with Ashton and Walpole, and lost his uncle Antrobus and friend West by death; hence the bitterness as well as sorrow in the thought of the poem. It must, however, be regarded as representing only a mood of Gray, not as a final expression of himself. 4. **Henry.** Henry VI., who founded Eton College. 61-90. The personification of the abstract is characteristic of Gray. He does not commonly personify physical objects, but continually uses abstractions thus.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT

Sent to Horace Walpole in 1747 on the occasion of the death of one of his cats. It accompanied a humorous letter of condolence. It was printed in Dodsley's *Collection* in 1748, and among the *Six Poems* in 1753. After Gray's death Walpole placed the vase on a pedestal at Strawberry Hill, and marked it with the first stanza of the *Ode*. The opening lines are apparently in imitation of the beginning of Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*. The seeming contradiction between l. 4 and l. 10 has caused much discussion. The last line of the poem has been used in some such form, from Chaucer down; Cervantes, Shakespeare, Dryden, and others have employed it. This poem is one of the few cases where Gray showed in his verse the humour that abounded in his letters.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

This was begun during the period of activity in 1742, probably while he was passing out of the mood reflected in the *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, into a greater serenity and acceptance of human fate. On the death of his aunt, Mary Antrobus, in 1749, Gray took the poem up again, and in 1750 finished it at Stoke-Poges, where it had been begun. It was published, anonymously, the next year. The satisfaction that the poem affords almost every reader

is probably due not only to its philosophy, but to the exaltation that the noble verse gives to the sentiment. In this poem Gray passes beyond any personal sorrow connected with death, to a more remote contemplation. His attitude is so absolute it can hardly be called a mood. He raises no questions—he merely accepts. In this view, death gives to human nature a dignity that no fact in life could give. It is a poem for the race; it is one of the very few pieces of eighteenth century verse that were appreciated and loved outside of England. The democracy of feeling shown in it was as remarkable in its time as any other element of the poem.

After l. 72 were the following stanzas, in the original Ms.:—

“The thoughtless world to Majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to innocence their safety owe
Than power and genius e’er conspired to bless.

“And thou, who mindful of th’ unhonoured dead
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By Night and lonely Contemplation led
To linger in the gloomy walks of Fate;

“Hark! how the sacred Calm, that broods around,
Bids ev’ry fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal Peace.

“No more with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool sequestered vale of life
Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.”

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

Printed along with *The Bard* in 1757 at Horace Walpole’s printing-press at Strawberry Hill—the first publication from that press. The two poems were entitled simply *Odes of Mr. Gray*, and indicated as *Ode I.* and *Ode II.* They were reprinted later, each with the subtitle, *A Pindaric Ode*. The form of the Pindaric ode had been misunderstood, even in Cowley’s time. In 1656 Cowley published a volume of *Pindarique Odes*, in which the structural law, so to speak, was irregularity as to line-length and rime-scheme, the irregularity undirected even by the sense. The form has been used ever since,

especially in modern poetry; but in the hands of a great poet the subject-matter and the feeling direct the irregularities of verse. Gray, however, followed the real Pindaric form. Each section is more or less irregular in itself, but follows the form of the corresponding section, I. being similar to II. and III. throughout. The divisions, 1, 2, 3, correspond to the strophe, antistrophe, and epode of the Greek poem. *The Progress of Poesy* is not so well-known a poem as *The Bard*, but the matter is really better adapted to the restrictions of the Pindaric form than the curses and prophecies of the Welsh bard are. The public failed to understand the matter of the *Odes*, and in the first reprint Gray, somewhat ironically, added notes. The following are selections from his notes on *The Progress of Poesy*:—

1. "Awake, my glory; awake, lute and harp."—David's *Psalms*. Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, *Æolian* song, *Æolian* strings, the breath of the *Æolian* flute. 13-24. Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar. 24-41. Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body. 42-53. To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night. 54-65. Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. (See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh fragments, the Lapland and American songs.) 66-82. Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. 99. Ezekiel i. 20, 26, 28. 105. Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rimes. 111. We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's Day; for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason [Gray's friend] has of late days touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his Choruses.

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE

Left unfinished and unprinted by Gray, and first published by his friend Mason in his *Memoirs of Gray*, in 1775. Mason says that Gray's note-book shows that it was written in 1754-1755.

ON HIMSELF

Written in 1761, but left unpublished, and found in one of Gray's pocket-books. 6. **Charles Townshend**. At this time Secretary of War; later Chancellor of the Exchequer, under Pitt. **Squire**. Dr. Samuel Squire, Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge. Afterward Bishop of St. David's.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE

(1675-1742)

Somerville is another of the group of minor poets who stand half-way between the existing classical school and the new nature poets. In accordance with the dominant taste, they choose informational or moral subjects, but yield to their own impulses so far as to treat them in a naturalistic and semi-romantic way. They, as much as the greater poets, Thomson and Gray, indicate the change that is already in the air. Somerville lived the life of a country squire, much devoted to sports, and nearly all his work reflects his tastes. His chief productions are *The Chase*, in 1735, and a similar poem, *Field Sports*, in 1742. *The Chase* contains four books, extending to two thousand lines in all. It is an informational piece of verse, giving instructions concerning the keeping of kennels, diseases of hounds, directions for hare-hunting, and so on. But it is interspersed also with good pieces of description, and has generally a fine outdoor atmosphere. Its blank verse is fairly smooth, also. These two poems have been favourites among sportsmen, and some good editions of *The Chase* have been published.

This text is from Chalmers's *English Poets*. (London, 1810.)

ROBERT BLAIR

(1699-1746)

The Grave is almost the only poem of Blair's extant; what is known of the quality of the man is deduced almost entirely from it. He was a Scotch minister, who, even after his poem had achieved success in London, could not be induced to leave the retirement of his parish.

His *Grave* is the first distinguished example of the group of elegiac poems, which are one of the early evidences of the 'Gothic' spirit as an element of romanticism. It begins the series that reaches its highest point in Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. The poem contains a little less than eight hundred lines. Some sections have too much of the 'classic' flavour; sententiousness subordinates feeling in places, and sometimes a word that suggests pedantry or convention comes in awkwardly. But these flaws may be forgotten in a real sublimity of feeling and grandeur of gloom. Blair differs from the writers of Queen Anne's period in handling his subject, generally, in an emotional rather than a merely intellectual way. The whole manner is sympathetic. His verse is well adapted to his themes, also — unusually so for eighteenth-century blank verse. That he does not have it completely in hand, however, is shown by his use of the eleven-syllabled line, as in ll. 65, 66, where the extra syllable startles the reader. The poem was published in Edinburgh in 1743.

This text is from the London edition of 1443, with some slight alterations of punctuation and capitalization.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

(1714-1763)

Shenstone's chief interest to the reader of eighteenth-century literature is that he is one of the straws that indicate the rising wind of naturalism. The naturalism in his work appears in an artificial form, but it is nevertheless one phase of the growing interest in the outdoors. It is a very well-conventionalized outdoors in Shenstone's case. His verse, and the chief occupation of his life, fit well together. He took to himself no more serious occupation than landscape gardening, conducted after the fashion of the time, and made his place, Leasowes, a famous spot. The same sort of taste he showed in this runs through his verse. Saintsbury calls him "our principal master of what may perhaps be called the artificial-natural style in poetry." Nearly all his poetry was at one time popular, but it is now long since his *Elegies*, or any of his *Moral Pieces*, except the *School-mistress*, have had many readers. The *Pastoral Ballad* will always be liked for its charm of expression. In verse Shenstone inclines toward stanzaic forms and other variations from the heroic couplet.

This text is from Chalmers's *English Poets*. (London, 1810.)

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS

This poem (1742) is a semi-humorous imitation of *The Fairie Queene*. In the "Advertisement" to it, Shenston essays, "What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper for the author's imitation on this occasion, are his language, his simplicity, his manner of description, and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment remarkable throughout his works." 15. **grieven**. The *-en* plural ending arose in the Middle English period, and the use of it continued into the sixteenth century. It was much used by Spenser as an archaism. 18. **shent**. Put to shame. O. E. *scendan*. 20. **dome**. House. Lat. *domus*. 41. **perdie**. Verily. Fr. *par Dieu*. 51. **tway**. Two. O. E. *twā*; M. E. *twey*, *twei*, etc., with the *w* sounded. 72. **been**. In M. E. *been* (*ben*, *bin*) was used as the present plural form; *are* was not completely established in use until the sixteenth century. *Been* was sometimes, incorrectly, used in the singular also, as here. 73-74. **ne . . . ne**. Neither . . . nor.—O. E. and M. E. 78. **mought**. Might. Still to be found in many English and American dialects. 79. **eld**. old age. 97. **baum**. Balm. 98. **gil**. Ground ivy. 100. **euphrasy**. Eyebright. "It is astringent, and was formerly in repute as a remedy for diseases of the eyes."—*Cent. Dict.* 103. The English plaintain is called ribwort, or rib-grass. It is used for healing or soothing purposes. 109. **rosemarine**. Rosemary. *Ros marinus*, sea-dew. Rosemary was much used at weddings and on other festive occasions. At such times it was often gilded. See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, under "Marriage Customs and Ceremonies." 119. Thomas Sternhold (?-1549) made a very popular metrical version of some of the Psalms. It was in use until long after his time. 133. **nould**. Ne would, would not. Such a combination was frequent in O. E. 135. **thilk**. The ilk, the same, such.

HOPE

A Pastoral Ballad (1743) consists of four lyrics, *Absence*, *Hope*, *Solicitude*, *Disappointment*. They are all put in the mouth of the shepherd Corydon, and set forth his love for his mistress, Phillis.

EDWARD YOUNG

(1683-1765)

One illustration of the estimation in which Young's work was held in its own time, is the fact that he received £3000 for his *Universal Passion*. This was in (1728) when the money value of literature was not yet fully recognized, and it was still possible for a writer without a patron to starve. Young, however, had patrons also (one of them is said to have given the greater part of the £3000), and lived chiefly on them, or by means of them, nearly all of the first half of his life. He seems to have been pretty thoroughly convinced that the world owed him a living, and did not take orders until he was forty-seven. 47 Even after he had taken orders, had a church living and a pension, he still spent much of his thought on schemes to secure influence for advancement, or in fretting that he was not advanced. He was one of the last of the fulsome panegyrists. — He did not see why he was not made a bishop. There did not seem to be any valid reason, as the times went, for in ability he was well qualified for such eminence. But he never attained it. There must have been some consolation for him in the popularity of his works, and in the quality of that popularity. For many generations the library of almost every moral household contained a copy of *Night Thoughts*.

Night Thoughts (1742-1744) is really a remarkable poem. It approaches sublimity often in its statement of truth, or expression of feeling. It attempts to handle the deepest and the highest things, and often does so with much power. It shows great fertility of thought, in lines of morality. It even has dramatic analysis of feeling. Its verse is often fine — both nervous and forceful. But after all that is said of his work, Young remains a didactic writer. His blank verse smacks of the heroic couplet; his emotional periods have a precipitate of sententiousness. He overworks rhetorical devices for dramatic effect; the reader's ears are dinned with exclamatory and interrogative sentences. The writer is declamatory at unnecessary points. The sleepless speaker in the poem has lost several friends and is burdened with the weight of many griefs; Young himself had lost, within a few years of the writing of this, his wife and certain near friends. There is a parallel in the circumstances, but

Young was evidently not making this a personal poem. Attempts have been made to identify the sceptical Lorenzo, but unsuccessfully. The poem has been a mine of epigrammatic maxims. Young had caught Pope's trick of epigram to the life. *Night Thoughts* is one of the most frequently quoted of poems, though undoubtedly many who use its verses do not know whom they are quoting.

This text is that of the edition edited by Young himself. (London, 1757.)

MARK AKENSIDE

(1721-1770)

Akenside was a practising physician in London from 1747 to the end of his life, and attained considerable distinction in his profession. He wrote many learned medical papers. He published the *Pleasures of Imagination* in 1744, *Odes on Several Subjects*, in 1745. The second part of *Pleasures of Imagination* was left unfinished at his death. He produced short poems from time to time, throughout his life. His work was very successful in his own time, but is little read since the eighteenth century. It is in general stiff and inclines to the rhetorical; the intellectual predominates over the emotional. The *Hymn to the Naiads*, however, is almost unique among the eighteenth-century poems in the genuine and feeling interpretation it presents of a classic theme.

The text used is that edited by Rev. George Gilfillan. (Edinburgh, 1857.)

SAMUEL JOHNSON

(1709-1784)

The rising tide of romanticism and naturalism received a check in the third quarter of the century when a dictator arose who in taste and principle was opposed to the movement. There is something in the grand gloom of Johnson's temperament that is akin to certain Gothic elements. But Johnson himself never recognized any such affinity; he strictly set his face against romantic developments of different sorts, and wrote, pretty consistently, according to his own criticism. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the public taste

would have been ready for the romantic school twenty years earlier, had it not been for Johnson's influence. Untouched by the influence of Thomson and Gray and Collins, he turned to Pope and Dryden for his types. He prolonged the vogue of the heroic couplet; he ignored the momentary showing of Greek influence and continued the Roman; he returned to satire and moral-didactic subjects; he set aside the lyric, and made common sense once more the peer, or superior of imagination. But it was a finer and higher common sense than had ruled the Queen Anne period. It was a common sense to live by, not merely to give point to wit. There is no sneer in his satire; his censure is in the end wholesome. Pope never got far from the personal in his satires; his criticisms of the world or of individuals usually have the snarl of his own rancour. Johnson is big where Pope is little. He is general where Pope is personal. It is the wants and the lacks of the world that seem to him worth versifying, not his individual grievances. Yet all his verse is at the same time a result of his own temperament. His vigorous morality, his melancholy combined with simple faithfulness, are distinctly himself. These elements do much to put his poetry on a higher plane than its æsthetic qualities would allow it. Some of the merits of even the earlier writers of the pseudo-classic school he lacks. His wording does not show such easy and sharp condensation as theirs does. The logical aptness of his phrase does not delight so often. His verse is — as would be expected — sonorous rather than musical, or even brisk.

Johnson's influence on poetry was far out of proportion to the amount of his own production; this is, of course, partly because the poems themselves were supplemented by his expression of opinion, in his prose and in his conversation. His *London* was published in 1738, on the same day with Pope's satire, 1738. Johnson began his career as Pope was closing his, for Pope did little new work after this date. *The Vanity of Human Wishes* appeared in 1749. These two are his only considerable efforts in verse. In fact, aside from them, the greater part of his verse is in prologues, addresses to different persons, and slight occasional poems of different sorts. These he produced at intervals throughout the rest of his life.

The text of these poems is that of Murphy's edition. (London, 1824.)

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

The full caption of the poem was, *The Vanity of Human Wishes, Being the Tenth Satire of Juvenal Imitated*. It was published in January, 1749, a month before Johnson's *Irene* was staged. Although Johnson was now fairly well advanced in fame, he received only fifteen guineas for the poem. The historical events referred to in the poem are nearly all so well known that it has not been thought necessary to explain them in the notes, except in a few cases. 129. **Villiers**. George Villiers (1592-1628), first Duke of Buckingham. 130. **Harley**. Robert Harley (1661-1724), first Earl of Oxford and Mortimer. 131. **Wentworth**. Thomas Wentworth (1593-1641), first Earl of Strafford. **Hyde**. Edward Hyde (1608-1674), first Earl of Clarendon. 139. **Bodley's dome**. The Bodleian Library, Oxford. The library of the University was destroyed in the time of Edward VI., and was later restored through the efforts, and largely through the gifts, of Sir Thomas Bodley (1545-1612). 140. **Bacon's mansion**. "There is a tradition that the study of friar Bacon [Roger Bacon (cir. 1214-1294?)], built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it."—Johnson's note. 164. Thomas Lydiat (1572-1646), English divine and scholar. He suffered hardship at the hands of the parliamentarians, and at the time of his death was in great poverty. 187-190. Within a decade before this poem was published, England had been involved in the Spanish war and the war of the Austrian succession, and now bore a national debt of about seventy-eight million pounds. Within fifty years the debt had increased about seventy-three millions, chiefly by means of war expenses. 192. **Swedish Charles**. Charles XII. of Sweden. 241. **bold Bavarian**. Charles Albert (1697-1745), Elector of Bavaria, Holy Roman Emperor from 1742 to 1745. 245-246. Maria Theresa. 313. **Lydia's monarch**. Croesus (sixth century B.C.). See any encyclopædia account of him for the story referred to. 317. Evidently an exaggeration. Marlborough seems to have preserved his faculties and, to a considerable extent, his energies up to the end of his life. His final illness lasted but a few days. See Cox's *Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough*. 321. **Vane**. Usually identified with Lady Vane, the heroine of the *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality* in Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle*. Malone says she was an Anne Vane, mistress to Frederick, Prince of Wales. See Boswell's

Life of Johnson, Vol. V., p. 49, *note* (G. B. Hill's edition). 322. **Sedley**. Catharine Sedley, daughter of Sir Charles Sedley. She was created Countess of Dorchester by James II., whose mistress she was. Johnson was not very happy in his choice of examples of beauty, for neither of these women was especially well favoured. For Sedley, see Macaulay's *History of England*, Chap. VI.

PROLOGUE

In 1747 Garrick became joint patentee and manager of the Drury Lane Theatre. For the opening of it, Johnson wrote this prologue, which was spoken by Garrick. 17. Charles II. 42. Mrs. Aphra Behn (1640-1689) was a playwright of the Restoration period. Her plays were notable, even in that time, for their grossness. Thomas Durfey (1653-1723) was a versifier and playwright. His comedies were popular, but very light and transient. His songs were very popular in their time. 46. **Hunt**; a boxer on the stage. **Mahomet**; a rope-dancer; he had exhibited at Covent Garden Theatre in 1746.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

(1728-1774)

Goldsmith's position as a poet is anomalous. His judgment and acquired taste were opposed to his own inclination and poetic feeling, and in the end his work is somewhat contradictory. Left to himself, in a different period, he would doubtless have produced work of a distinctly romantic type. But in some ways he was very much under the influence of Johnson and his dogmatic theses. Goldsmith is more original and shows more initiative in general purpose in his prose than in his verse. His novel, his plays, even his essays, show this. But in his verse he follows Johnson in his return to the intellectual school. So Goldsmith is found using the heroic couplet and trying to write on sociological and economic themes. But he cannot entirely do this; the feeling element, the human interest will come in. *The Traveller* has a touching personal introduction and a human element all the way through; five readers of *The Deserted Village* out of six forget the economic thesis, and remember only the grace of kindliness, the humanity, the portraiture of life. The main ostensible

purpose of the poem is lost, practically, and the pictures of the preacher and schoolmaster and village life take its place. The element that in Goldsmith's plan was presumably incidental, obscures the major purpose. In each type of work, the qualities that appeal to the feelings are the ones that make the distinct and final impression.

The whole quantity of Goldsmith's verse is not great. The writing of poetry was always merely incidental to his other work. As he produced verse very slowly, and even the most prosaic prose paid better generally than verse, he was driven by his immediate necessities to do hack-work when he should have been producing greater things. He could not afford, he said, "to court the draggle-tail muses." Besides the pieces represented here, the remainder of his verse consists chiefly of prologues and epilogues and short occasional poems.

This text is that of Cunningham's edition. (London, 1854.)

THE TRAVELLER

The sub-caption is, *A Prospect of Society*. The poem was printed first in 1764 (dated 1765), but the composition of it was begun eight or nine years earlier, when the author was travelling through Europe. It was finished, however, after he returned to London and had become known through his *Enquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe* (1759), and the *Citizen of the World* (1762). The influence of Johnson is seen in it, and some of the lines are Johnson's — how many, is not known; Johnson said he remembered but nine. This section is but the introduction, but it shows what the plan and theme of the poem are. Although Goldsmith is considering various peoples in a very general way with reference to their prospect for happiness, he puts in some very good bits of specific description of life, and in some passages the tone is very personal, as in this introductory section. The poem is dedicated to his brother Henry. 10. **a lengthening chain.** Cf. *Citizen of the World*, Letter III.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Written in 1768-1770, and published in May, 1770. Before the end of August of the same year, a fifth edition was called for. The poem

was dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds. 1. **Auburn**. The deserted village has not been identified with any place in England. There is an Auburn in Wiltshire, but it does not correspond to this. It is common to say that Goldsmith drew his pictures from Lissoy, in Ireland, where he passed the most of his childhood. Many of the details fit Lissoy,—the decent church, the hawthorn tree, the characters. Macaulay's criticism was that the village in its happy days was an English village, in its decayed state, an Irish type. Goldsmith asseverated that all the conditions, of tyranny and depopulation, are true to English conditions. He said in the *Dedication* of the poem, "all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display." But this is not borne out by the evidence of the time; nor does Goldsmith himself cite any examples or facts in proof. It is true that the common land was being enclosed, but the final result of that was not entirely disastrous, and depopulation was going on in no such prodigious degree as Goldsmith represents. See Gibbin's *Industry in England*, §§ 166, 167, 200. 5. Goldsmith's sometimes affected diction is one of the contradictions in his poetry. *Bowers, swain, train, col, virgin*, etc., are favourite words with him. 5-15. Goldsmith composed verse very slowly. In *Table Talk* in the *European Magazine*, for September, 1793, are given some reminiscences of a friend of his, Cook. He is quoted as saying that these ten lines were Goldsmith's second morning's work on the poem. 44. **bit-tern**. See note on Thomson's *Spring*, l. 22. 83-96. Compare the personal references in the selection from *The Traveller*. 110. Reynolds dedicated to Goldsmith a print from his painting, *Resignation*, saying that the picture was "an attempt to express a character in *The Deserted Village*." 122. **vacant**. Empty of care; cf. l. 257. 126. **fluctuate in the gale**. Another illustration of his return to the pedantry of the earlier school. Contrast with it l. 128. 140. **village preacher**. Goldsmith embodied in this character qualities of his father and brother Henry, both of them remarkably lovable and single-minded men. He describes Henry Goldsmith in the *Dedication of The Traveller*, as "a man who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year." This brother died in 1768; it was soon afterwards that Goldsmith began *The Deserted Village*. In the *Dedication* of it to Reynolds he says: "The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since

dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you." 158. **shouldered his crutch.** To illustrate the use of the musket. 196. **village master.** The character embodies characteristics of Thomas Byrne, the village schoolmaster, who was Goldsmith's early teacher. He also was unique in his way. 209. **Terms.** Probably means here, periods of assembling of courts. **Tides.** Ecclesiastical seasons. 210. The gauger, or exciseman, was something of a personage in rural districts. 217-218. Goldsmith draws the description from his own experience. He knew the inn scenes entirely too well, in the period he spent between leaving Dublin University and going to Edinburgh. 232. **The twelve good rules.** The rules ascribed to Charles I. commonly hung in the inns and such public places. They were as follows: —

1. Urge no healths. 2. Profane no divine ordinances. 3. Touch no state matters. 4. Reveal no secrets. 5. Pick no quarrels. 6. Make no companions. 7. Maintain no ill opinions. 8. Keep no bad company. 9. Encourage no vice. 10. Make no long meals. 11. Repeat no grievances. 12. Lay no wagers.

Game of goose. A game played with dice on a board; as described by Strutt, in his *Sports and Pastimes of the English People*, it resembles the modern game known as *Parchisi*. 304. **contiguous.** Cf. l. 126. 316. **artist; artisan.** 309-324. The early eighteenth century was a period in which altruism was little known. The London social life, as reflected in the literature, took little account of the needs and wants of the lower class. The spending class often lived at the expense of the working class. To be in debt to a tradesman was something of a joke; to escape paying him was an amusing success. The sufferings of the poor were taken for granted; organized philanthropy of any kind was rare. 344. **Altama.** The Altamaha, a river in Georgia. General Oglethorpe (see notes on Thomson's *Winter*, ll. 359 ff.) founded, in 1732, the colony of Georgia, primarily to give refuge and new opportunity to a part of the debtor class in England. 345-362. Goldsmith seems to have known vaguely that the climate of Georgia is warm, and so painted from his imagination a tropical forest scene. See *Citizen of the World*, Letter XVII. 418. The **Torno** (Tornea) forms the boundary between northern Sweden and Finland, and flows into the Gulf of Bothnia. **Pambamarca** is a mountain near Quito in Ecuador. The two places

are chosen as extremes. The last four lines are Johnson's. See Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Vol. II., p. 7 (G. B. Hill's edition).

RETALIATION

Written just before Goldsmith's death, and left unfinished at his death. It was published about two weeks afterward, April, 1774. The story told of its writing, is as follows: After a dinner of the club at St. James's Coffee-house, the company amused themselves in making epitaphs on Goldsmith. Garrick's is well known:—

Here lies NOLLY Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.

Goldsmith bided his time, and presently began his retaliation, in this poem. The general attitude of the literary group toward Goldsmith was so patronizing and consciously tolerant, that it is a great pleasure to see him turn the tables and show himself the cool and superior analyst of the others. His light, easy satire and keen penetration make each characterization a little masterpiece. 1. Paul Scarron (1610-1660), the author of the *Roman Comique*, which Goldsmith had just been translating. 5. Dean. Thomas Barnard, Dean of Derry, afterward Bishop of Limerick. 6. Edmund Burke (1729?-1797). 7. William Burke (Bourke), a friend of Edmund Burke, but, so far as is known, not a relation. He is one of those to whom the authorship of the *Junius Letters* has been ascribed. 8. Richard Burke, brother of Edmund Burke. 9. Richard Cumberland. See note, l. 61. 10. Dr. Douglas (1721-1807), afterward Bishop of Salisbury. He wrote much on public matters; he and Johnson exposed the Cock-Lane ghost fraud. Earlier he had exposed the forgeries on which Lauder based his charge of plagiarism against Milton. Further on in the poem, Goldsmith calls Douglas "the scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks." 11. David Garrick (1716-1779). 14. Ridge. An Irish lawyer. Reynolds. Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792). 15. Hickey. Reynolds's lawyer. 34. Tommy Townshend (1733-1800), created Viscount Sydney in 1783; influential in the opposition party at this time. 61. Richard Cumberland (1732-1811), though his plays are now forgotten, was at this time a popular dramatist. His plays were of the moral-sentimental type of comedy. He was so conceited that he did not see the irony in this

satire. Sheridan put him into his *Critic* as Sir Fretful Plagiary. 115. William Kendrick (1725?-1779). He set himself up as a dramatic critic, lectured on Shakespeare, and attacked, justly, Johnson's edition of Shakespeare. Earlier, he had written a very objectionable review of Goldsmith's *Enquiry*. — Hugh Kelly (1739-1777), the dramatist. — William Woodfall (1746-1803), editor of *The Morning Chronicle*. 146. **shifted his trumpet**. Reynolds was very deaf.

DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BEDROOM

In Letter XXX. of the *Citizen of the World*; reprinted from *The Public Ledger*, 1760. 11-12. See notes on *Deserted Village*, l. 232. 14. **Prince William**. Duke of Cumberland (1721-1765), third son of George II.; a distinguished soldier and commander. **lamp-black face**. Evidently a silhouette.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Printed in *The Bee* for October 27, 1759, and again in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Chap. XVII.; modelled on an old French song.

CHATTERTON

(1752-1770)

The debt that English poetry owes to Chatterton is an anomalous one. His acknowledged poems, while interesting because the work of their author, in themselves have had little influence or effect. The spurious ones, which he fathered on an invented fifteenth-century priest, Thomas Rowley, were a real contribution to the new romantic poetry, and were not without influence on the development of the romantic movement, now well under way. Chatterton's whole life seemed to be as much a quip of fate as is his paradoxical fame. He had two leading, and to him imperative, motives—a passion for the past, and a zeal for notoriety. The latter could hardly be called ambition for fame, since he was willing to achieve it by any means, and was less eager to accomplish something worthy than merely to attract attention to himself. He was born at Bristol, and lived his earlier years among the associations, and almost in the shadow, of St. Mary

Redcliff cathedral. His earliest definite interest was in these as sociations and in such black-letter texts as came to his hand. This interest in time became his chief passion. When a mere child, he was using his knowledge to deceive gullible citizens of Bristol. Presently he learned of the growing interest in mediæval matters, and that suggested to him that he might find a larger public equally credulous. He tried Horace Walpole first, but was unsuccessful in his attempt on him. He wrote various poems and offered them, as the work of Thomas Rowley, to different editors, but unsuccessfully. At last, convinced of his own genius and of his versatility, he went to London, at the age of seventeen, to achieve celebrity by his pen. This was in 1770, at the time of the Wilkes agitation, when the periodicals were full of radical controversy. Chatterton chose as the quickest and most seasonable path to distinction, that of public satire. He got work published, both prose and verse — how much cannot be known now. But it was not well paid; he did not publish enough to support him, and his circumstances became more and more distressing. At last, after four months of struggle, he put an end to his own life before he was eighteen years old.

The fact that he was producing the Rowley poems as imitations hampered him, in expression and matter both. But the poems have, nevertheless, a rareness that mere imitation could never have given them. The work is uneven, and few of the pieces have any perfection of form as a whole. But they show power of suggestion and beauty of conception. There is a fineness about them that shows their author to be akin to the great romanticists that were to follow him. In 1777, Thomas Tyrwhitt collected and published the Rowley poems, and added to the collection an appendix in which he showed the poems to be a forgery. In 1871, Dr. Skeat edited Chatterton's poems. He corrected the spelling of the Rowley poems, and at the same time showed the sources of Chatterton's archaisms, and the sham character of many of them.

The text used here is that of Skeat's edition. (London, 1891.)

SONGS FROM *ÆLLA*

Chatterton calls *Ælla* a "Tragical Interlude, or Discoursing Tragedy," and says it was written by Rowley and played before Wm. Canynge. He wrote to Dodsley about it, telling him of the existence

of the play, and offering to get him a copy of it for a guinea. Dodsley declined the offer, and the work was not published until 1777, after Chatterton's death. Its plot is not very successful, but its tone has much charm, and some passages of the poetic dialogue are full of beauty. The songs are the best part, however. Chatterton himself said of them, in his letter to Dodsley, "the Songs are flowing, poetical, and elegantly simple."

MINSTRELS' SONG

Only the first and more beautiful part is given. 3. **dight**; adorned. From O. E. *dihtan*, to arrange, set in order. In current use down to Chatterton's time. 4. **nesh**. Tender, soft. Derived by Chatterton from Chaucer. 5. **straught**; stretched. An old preterit form. 8. **eyne**. Eyes. From O. E. *eage*; pl. *eagan*. This plural ending is preserved in *oxen*, *children*. 16. **kind**; Nature.

ROUNDELAY

44. **gre**; grow.

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE

Chatterton adds to this title, *As written by the Good Priest Thomas Rowley*, 1464. He added, with the glossary, notes explaining what he intended to seem local references in the poem. He sent the poem to the *Town and Country Magazine* about a month before his death, but it was rejected. This and the *Roundelay* have been the best known and most admired of Chatterton's poems. The following notes give only the intended meaning of the words in unusual forms, and some slight reference to their proper etymology; there is not space to explain in full Chatterton's ingenious mistakes. The stanza form is a combination of rime royal and the Spenserian stanza; it is rime royal with an alexandrine substituted for the last line of each stanza.

1. **In Virgo**. That is, in that sign of the Zodiac; the time is September. **sheene**; shine. 5. **chelandry**; goldfinch. 7. **au-mere**; dress, apparel. 18. **weed**. Properly used. The O. E. *wæd* meant garment. 22. **gloomed**. Chatterton traces a false etymology for the word, and explains that it means *clouded*. 24. **church-glebe-house**. The grave. *Church-glebe*, cultivable land belonging to a parish church. 31. **ghastness**; gloom. **'pall**; appall. 40.

swangs. Swings. Coined from *swang*, — the O. E. preterit of *swing*, — here made into a present form. 45. **chapournette.** "A small round hat, not unlike the *shapournette* in heraldry, formerly worn by ecclesiastics and lawyers." — *Chatterton*. 46. **mickle.** Much. O. E. *mycel*; M. E. *mikel*. Preserved in the Scots *muckle*. 47. **aynewarde.** "He told his beads backwards, a figurative expression to signify cursing." — *Chatterton*. Chatterton had no authority for *aynewarde*; *ayenwarde* (again-ward) means *back again*. 52. **autremete.** "A loose white robe worn by priests." — *Chatterton*. 53. **shoe's peak.** The fashion of peaked shoes reached an extreme in the fifteenth century. The points were often two feet long, with sometimes an arrangement for fastening them up to be out of the way in walking. They were, as in this case, a sign of foppishness. 56. **horse-milliner.** "Certainly not a fifteenth-century word. But Steevens tells us he saw it, in 1776, *over a shop-door in Bristol*." — *Skeat*. 63. **Crouche.** Cross. Lat. *crux*. 74. **jape.** "A short surplice, worn by friars of an inferior class, and secular priests." — *Chatterton*. Another unwarranted coinage or adaptation. 75. **limitor.** A begging friar, who was given license to beg within a certain *limil*. See *Prologue to Canterbury Tales*, ll. 208-269. 89. **his way aborde.** Pursued his way. *Aborde* was coined by Chatterton. 90. **gloure;** glory.

THE PROPHECY

Printed in the *Political Register* for June, 1770. It is not probable that Chatterton had any deep or well-formed convictions on political subjects. In fact there is a possibility that he wrote on both sides of the public issue. All that has been identified, however, is in the line of this satire. His radicalism is of a vague, undirected type, very easy to find expression for. This poem is, perhaps, the keenest and most mature of his satires. If his conviction had equalled his power of expression, he would have given promise of becoming a great satirist. *The Prophecy* was written during the great contest over Wilkes and his expulsion from Parliament, when London was noisy with patriotic clamour of all sorts.

20. **St. Stephen's pier.** In the old Houses of Parliament, burned in 1834, St. Stephen's Chapel was used as the chamber of the House of Commons. 22. Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton (1735-1811), Premier from 1768-1770. He was at the

head of affairs when Wilkes was expelled from Parliament, and hence was a butt of attack from friends of Wilkes. 40. **Gotham.** A parish in Nottinghamshire, said to be distinguished by the foolishness of its people. 73. The Earl of Bute had not been Premier since 1763, but he was hated whether in office or out of office. He was regarded as the chief moral support of George III., in his dogged fight for royal supremacy, and in fact, as largely responsible for the king's notion of royal prerogative. 102. "This probably refers to the famous No. 45 of Wilkes's *North Briton* which was suppressed by the government."—*Skeat*. Wilkes established his paper, the *North Briton*, in 1762. In 1763, in No. 45, he made a vigorous attack on the government, for which he was eventually expelled from Parliament and finally sentenced to prison.

JAMES MACPHERSON

(1738-1796)

The excuse for including in this collection a piece of work whose authenticity has not been proved, is found in the importance given to the production in its own time, and its undoubted influence. Macpherson's *Ossian* appeared shortly before Percy's *Reliques* did, and had its share in turning the attention and taste of the public back to earlier and romantic times. The new interest in the mediæval was stimulated by anything that came out of the past, whether supposed to be from the third century or the thirteenth. Macpherson, a schoolmaster of Highland birth, began to publish his translations from Gaelic poetry in 1760 and continued to add to them for three years. His own assertion was that the poems were the composition of Ossian, a Gaelic bard of the third century A.D. The authenticity of Macpherson's claim was at once disputed, and controversy over the point ran high. The exact valuation to be put upon the work has not even yet been settled. Very few in the present time believe that the poems were the work of Ossian. But on the other hand, it is improbable that they were entirely original with Macpherson. The probability is that parts of them are bits of Gaelic poetry — later than the third century, however — which Macpherson translated and put together with additions and filling of his own. For a summing up of the controversy, and of the present theories on the subject, see Beers's *History of English Romanticism in the*

Eighteenth Century, Chap. IX.; William Sharp's introduction to the Centenary edition of *Ossian*. (Edinburgh, 1896.)

CARTHON

This is one of the minor poems, but it is selected because it is short enough to insert in almost complete form, and because it illustrates very well the merits as well as the faults of the *Ossian* poems as a whole. *Ossian*, the bard to whom Macpherson ascribed the work, was the son of Fingal, king of Morven, in the western Highlands. Fingal is the hero of the cycle of poems, though not the immediate hero of each poem. The story of *Carthon*, as supplemented by Macpherson's explanation, is as follows:—

Clessámmor, the brother-in-law of Comhal (Fingal's father), when a young man, was driven by a storm up the mouth of the Clutha [Clyde] to the British town Balclutha. Reuthámir, the head man of the place, received him hospitably, and soon gave him his only child, Moina, in marriage. But a rival, Reuda, appeared at Reuthámir's house and took means to affront Clessámmor. In the quarrel that followed, Clessámmor killed Reuda, and then, being hard beset by Reuda's friends, escaped to his ship and sailed away. He was prevented from returning for Moina; she died not very long after, leaving a son, Carthon, of whose existence Clessámmor did not learn. When Carthon was three years old, Comhal, king of Morven, came down on an expedition against the Britons, and took and burned Balclutha. Carthon was saved and carried away by his nurse. These events are all antecedent to the narrative of the poem. In the poem, Carthon comes back to revenge himself upon Fingal, as the son of Comhal, that king being now dead. The figure that appears in the mist (ll. 133-136) is a warning of coming war. Fingal, understanding the sign, goes out at the head of his host; he meets Carthon. Carthon defeats two heroes sent against him. Then Fingal sends Clessámmor, who kills Carthon, not knowing him to be his own son.

The poem is addressed, as several of the others are, to Malvina, the bride of *Ossian*'s dead son, Oscar.

The text with the exception of certain quotation-marks, added to make the reading easier, is that of the Centenary edition. (Edinburgh, 1896.)

CHARLES CHURCHILL

(1731-1764)

The popularity and momentary power of Churchill's work is one of the signs of decadence of taste and appreciation in the third quarter of the century. The transitory return of the personal satire is at once a part and an effect of the revival of the intellectual type in verse, in the time of Johnson and Goldsmith. Churchill's work has now fallen into obscurity, but between the years 1761 and 1764 it was a power in current politics. Aside from these three years, the rest of his unfortunate and misdirected life is somewhat obscure. He was a poor clergyman who at the age of thirty discovered his own satirical ability, and came before the world with his *Rosciad* (1761), directed at the actors of the time. This proving instantly successful, he followed it up with other pieces in the same tone. In the next year he made the acquaintance of Wilkes, already entered upon his career of notoriety, and became his "poet-laureate." Wilkes was just establishing his organ of protest, the *North Briton*, and Churchill contributed much material to it. He showed such aptness in using the popular prejudices, and such power of personal invective, that he became indispensable to Wilkes. The next three years were productive ones, though the work produced was nearly all in the same vein. Churchill showed little variety in talent or purpose. He had one gift, and he used it to the utmost. His satires dealt almost entirely with current matters, and these he handled at close range. So it is impossible for his verse to be interesting to another period. His personal attacks were virulent and unscrupulous, but often witty and pointed. The selections given here are scarcely a fair representation of his work; but his most characteristic attacks usually have an object now so obscure that it is easy for the reader of the present time to miss the purport of the satire.

The text used is that of the Aldine edition, based on Tooke's edition. (London, 1892.)

THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE

The Prophecy of Famine, A Scots Pastoral, was published in 1763. Its great popularity was due, not merely to the wit of the satire, but to the sympathy that it found in the minds of a large number of Eng-

lish readers. The Scotch were in extremely bad favour in England at the moment, the immediate and chief cause of the prejudice being the feeling against Lord Bute, to whose influence over George III. was ascribed the king's absolute policy and his insistence on royal prerogative. Bute was Scotch, and the current feeling against the Scotch was high. 179. **thee**. Wilkes is addressed. The paragraph preceding this is a tribute to him. Churchill's admiration for Wilkes and his devotion to him seem to have been very sincere. His death occurred at Boulogne, while he was on a visit to Wilkes, then an outlaw abroad. 186. **North Briton**. Wilkes's periodical, which he made the means of attack upon the government, the Scotch, and his personal enemies. Churchill wrote regularly for it in 1762-1763. The notorious *Number 45* of it contained an attack on the government which the house of the Commons declared a "seditious libel," and for publishing which, — in conjunction with other offences, — Wilkes was expelled from Parliament. 222. Churchill's mother is said to have been Scotch. 232. George Lyttelton, first Baron Lyttelton (1709-1773), and his friend Gilbert West (1703-1756). Lyttelton had been somewhat sceptical in his earlier years, but was later converted to orthodox beliefs and did some writing on subjects connected with Christianity.

THE GHOST

The Ghost was published in 1762-1763; the writing of it was begun earlier and laid aside. At the time when Churchill returned to the composition of the poem, the Cock-Lane Ghost fraud was receiving public attention, and Churchill made use of the story of its detection. The full account of the matter is too long to insert here. Johnson was concerned in the exposing of the fraud, and thus occasion is found for bringing him into the poem. See Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Vol. I. pp. 406-408. (G. B. Hill's edition.) Johnson remarked upon the attack, "I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I will call him a blockhead still." The poem is in four books, and contains 4500 lines. It is not Churchill's best work, and some parts of it are very dull.

JAMES BEATTIE

(1735-1803)

Beattie was a professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in Marischal College, Aberdeen, from 1760 until very near the end of his life. He

was granted a pension of £200 by George III., in 1773. His prose works, on ethics and theology, were remarkably successful in their own time and are entirely neglected now. A large part of his verse is mediocre and imitative. Even his *Minstrel* has been called merely a reflection of his study of Gray and Collins. This may be true, in a way, and yet there is a gentle individuality about the poem, too. It is evidently a genuine expression of original feeling on the part of the poet. The poem is conventional, to be sure, in a very un-Scotch way. It is characteristic of Beattie that he refused to consider the Scotch dialect as worthy to convey poetic thought.

The text used here is that of the Aldine edition. (London, 1866.)

THE MINSTREL

The Minstrel was published in 1771-1774. It is in two books, including in all over twelve hundred lines. Beattie had projected another book, but never produced it. The thread of narrative in the poem is, however, so slight and confused that the incompleteness is not noticed. This poem is one of those minor works that, although they contribute little to the development of the romantic movement, indicate its establishment. *The Minstrel* is full of description of nature, and shows poetic feeling for natural scenes. It has also something of the gloom and half-melancholy characterizing much of the poetry that was feeling its way toward romanticism.

Beattie says, in a letter written while *The Minstrel* was in process of composition: "The subject was suggested by a discourse on the old minstrels which is prefixed to a collection of Ballads lately published by Dodsley, in three volumes [evidently Percy's *Reliques*]. I propose to give an account of the birth, education, and adventures of one of those bards; in which I shall have full scope for description, sentiment, satire, and even a certain species of humour and pathos." He gives, however, some distinctly modern elements to his bard.

The disconnected selections used here give no indication of the continuity of thought in the poem. But they are chosen as illustrations of the tone and style of Beattie's best work.

THE HERMIT

Beattie says this was written for a Scotch tune, "Pentland Hills." He owns, however, that the verses are unsuitable for a song.

SCOTCH SONGS AND BALLADS

The eighteenth century was in Scotland a period of revival of national literature. After the accession of James I. (VI.), and the removal to England of the seat of government, all writing had languished in Scotland. But now there was a marked renaissance of interest in literature. Various causes have been assigned for this revival, found in the influence of contemporary English literature, or in the general prosperity of the times. Perhaps the most potent reason, however, may be discovered in the Union with England, consummated in 1707. The discussions and the general feeling with which this arrangement was attended, and the regret with which the Scotch gave up certain institutions of their own, and were merged into a larger nation, gave rise to an access of national feeling, in which is probably to be found an impetus to poetic expression. The distinctly national quality of the inspiration to write is shown in the fact that the vernacular was so generally chosen as the language used. This was not a matter of chance; the leading writers made their choice with definite intention, usually. In the first years of the century, literary English had been used in verse by an Edinburgh group who imitated the current type of English poetry. Allan Ramsay (q. v.), however, chose the Scots for his means of literary expression, and established himself its champion. His own work, popular as it was, was not more influential than his collections (1724-1727), *The Tea-Table Miscellany* and *The Evergreen*. These gave general opportunity for acquaintance with old and new songs in dialect, and were undoubtedly a great stimulus to the production of Scots lyrics. Before Ramsay's collections were issued, Watson's *Collection of Choice Scots Songs, Ancient and Modern*, had appeared, 1706-1711. This had had a strong influence on Ramsay. From his time on, a great part — the better part — of the poetry, was written in Scots. Burns found the use of the vernacular well established when he came. Of course dialect is not suited for the most serious literary work. Tragedy, the epic, even didactic verse, are impossible in Scots. But it is suited for certain lyric effects, for the pathetic, the humorous, and for presentation of elements of homely life. And of course it expressed national life and feeling far better than English would have done.

This Scotch poetry reinforced other influences that were tending to advance naturalism in English poetry. There were several reasons

why it should be likely to do so. In the first place, the nature element appears in most of the poems. There are few descriptive poems, but in almost all poems, of whatever kind, there are references to nature, an incidental use of it that seems to mean its constant presence in the lives of the people whose feelings the poems expressed. The use of nature is entirely spontaneous, also, and indicates an unaffected and deep love of outdoor life. Another element important in relation to English poetry is the presentation of themes and motives of common life. The comparative absence of class differences in Scotland, or, more accurately, the community of feeling and sympathy among all classes, is shown in the poetry. Where the type written of is specific, it is most frequently the peasant type. But the writers themselves come out of all classes. Poems on the same subjects come from the highest classes and the humblest;¹ and when the man of noble birth writes of the shepherd, he does so with no effect of condescending or of taking an outsider's view, but with complete sympathy and understanding. Even Gay, in England, when he uses a rustic or a Newgate type, does so as being himself one of another class, merely searching for literary material. In the Scotch poetry no such distinction can be felt. The interest in the life presented is not a literary, but a human, or a national, interest. Another effective element is the naturalness and spontaneity of the feeling in the poems. There is to be found, for instance, an element uncommon in English verse at the time, genuine pathos. The English attempted the tragic or the serious, but the simply pathetic was rare. Homely feelings of many kinds were set forth in the Scots lyrics, with a sympathy that the use of the vernacular helped to express. For all these reasons the contact with Scotch poetry had a freshening and stimulating effect upon English verse.

In the somewhat long list of Scotch poets between Ramsay and Burns, but few, however, rise into prominence. A comparatively small number devoted themselves to literature; many of them produced but two or three poems, and live in literary history by the excellence of those. The authorship of some of the poems is disputed or entirely unknown.

DAVID MALLET (?-1765) whose name was originally Malloch, claimed *William and Margaret* as his work. He was a Scotchman, but went to London to live about 1723, and there was rather prominent, especially in the circle to which Thomson belonged. He was

a friend of Thomson, helped to bring him to notice, and collaborated with him in writing the masque *Alfred*. *William and Margaret* appeared in the *Plain Dealer* of July 24, 1724, with a statement of the editor, Aaron Hill, to the effect that he had picked it up in the street, on a torn sheet of a Halfpenny Miscellany. The ballad reappeared in Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724?, signed D. M.; in 1728 Mallet published it over his own name and afterward included it in successive editions of his works. Mallet produced nothing else of equal value. Even in his own time there was some question as to his having written the poem, and in recent years editors have found abundant reason to doubt his claim to the authorship of it. See Phelps's *Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement*, Appendix II.

WILLIAM HAMILTON (1704-1754) made himself known first through his contributions (1724-1727) to Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, in which the *Braes of Yarrow* was published. He was a man of good family, an ardent and active Jacobite; he fought at Culloden, afterward escaped to France, but was later pardoned and allowed to return to Scotland. Hamilton's other work has fallen into comparative obscurity, but his *Braes of Yarrow* has been reprinted over and over again. Wordsworth alludes to it and quotes from it in his *Yarrow Unvisited*, and in the prefatory note to that poem calls it an "exquisite Ballad."

JOHN SKINNER (1721-1807) published three volumes of theological works, and some Latin verse, besides his Scotch songs. He was an Episcopalian minister, and a Jacobite. *Tullochgorum* seems to have been printed first in 1771. The name *Tullochgorum* was the name of a Highland tune to a reel, and Skinner wrote the song to go to the tune. Burns, writing to Skinner, called the poem "the best song Scotland ever saw."

LADY ANNE BARNARD (1750-1825) was the daughter of the Earl of Balcarres, and married (1793) Andrew Barnard, afterward Colonial Secretary at the Cape of Good Hope. *Auld Robin Gray* was written in 1771, but its authorship was not revealed until 1823. It also was written for a melody already existing. Lady Barnard's letters from the Cape, where she went with her husband, were published in 1901.

JEAN ADAMS (?-1765) was a poor schoolmistress, who died in an almshouse. *There's Nae Luck about the House* is not absolutely proved to be her work, but is commonly ascribed to her. It is also

credited sometimes to William Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*. It is not known when the song first appeared; it was sung and sold on the streets of Edinburgh in 1771 or 1772.

JANE ELLIOT (1727-1805) and MRS. ALICIA RUTHERFORD COCKBURN (1713?-1798) produced no work of special value, except these songs. Both poems are commonly regarded as laments for the losses at the battle of Flodden Field, but Mrs. Cockburn's was really written on the occasion of a local financial disaster in Selkirkshire.

The name of ROBERT FERGUSSON (1750-1774) is the most important in Scotch poetry, between Ramsay's and Burns's. He is related to both these men in a way; but he goes beyond Ramsay in wit and keenness and satirical power, and falls below Burns in tenderness and pathos and real poetry. But he has, in common with them, something of the same ability to speak from the very centre of Scotch life, and the same zeal for national poetry. His life was too short to allow him to accomplish much — too short, probably, even to show the full maturity and variety of his powers. The greater part of his life was spent in Edinburgh. He has been called the "laureate of auld Reekie," because his poems deal so largely with Edinburgh life. He is chiefly a social poet; he is at his best in the poems that represent people in their social relations. Keen enjoyment of life — whether of city street and city follies, or of shepherd life — is one of the chief elements in his work. But his life ended sadly, in an insane asylum. A large part of his work was published in Ruddiman's *Weekly Magazine*. The Ruddimans also printed, in 1773, a collection of his poems, the only one that appeared during Fergusson's life. Burns admired Fergusson almost extravagantly, imitated him in several poems, and lamented passionately the tragedy of his early death. Burns himself looked out Fergusson's grave in the Canongate churchyard, and erected a stone upon it.

The text of these Scots poems is not vouched for except in the case of Fergusson's, which are from the collection edited by Robert Ford. (Paisley, 1905.) The glossary is taken from various sources, the chief one being Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*.

GLOSSARY

A

ae, one.
ava, at all.

B

bailie, a magistrate.
bairnie, child.

baith, both.
bandsters, binders of sheaves.
bang, beat, overcome.
bannock, bread, baked in a cake,
 generally made of barley-meal.
bauk, cross-beam of a house.
bauld, bold.
bear the gree, win the victory.
bicker, a wooden dish to hold
 liquor.
bien, prosperous.
bigonet, linen cap.
birk, birch-tree.
bogle, or **bogle about the**
stacks, a play of children or
 young people, in which one
 hunts several around the stacks
 of corn in a barn-yard. — *Jamie-*
son.
bowie, dish, small cask open at
 one end.
brae, slope, hill-side.
braid, broad.
braw, fine, handsome.
broachie, small brooch.
brulzie, a broil.
bucht, a pen in which ewes are
 milked.
byre, cow-house.

C

caller, cool, fresh.
ca's, drives.
cess, tax.
cheep, chirp.
chiel, a young fellow.
chimley cheeks, sides of the
 chimney.

claith, cloth.
cod, pillow.
cosh, neat.
cou'ter, coulter.
couthy, kind, cosy.
cracks, chat, easy conversation.
cruizy, a primitive kind of
 lamp.

D

daffing, foolishness, merriment.
dighting, winnowing.
divot, a flat piece of turf used for
 thatching.
dool, *see dule*.
doughtna, durst not.
dow, am or be able.
dowf, mournful, dull.
dowie, worn with grief or fatigue.
downa, cannot.
dringing, singing in a slow and
 melancholy manner.
drumly, muddy.
dule, pain, grief.
dung, overcome with fatigue.

E

een, eyes.
eident, diligent.

F

fa', claim.
fauld, fold.
feck, part, a quantity.
feg, fig.
fell, very.
fient, fiend, devil.
fit, foot.

fleeching, supplicating, flatter-
ing.

fleyed, affrighted.

fouk, folk.

frae, from.

fraise, fuss, noise.

G

gae, gang, go.

gar, make.

gardies, arms.

gash, to talk freely.

gawsy, jaunty, jolly.

geck, mock, deride.

ghaist, ghost.

gie, gied, give, gave.

gin, if.

girdle, griddle.

gowk, fool, simpleton.

graith, dress, equipment.

greet, weep.

grien, long for.

grimly, dreadful.

H

haffits, temples, sides of head.

hafflin, half.

hairst, harvest.

hallan, partition-wall in a cot-
tage, or part of partition-wall.

hap, to wrap, cover.

hash, injure, maltreat.

haud, hold.

heeze, assistance, uplift, hoist.

het, hot.

I

ilka, each, every.

J

jaud, jade.

K

kail, cabbage, colewort.

keeks, peeps.

kye, cow.

L

laith, loath.

lave, the rest, remainder.

lear, learn.

leglin, a kind of milk-pail with
one handle.

lift, the sky.

lilting, singing spontaneously
and cheerfully.

loaning, an opening between
fields of corn, near or leading
to the homestead, left unculti-
vated, for the sake of driving
the cattle homeward. Here the
cows are frequently milked.

— *Jamieson*.

loe, lu'e, love.

louping, leaping.

lowe, flame.

lyart, old, hoary.

M

mailing, a farm.

mane, moan.

marrow, equal companion, hus-
band or wife.

maun, maunna, must, must not.

meltith, a meal.

muckle, mickle, much, great.

N

nappy, strong.

neist, next.

O

out-owre, out over.
owsen, oxen.

P

pearlin, lace.
pickle, a little, a small quantity.
pleugh, plough.
poortith, poverty.
pow, the head.

R

rangles, crowds.
rax, stretch, grow.
reams, creams, froths.
reeks, smokes.
reistit, smoke-dried.
riggin, top of a house, ridge.
rowed, rolled.
runkled, wrinkled.

S

sair, sore.
sark, shirt.
scauld, to scold.
scowry, showery.
shoon, shoes.
sicken, such.
siller, silver.
simmer, summer.
skaith, injury, trouble.
slae-black, sloe-black.
smeeek, smoke.
snaw-tappit, snow-covered.
sock, ploughshare.
spae, foretell, divine.
steeks, shuts.
stirrah, young fellow.
stown, stolen.
sumph, a blockhead.

swankie, an active or clever
young man.
synd, a washdown, a drink with
food.

T

tacksman, farmer, one who holds
a lease of a farm.
tap, top
theekit, thatched.
thraw, to twist, wring.
thristles, thistles.
tint, lost.
trigly, sprucely.
truffa, turfs.
twa, two.

U

unco, very.
unkent, unknown.

W

wad, would.
wae, woe.
waesuck, alas.
wame, womb, belly.
warlock, wizard.
weel, weil, well.
Whigmegmorum (Whipmegmo-
rum, the name of a tune), the
word seems here to signify
party politics. — *Jamieson*.
whilk, which.
wierlike, warlike.
win, go.
winna, will not.
wirrikow, the devil.

Y

yowe, ewe.
yird, earth.

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